THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Founded Aº Dº 1728 by Benj. Franklin

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DRAWN BY N. C. WYETH

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA

Packard "THIRTY"

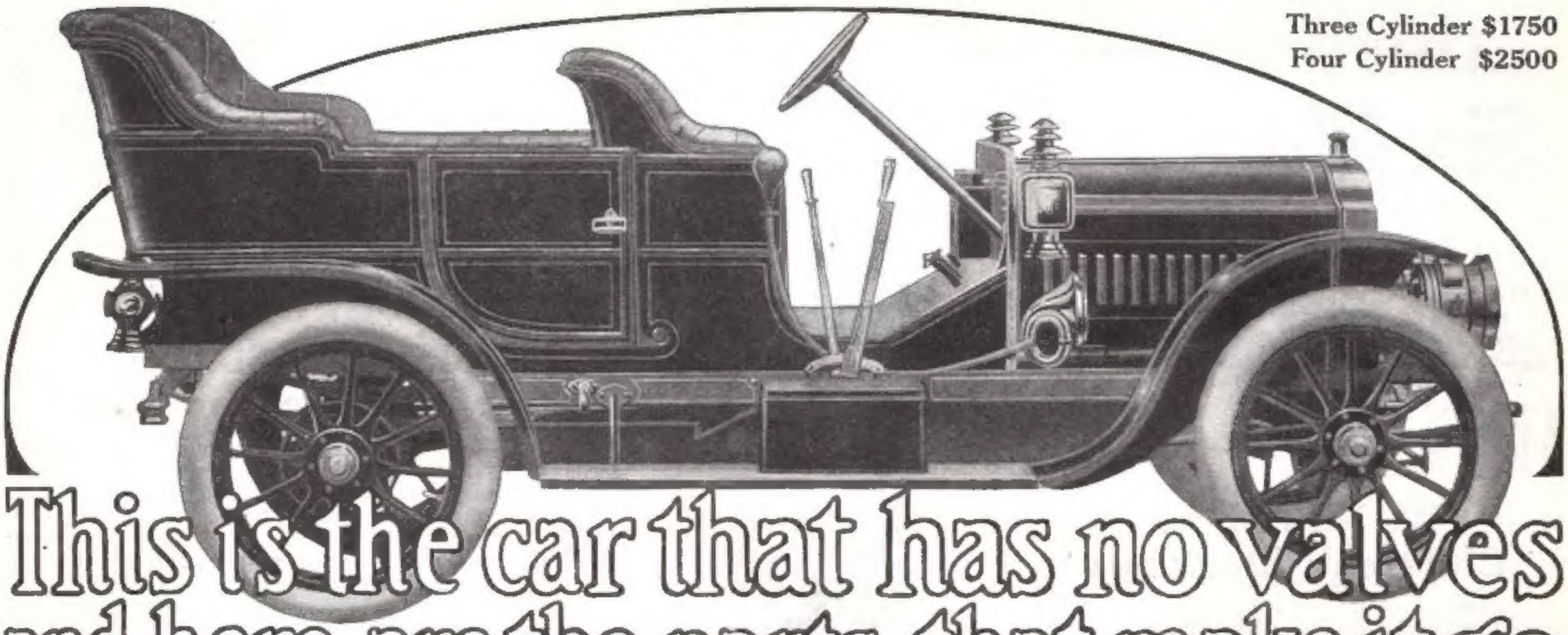
1909

Packard "Thirty" with Limousine Body

"ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE"

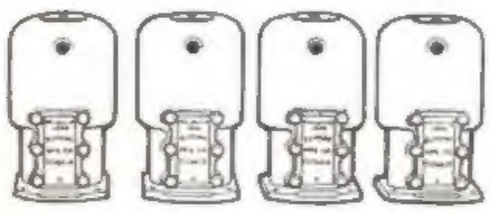
Packard Motor Car Company

Detroit, Michigan



Three Cylinder $1750
Four Cylinder $2500

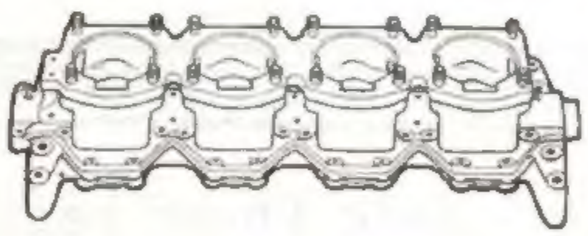
This is the car that has no valves and here are the parts that make it go



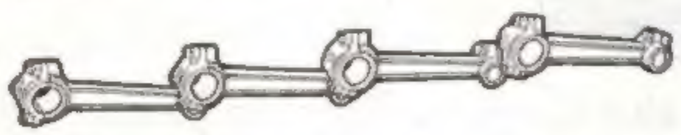
There is no mystery about the phenomenal performances of the Elmore. Some people evidently think there is. Last year a few of them said: "Your catalogue is fine—intensely interesting. We read every word of it. We know, now, that the Elmore has no valves. We know that its engine has continuous turning power. We know that Elmore owners don't know what ignition troubles are. We know that it costs less to keep up the Elmore than any other car extant. But we'd like you to tell us more."

To which we can only reply: "There's nothing more to tell." When we've said that the Elmore has continuous torque; that the power flows as steadily as a rushing river on its way to the sea—we've explained why you get in the Elmore that magnificent steadiness of motion which is only approached (but not equaled) in the four cycle type, by the use of at least six cylinders.

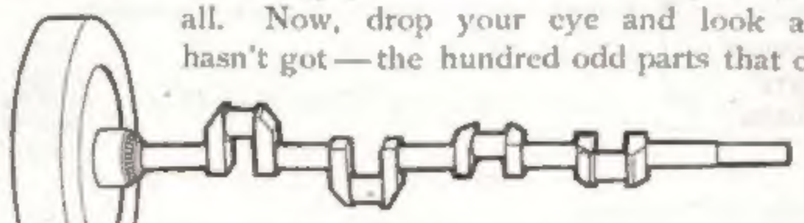
When we tell you the Elmore has no valves, we cannot say much more—except to recall to your mind what a hot-bed of expense and exasperation the valves in *your* car have always been. When we say that Elmore owners know nothing about timer, coil or battery troubles—*absolutely nothing whatever*—how can we be more explicit or emphatic?



But pictures always help; and if you've never ridden in an Elmore car, these thumb-nail sketches may help you to an appreciation of its ridiculous (and magnificent) simplicity.



Stop and count the parts on an Elmore engine—one, two, three, four, five, only three of which are moving parts. "Is *that* all?" you ask. Yes, that's all. Now, drop your eye and look at the parts it hasn't got—the hundred odd parts that clutter up *every other* type of engine and make it a nest of viperous mechanical troubles. You'll notice they're *all* missing from the Elmore engine—valves, cams, lifts, springs, rollers—every one of the prolific sources of expense and exasperation which make motoring a hazardous game of chance in *any* four cycle car.



Do you begin to realize now why the average Elmore owner is almost as fanatic in his devotion to the valveless, two cycle idea—with its continuous turning power, superb riding qualities, low cost of up-keep and absolute immunity from trouble—as were the crusaders of old to *their* ideals?

Do you begin to realize why he won't listen to any four cycle car at any price (high or low) because *all* of them contain the handicaps to smooth and restful motoring which *he escapes* in the Elmore?

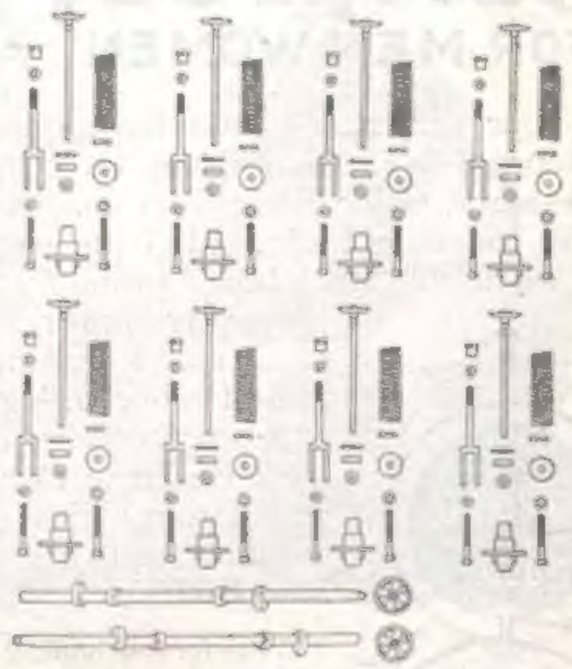
Do you begin to realize why we closed the present 1908 season in *June last* with a waiting list of nearly one hundred people who could not get cars from our greatly increased output—and who immediately put in a reservation for the 1909 car *now being marketed?*

Do you begin to realize why our dealers poured in their orders and deposits for the 1909 car, with positive delivery dates, early in July—and why we are cautioning *you* that our output, *again largely increased*, is certain to be exhausted in the same way as the outputs of the past two years?

SEE
your Elmore dealer.

He will tell you things so much more wonderful about this car than anything we have even indicated here, that you, too, are certain to become an Elmore partisan of the most positive type.

The 1909 literature is now ready.



ELMORE MFG. CO., 704 Amanda Street, CLYDE, OHIO (*Members A. L. A. M.*)

Guaranteed Six Months

For Men, Women and Children

In each box of six pairs of "Holeproof" Hosiery for men, women or children is this guarantee: "If any or all of these hose come to holes in six months from the day you buy them we will replace them free."

This means just what it says.

Think of the convenience.

Please think of the comfort of always having soft, comfortable, whole hose and stockings ready to wear at all times.

Think of the darning saved.

And think of the economy.

We Now Make Children's Stockings

The success of our men's and women's hosiery has led us to make children's stockings. They have 6-ply reinforced knees, heels and toes. They wear like iron, yet they are soft because the yarn is so fine.

Get them for the children tomorrow. Let them show what they will save you in trouble and money.

Your children will thank you for "Holeproof" Stockings. Boys and girls are ashamed of holes, and it's almost impossible to keep all their stockings darned.

You can, in this way, save them embarrassment and yourself worry.

Please don't confuse us with others who make guaranteed hosiery.

We were the first to make it.

We Pay More for Yarn

Our yarn costs an average of 73c per pound. Others pay 35c, but such yarn is coarse. Then it is weak, being but 2-ply.

Our yarn is the best Egyptian and Sea Island cotton, the finest and softest 3-ply yarn the markets afford.

The heels and toes of all our hose are reinforced to 6-ply. But nothing is too good for those who wear "Holeproof."

Our whole reputation is staked on what the name "Holeproof" means to you after you try your first box. We must make "Holeproof" much better than any hose in order to hold your trade.

Do You Know Why We Ask—

Are Your Hose Insured?

Know what it means to wear "Holeproof."

"Holeproof" are soft, stylish and well-fitting. You don't buy them for wear only.

We put all the quality into our hose that you demand first.

Then we weave and reinforce by a special process that insures the extra wear. Thus "Holeproof" is made to possess the good points of the best unguaranteed hose, yet it wears six times longer.

We go to extremes to keep "Holeproof" best.

We Spend $30,000 a Year for Inspection Alone

80 people—all non-producers—do nothing but examine the goods to see that they are perfect. Each pair is twice closely scrutinized before it is sent from the factory. This is done more for our own protection, but you get the benefit.

One apparatus we use cost us $5,000.00. It does nothing but filter and soften the water we use for our dyes. But that is important. It makes fast colors a certainty.

We sterilize twice in the making so "Holeproof" are perfectly safe.

15,000 Pairs a Day

Our hosiery has such a demand that we are now required to make 15,000 pairs a day. No knitting business could attain such proportions without a best quality product.

"Holeproof" Hosiery never wrinkles, stretches, crocks, rusts nor fades.

And "Holeproof" Hose cost no more.

They outwear many pairs of the best unguaranteed hose, so they really cost less.

Try them tomorrow; you'll always buy "Holeproof" thereafter.

We Buy the Newest and Best Machines

When we find a machine for any purpose that does even a trifle better than ours we buy it regardless of cost.

We have lately imported a group of expensive machines simply in order to better one stitch only 2½ inches long. This policy has built up our business until we are now one of the largest hosiery-making concerns in the world.

These are things to remember when buying your hose, for they mean quality brought to perfection and months of extra wear.

FAMOUS Holeproof Hosiery

FOR MEN WOMEN AND CHILDREN

If your dealer does not have genuine "Holeproof" Hose, bearing the "Holeproof" Trade-mark, order direct from us. Remit in any convenient way. Mail the coupon and we'll ship the hose promptly and prepay transportation charges. Remember, the "Holeproof" guarantee protects you. If the hose come to holes and darning within six months, you get new hose FREE.

Holeproof TRADE MARK Hosiery

Registered U. S. Pat. Office, 1906.

Write for free book, "How to Make Your Feet Happy."

Holeproof Hose—6 pairs, $2. Medium, light, and extra light weight. Black, light and dark tan, navy blue, pearl gray, and black with white feet. Sizes, 9½ to 12. Six pairs of a size and weight in a box. One color or assorted to order.

Holeproof Stockings—6 pairs, $2. Medium weight. Black, tan and black with white feet. Sizes, 8 to 11.

Holeproof Boys' Stockings—6 pairs, $3. 6-ply reinforced knee, heel and toe. Black and tan. Sizes, 5 to 10.

Holeproof Misses' Stockings—6 pairs, $3. 6-ply reinforced knee, heel and toe. Black and tan. Sizes, 5 to 9½.

Holeproof Lustre-Hose—Finished like silk. 6 pairs, $3. Extra light weight. Black, navy blue, light and dark tan and pearl gray. Sizes, 9½ to 12.

Holeproof Lustre-Stockings—Finished like silk. Six pairs $3. Extra light weight. Tan and black. Sizes, 8 to 11.

Note These Facts

Please learn that the only difference between the best unguaranteed hose and "Holeproof" is that "Holeproof" *wear* longer. Examine them. Notice how soft and light they are. Compare any brand of hose with "Holeproof." Then let "Holeproof" show how they wear.

Cut Out the Coupon, Now, to Remind You

to ask your dealer for "Holeproof," or, if he hasn't any in stock, to order direct from us

Men's ☐
Women's ☐
Boys' ☐
Misses' ☐

Put check mark in square opposite kind you want.

Holeproof Hosiery Co.,
188 Fourth St., Milwaukee, Wis.

Enclosed $ _____ *Please send me* _____
boxes of Holeproof _____ *Size* _____
Weight _____ *Colors* _____

Name _____
Address _____

Holeproof Hosiery

Reg. U. S. Pat. Office, 1906.

This trade-mark is put on our hose and each box.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF AN OBSCURE AUTHOR

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

Nobody was Out Anything, Because, as Uncle Billy Explained to the Captain, the Law Firm Would Not Have Had the Job if He Had Not Started the Bank

Editor's Note—This is not fiction. On the contrary, it is the life-story, true in all its details, of an average American. The author, moreover, is not so obscure as his modesty leads him to consider himself.

I

AS FAR back as we need to go, several men sat on a pile of lumber at the north side of Harney & Butler's law office, philosophizing and watching two brickmasons lay a wall.

The wall was momentous for several reasons. In the first place, it was to inclose a bank. Everybody felt the importance of having a bank in town. Len Hardy, whose one suspender was pieced with a tow string, got into trouble by bragging about it injudiciously over at Pogrum. Then, as the Courier pointed out, the structure marked a new architectural epoch in Catlin. It was of brick. Even Seaton had only one brick building.

Again, the bank was on the west side of Main Street. The two sides had run about neck and neck until Lem Wooster built his grocery on the east side, thereby giving it the advantage. Counting from the little red railroad station, there were then eight business establishments on the east side and only six on the west. The wall was momentous to me because when school closed and the bank opened I was to begin my business career in it.

The bank was one story high, twenty feet wide and twice as long. The vault door had many shiny steel bolts. The books were beautifully new, bound in calfskin with morocco trimmings. At first I couldn't do much but sweep the floor, dust the counter, and stand around bulging with a kind of shamefaced self-consciousness. But Mr. Tilford soon taught me how to keep the books. The chance was opened to me by my uncle, William Butler. By profession he was a lawyer. He had been in Catlin from the very beginning. The town was about five years old when he decided it was high time it had a bank. It claimed one thousand inhabitants—mainly because that was a round, symmetrical number to claim. The prairie thereabout was as flat as your hand, and practically treeless. The nearest running water was the Little Juniper, seven miles south, but that usually dried up in summer.

The coarse prairie grass turned sere early in July. Catlin itself made few architectural pretensions—looked a good deal like a double-handful of small houses dropped down at random beside the railroad track. Altogether, people who sought the picturesque called the scene monotonous. The settlers, looking for fat, deep, easily-worked soil, had a different view.

There was inexhaustible wealth in the soil; but money was fearfully scarce. For Uncle Billy to found a bank seemed a good deal of an undertaking; but he was one of those men of initiative and imagination to whom obstacles succumb. It happened that Mr. Tilford, having disposed of his partnership in a dry-goods store in Tiskilwa, Illinois, was looking for a new location in a growing Western town, and came to Catlin. Uncle Billy soon persuaded him that it was better to be a banker than a merchant. I don't know how he got into communication with Mr. Renfrew, of New Jersey; but I know he soon had him on the ground and full of enthusiasm. So the three formed a partnership under the style, "Farmers' and Merchants' Bank of Catlin, Nebraska; Renfrew, Butler & Tilford."

The financial arrangement was as follows: Mr. Renfrew furnished cash capital to the amount of two thousand five hundred dollars, Mr. Tilford furnished cash capital to the amount of one thousand five hundred dollars, Uncle Billy bound himself to furnish cash capital to the amount of one thousand dollars. He was actually three times as rich as that, but his effects were in land options, chattels and the like. Of cash he was quite bare. So the other partners allowed him thirty days from the opening of the bank to "turn himself," as the current phrase for raising cash was.

His law partner, Captain Harney, gave him an accommodation note for two hundred and fifty dollars, which he discounted at the bank. Two rival concerns were trying to sell the town a second-hand fire apparatus which it had decided to buy. The St. Joe concern made the sale, accepting three hundred dollars in cash and Uncle Billy's note, at six months without interest, for the other three hundred. The town paid six hundred in cash; but no harm was done, as it got the fire apparatus that it wanted. The town treasurer and the three trustees were Uncle Billy's friends. Dele Morris, the grain dealer, induced his Chicago commission house to advance him five hundred dollars to crib corn with, and lent it to Uncle Billy, with an understanding between them that the bank would allow Dele to overdraw his account to the same amount.

Thus, in less than thirty days, Uncle Billy had himself all nicely "turned" and was a partner in good standing.

Incidentally, as soon as the bank opened, it employed the law firm of Harney & Butler as counsel at an annual fee of two hundred and fifty dollars. This just paid Captain Harney's accommodation note. Nobody was out anything, because, as Uncle Billy explained to the Captain, the law firm would not have had the job if he had not started the bank.

Even four thousand dollars in cash was a lot of money to start a bank with in those days. A good many had less than that. Merely by virtue of being a bank any concern would have enough political pull to get some county deposits. The minimum rate of discount was three per cent. a month, with a dollar for drawing the papers. Lightning-rod agents, vendors of patent rights, cottage organs and so on, who were always drifting through the country and taking farmers' notes, which they discounted at the bank, did not enjoy the benefit of the minimum rate. They were not really entitled to it, because they generally swindled the farmers whose notes they took.

Thanks to Mr. Renfrew and Mr. Tilford, we were soon able to borrow quite a lot of money in New Jersey and Illinois, paying twice as much interest as the banks in those effete States would allow. Of course, this money, put out at thirty-six per cent. or better, was profitable to us. In short, the little bank did very well from the start.

The county-seat fight came up the fall after the bank was opened. Seaton was then the

Captain Harney Read the Will in the Closed Bank

county-seat, and at least fifty per cent. bigger than Catlin. But it was off in a corner of the county. There were three towns all smaller than Seaton on the B. & M. in the southern part of the county. Catlin's strategy, largely directed by Uncle Billy, was to play upon the jealousy which these towns naturally felt for Seaton and get them to combine with Catlin and take away the county-seat from the most prosperous town.

Unfortunately, wily old Seaton, perceiving that she could not retain the county-seat, fell right in with this idea. To the three southern towns she said: "If you give Catlin the county-seat she will draw trade away from you and outstrip you and become a great, bullying metropolis of fifteen hundred inhabitants. You ought to give the county-seat to a town that can't possibly hurt you. So let us organize a new town, away from a railroad, off on the prairie, and make that the county-seat."

Feeling ran very high as the campaign proceeded. Captain Harney made speeches in all the country schoolhouses, taking several husky supporters when he got into Seaton territory. He was the best orator in the county. Oratory was in high esteem then. There were not many people, nor much business; nobody had any money to speak of. So they needed a good deal of oratory to fill out. Take an audience of settlers, half of them living in sod houses; in debt to the bank at three per cent. a month, and to the grocer and farm-implement company; the wheat crop, which was their main dependence, just cut to pieces by hail, and they might have been dispirited and indifferent, not caring particularly whether the county-seat was in the northeast corner or the southwest. But when Captain Harney finished speaking about Lexington and Valley Forge, freedom and equality, the glorious West and the sturdy pioneer, they'd get quite interested in themselves and take their county-seat votes seriously.

Of course, there was no business on election day. Everybody in the five towns gave undivided attention to the momentous issue. Uncle Billy cautioned me the first thing in the morning.

"Now, don't you vote to-day, Johnny," he said. "Some of those Seaton fellows wouldn't like anything better than a chance to soak you in order to get back at me. So don't you vote." He didn't actually say "fellows," but used a term, which was then of equivocal meaning in the West, sometimes denoting the last degree of friendly intimacy, sometimes the extreme of enmity. Being fifteen at the time, I had not contemplated voting, and promised that I would not.

Farmers began coming to town early. Those who were legally entitled to vote went to the polls and deposited their ballots, then partook of the free beer. Those who were not legally entitled to vote went to the saloon first and voted afterward.

Before noon, the town looked almost like a Fourth of July celebration. Teams were hitched all up and down Main Street. The plank walks on either side presented scenes of animation. Some of the stores used their sidewalk space to display goods on. Falkenbridge erected a lemonade and pop booth, with bunting and Chinese lanterns, in front of his restaurant. But Lem Wooster and Pete Spears simply set out empty boxes, about three feet high, on which one could sit comfortably. They were closest to the people.

Except for that cast by buildings, shade was scarce. The willow trees planted in the schoolhouse square were rather spindling, and the grass was sparse. Coming from my noonday dinner, however, I saw a considerable camp of women and children in arms over there, patiently waiting until the men had sufficiently sampled the free beer. An exercise in patience was what a good many women got out of a holiday. But the wives of the Russians, as we called the Mennonite immigrants, worked in the fields with the men. So, perhaps, the matter of idling a few hours in a somewhat warm and dusty spot was only a sentimental affliction.

That morning's train brought a confessed watcher of election from Seaton, accompanied by two body-guards armed with stout hickory canes. The polling place was in the barber shop back of the Lattimer Block. Even the barber shop had its own detached building. The watcher and his guards took up a strategical position by the barber-shop door, their backs to the wall, and the watcher made a tally in his notebook for every voter. This was irksome. So Pete White, the blacksmith, addressed the watcher with the greatest good nature in the world.

"My goodness, you must be tired doing that! Let me spell you a while," said Pete, and reached for the watcher's notebook. At the same time, Tom Mercer, the town marshal, and two trusty aids fell upon the men with the canes and arrested them for disturbing the peace. The

Sometimes He Cursed Doctor Harlow

case against the watcher was even clearer, for he tried to strike Pete White as the latter wrenched the notebook out of his hand. So all three were locked up in the calaboose for the day. The election then proceeded in a perfectly peaceful and orderly manner.

The forenoon freight train brought a consignment from Seaton directed to Captain Archibold Harney. This consisted of a very dirty and dilapidated shed. On each side was painted in large, red letters, "Catlin's Courthouse. Shoot Old Guts." The last was a slur upon the corpulent habit of Captain Harney. Throughout the campaign the Seaton Journal designated him in that opprobrious manner.

By seven o'clock that evening, we knew that Catlin had cast slightly more than thirteen hundred votes. As this was about double the number of inhabitants, including women and children, the more shallow-minded were inclined to plume themselves upon it. But Uncle Billy was dissatisfied. He said it should have been fifteen hundred. I believe there was some discussion as to whether it should not be made fifteen hundred before the returns were sent in. But conservative counsel prevailed.

The town was full of people all the evening. I remember distinctly that men were eating supper in the Catlin House as late as eight o'clock. Such was the rush that common feeders, at twenty-five cents a head, were permitted to sit at the "transient" table. This was a little apart from the other tables. It had a splendid silver-plated castor in the middle, the linen was changed every day, and on ordinary occasions it was sacred to traveling men.

The two main points of convergence were Jeff's Place, down by the depot, and Lafe Miller's, next the Catlin House. About ten o'clock Carl Johnson and I plucked up courage to slip into Jeff's Place. For this occasion the little bar had been pieced out with clean pine boards laid over the heads of barrels. The kerosene lamps, with tin reflectors, shone upon about as many men as could stand in the Place. There was a close air, a turmoil of loud voices and much slop of beer on the floor. It was the first time I had ever been in a saloon. In a moment I saw Uncle Billy, up by the bar. Tom Mercer had a supporting arm around him. I had heard about this; but seeing it was different.

"Let's get out," I whispered to Carl.

As we passed the Catlin House some men emerged from Lafe Miller's. One was little Doctor Harlow, who held a half-empty beer mug and laughed in a loud, aimless manner. Another was Mr. Plummer, the undertaker, who was insisting upon giving three cheers for everybody.

Now, Doctor Harlow and Mr. Plummer were citizens of most staid, exemplary habits. Moreover, Doctor Harlow was Carl's own uncle. So my shame passed away and I laughed heartily.

The thirteen hundred votes did Catlin no good. All the returns had to be sent to Seaton, the county-seat, to be canvassed. So, naturally, Catlin lost. They built a squat, red-brick courthouse off on the prairie at the geographical centre of the county and called it Brown Centre. In time a hamlet straggligly attached itself to the courthouse. Yet everybody except the Catlinites was well satisfied. It was enough for the other four towns that Catlin was not getting ahead of them any.

Nothing was ever said about Catlin's thirteen hundred votes. None of the other towns was in a position to say anything. There was no fetish-worship of the law out there then. We had government by the people. Democracy was not only pure, but spontaneous.

The first striking example of this that I witnessed came the winter after the county-seat election. A well-meaning but feeble-minded man named Hoskins ran a little delicatessen and notion store. His outfit may have been worth two hundred dollars. He had a hard-working, foolish wife and four small children. A man named Cy Linn lived in Catlin. He had two learned professions—playing poker and selling lightning rods; but worked at them only intermittently. There was an impression that he was a pretty bad man.

Cy Linn sold Hoskins the county "rights" in some sort of patent, the exact nature of which I have forgotten. Hoskins gave a chattel mortgage on his goods for the purchase price. Of course, he didn't do anything with the patent. Cy had done all that could be done with that. One winter day Cy swore out a warrant, and had Hoskins arrested for selling goods that were covered by the mortgage. The feeble-minded Hoskins let himself be locked up. Then Cy, by virtue of the mortgage, took possession of the little shop and put a man in charge.

I suppose Cy really meant nothing very bad; probably intended merely to frighten Hoskins into settling with him by paying twenty-five or fifty dollars. But the wife lost her wits; thought they were all dispossessed and would be locked up. So, about six o'clock that evening, Doctor Harlow, driving home, met her and her four small children on a country road, about a mile out of town. It was dark and cold. The woman and the children did not have any too many clothes. The children were holding hands and whimpering with the cold and with hunger.

Our democracy, in those days, got terribly spontaneous over a thing like that. Doctor Harlow loaded the five into his buckboard and walked along in the snow, leading the broncos and thinking stirring thoughts. By seven o'clock practically the whole town was up. Women, the aged and the young, stood on the sidewalks lending their moral support. I remember very well standing on the bank steps when the men marched by, headed by Lem Wooster.

Lem was one of those very bony, long-armed, long-legged men who are built for fighting. He had been a plainsman most of his life, and, although he had now degenerated into a mere grocer, the leadership naturally fell to him.

Cy Linn's small house was dark when the men reached it. Lem told the others to stay in the road, and went up on the porch alone and rang the doorbell. There was no response.

"Come out, Cy. We want you," Lem called. As there was no answer Lem at once kicked in the door. He was in the parlor lighting the lamp when Cy appeared from the back room. Lem walked up to him and put an arm through his. "We want you, Cy," he said, and led him forth. Followed by the others, they marched to Cy's office—a back room in the Lattimer Block.

"Let's have that Hoskins note and mortgage," said Lem. Cy produced them. Lem looked them over and tore them up. "Now give me ten dollars for the family," he said. Cy produced that, too. "Now, don't do this again, Cy," Lem counseled mildly. And the mob dispersed.

Captain Harney explained it in the bank next day. "It was the way Lem managed it," he said. "If there'd been any nervousness in the management, any surrounding the house and sounding the tocsin and doing exciting things like that, Cy would have begun to shoot. No doubt he would have hit somebody, and then it would have ended differently. Jo Kepler had a length of rope all measured off. If it hadn't been for Lem's cool, business-like way we would certainly have lost one of our most enterprising citizens."

A grim business that! Within three years five persons were lynched in that locality. There was, at that period, very little sentiment about the killing of a mere man who murdered or otherwise outrageously offended.

It was grim business! A young man representing himself to be a lawyer and hanging out a sign as such had moved to Catlin, gone back to Iowa to be married, and brought his bride to town. They came, as it happened, the very day of the Cy Linn episode, and were staying at the Catlin House. The young lawyer labored under a misapprehension as to the relative importance of the affair which most engrossed his own attention. When he heard a crowd tramping up the street toward the Catlin House he imagined that the town had turned out to pay him the delicate attention of a "shivaree" party. So he ran into the street, bold as a righteous lion, lifted his right hand impressively, and shouted: "In the name of the law, I command you to disperse!"

Lem Wooster was a kindly and a humorous man. Ordinarily he would have appreciated the joke; even regarded it as something quite precious. But at this time his mind was set to the stern business ahead. So he took

the bridegroom by the shoulders, faced him toward the hotel, applied a vigorous kick, and marched grimly on.

Afterward Lem was sorry for this, and apologized. The bridegroom thought of taking legal steps, when he could take any; but was dissuaded. Captain Harney said: "We don't want this ingenuous young man driven out of town. He has some money. We can use it here."

Meanwhile, in spite of having lost the county-seat, we Catlinites were trying desperately to grow. I would have said that no little town ever tried so hard; but I remember that Seaton and Pogrum and Varseilles (which we pronounced just as it was spelled, and so would you if you saw it) similarly yearned to expand. We tried for a corn-canning plant, and did actually get a cheese factory started. The expert whom we imported from Iowa to run it was signally unlucky—that is, he would stay sober when it made no particular difference, but get drunk when the process was at a critical stage, and forget to put in the rennet, or do something else equally fatal. Uncle Billy finally told him that, if he ever wanted a recommendation as a first-class swill-maker, every intelligent hog in Catlin would indorse him up to the handle; but what we wanted was cheese, which seemed to be out of his line. The factory was finally saved by a tall, gaunt, excessively big-footed youth, who had the advantage, besides his extraordinary awkwardness, of being named Lafayette Lafountain. Thus the town took him for a joke, and he was able to absorb the factory with much greater ease than if they had taken him with that gravity which his intellectual ability really merited.

The cheese factory, so far as I can make out, added one to the population. This was all to the good so far as it went; but the process was slow. Presently, it seemed that even this small gain was to be offset. Uncle Billy fell ill.

He was a bachelor, and lodged in the half-story over Harney & Butler's law office. He took no kind of care of himself. During the county-seat campaign he contracted a hard cold, and another in the winter that laid him up for a while. When cold weather came again he failed alarmingly. Little Doctor Harlow shook his head, and Uncle Billy packed off to southern California. He came back in May—just skin and bones. Then Cousin Sarah, with whom I lived, insisted on taking him in. Through the summer his little strength ebbed.

He took it hard—in a kind of sullen rage. Sometimes he cursed Doctor Harlow. Not that he really blamed the doctor. It was just a way of expressing how he felt toward that bodiless and pitiless thing that was shutting him off from his plans and hopes, against which his nerve and wit were terribly powerless. Perhaps I should explain that he was my mother's half-brother. Back home the idea prevailed that he was a stray sheep, but good-hearted and able. It had been with much misgiving that my mother consented to let me go out to Catlin, where Uncle Billy proposed to get me started in life. My father had always regretted that he had not gone West after the war. Probably this tradition of the West as the land of opportunity had its influence on my mother when the outlook at home seemed not exactly dazzling. Uncle Billy had been invariably good to me. I know he liked me, and I liked him. Still, I did not quite get over that home view of his strayness. The fact is that Uncle Billy and I did not know each other very well.

I was really mighty sorry for him; yet it was not by any means the pure and unalloyed emotion that I would now wish it to have been. For one thing, his physical presence hurt me. That fleshless face, with the pallid skin drum-tight over the bones, poignantly suggested something that sixteen commonly wishes to be as far away from as possible. And before that summer was out a much baser motive intruded. Mr. Tilford began to treat me differently. Not that he had not always treated me well; but now he exhibited a kind of dank affection for me—something, probably, like that with which a pious oyster regards its virtuous young. One day, after Uncle Billy had crawled out of the bank in a specially bad state, and Mr. Tilford and I were alone, the junior partner whispered to me that Uncle Billy had willed me his interest in the bank. He said Captain Harney, who drew the will, had told him so; and he winked at me. It was a very mortuary sort of wink.

Now, I despised that wink and the winker. And yet—well, I wrote it in a large hand on a sheet of paper which I immediately tore into fine bits and burned: "Farmers' and Merchants' Bank; Renfrew, Hudson & Tilford."

Or, as I was only a youngster, maybe they would put me last and make it "Renfrew, Tilford & Hudson." I thought of that, and then I shuddered at myself. But, although I shuddered, I could not help thinking of it. I contemplated the bank letterheads, which had the names of the partners in small type at the top. I never actually scratched out William Butler and wrote in John P. Hudson; but I could see how it would look when my name was substituted for Uncle Billy's.

This filled me with shame, and a kind of astonishment at myself. I had not suspected that I was base. I struggled not to be base; to put down the villainy of contemplating myself in my dead uncle's shoes. I guiltily avoided poor Uncle Billy's presence. But, I regret to say, it was a drawn battle.

Immediately before Thanksgiving the thermometer dropped suddenly to zero, with a bitter north wind. To

(Continued on Page 36)

AN AIR-LINE

By Robert W. Chambers

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE GIBBS

AS FOR me," continued Colonel Kay bitterly, "I'm driven almost frantic by this conspiracy. Whenever a regiment arrives or leaves, whenever a train stirs—yes, by Heaven, every time a locomotive toots or a mule brays or a chicken has the pip—*somebody* informs the rebels, and every detail is known to them within a few hours!"

"How annoying," said the Special Messenger, seating herself on the edge of the camp table. "I suppose they are very disagreeable to you about it at headquarters."

"Yes, they are—but how can I help it? Somehow or other, whatever is done or said or even thought in this devilish supply camp is immediately reported to Jeb Stuart; every movement of trains and troops leaks out; he'll know to-night what I ate for breakfast this morning—I'll bet on that. And, Messenger, let me tell you something. Joking aside, this thing is worrying me sick. Can you help me?"

"I'll try," she said. "Headquarters sent me. They're very anxious about the railroad."

"I can't help it!" cried the distracted officer. "On Thursday I had to concentrate line-patrol to drive Maxon's bushwhackers out of Laurel Siding; and look what Stuart did to me. No sooner were we off than he struck the unguarded section and tore up two miles of track! What am I to do?"

The Special Messenger shook her head in sympathy.

"There's a gas-leak somewhere," insisted the angry officer; "it smells to Heaven, but I can't locate it. Somewhere there's a direct, intelligent and sinister underground communication between Osage Court House and Jeb Stuart at Sandy River—or wherever he is. And what I want you to do is to locate that leak and plug it—with your six-shooter."

"Of course," murmured the Special Messenger, gently tapping her riding-skirt with her whip.

"Because," continued the Colonel, "headquarters is stripping this depot of troops. The Bucktails go to-day; Casson's New York brigade and Darrel's cavalry left yesterday. What remains is a mighty small garrison for a big supply depot—eleven hundred effectives, and they may take some of them at any moment. You see the danger?"

"Yes, I do."

"I've protested; I've pointed out the risk we run; I sent my third messenger to headquarters this afternoon. Of course, they don't intend to leave this depot unguarded—probably they'll send the Vermont troops from the North this week—but between the departure of Casson's column and the theoretical arrival of reënforcements from Preston, we'd be in a bad way if Stuart should raid us in force.

A Bee Arrived, Plunder-Laden

And with this irritating and constant leaking out of information I'm horribly afraid he'll strike us as soon as the Bucktails entrain."

"Why don't you hold the Pennsylvania infantry until we can find out where the trouble lies?" asked the girl, raising her dark eyes to the nervous young Colonel.

"I haven't the authority; I've asked for it twice. Orders stand; the Bucktails are going, and I'm worried to death." He shoved his empty pipe into his mouth and bit viciously at the stem.

"Then," she said, "I'd better hurry, hadn't I?"

The young officer's face grew grimmer. "Of course; but I've been a month at it and I'm no wiser. Of course, I know you are very celebrated, ma'am; but, really, *do* you think it likely that you can pick out this hidden mischief-maker before he sends word to Stuart to-night of our deplorable condition?"

"How long have I?"

"About a day."

"When do the Bucktails go?"

"At nine to-night."

"Who knows it?"

"Who doesn't? I can't move a regiment and its baggage in a day, can I? I've given them twenty-four hours to break camp and entrain."

"Does the trainmaster know which troops are going?"

"He has orders to hold three trains, steam up, night and day."

"I see," she murmured, pinning her soft riding-hat more securely to her hair. Her eyes had been wandering restlessly around the tent as though searching for something which she could not find.

"Have you a good map of the camp?" she asked.

He went to his military chest, opened it, and produced a map. For a while, both hands on the table, she leaned above the map, studying the environment.

"And Stuart? You say he's roaming around somewhere in touch with Sandy River?" she asked, pointing with a pencil to that metropolis on the map.

"The Lord knows where *he* is!" muttered the Colonel. "He may be a hundred miles south now, and in my back yard to-morrow by breakfast-time. But when he's watching us he's usually near Sandy River."

"I see. And these"—drawing her pencil in a wavering line—"are your outposts? I mean those pickets nearest Sandy River."

"They are. Those are rifle-pits."

"A grand-guard patrols this line?" she asked, rising to her feet.

"Yes; a company of cavalry and a field gun."

"Do you issue passes?"

"Not to the inhabitants."

"Have any people—civilians—asked for passes?"

"I had two applications: one from a Miss Carryl, who lives about a mile beyond here on the Sandy River Road; another from an old farmer, John Deal, who has a fruit and truck farm half a mile outside our lines. He wanted to come in with his produce and I let him for a while. But that leakage worried me, so I stopped him."

"And this Miss Carryl—did she want to go out?"

"She owns the Deal farm. Yes, she wanted to drive over every day; and I let her until, as I say, I felt obliged to stop the whole business—not permit anybody to go out or come in except our own troops."

"And still the leakage continues?"

"It certainly does," he said dryly.

The Special Messenger seated herself on one end of the military chest and gazed absently at space. Her small, booted foot swung gently at intervals.

"So this Miss Carryl owns John Deal's farm," she mused aloud.

"They run it on shares, I believe."

"Oh. Was she angry when you shut out her tenant, John Deal, and shut her inside the lines?"

"No; she seemed a little surprised—said it was inconvenient—wanted permission to write him."

"You gave it?"

"Yes. I intimated it would save time if she left her letters to him unsealed. She seemed quite willing."

"You read them all, of course, before delivering them?"

"Of course. There was nothing in them except instructions about plowing, fruit picking and packing, and various bucolic matters."

"Oh. Nothing to be read between the lines? No cipher? No invisible ink? No tricks of any sort?"

"Not one. I had a secret-service man here. He said there was absolutely no harm in the letters. I have them all if you care to look at them; I always keep the originals and allow only copies to be sent to old man Deal."

"Let me see those letters."

The Colonel, who had been sitting on the camp-table, got off wearily, rummaged in a dispatch-box, and produced three letters.

Two were directed in a delicately-flowing, feminine hand to John Deal, Waycross Orchard. The Messenger unfolded the first and read:

Dear Mr. Deal:

Colonel Kay has thought it necessary, for military reasons, to revoke my pass; and I shall be, therefore, obliged hereafter to communicate with you by letter only.

I wish, if there are negroes enough remaining in the quarters, that you would start immediately a seedling orchard of white Rare-ripe peaches from my orchard here. I have permission to send the pits to you by the military post-rider who passes my house. I will send you twenty every day as my peaches ripen. Please prepare for planting. I hope your rheumatism is better.

Yours very truly,

EVELYN CARRYL.

The Messenger's dark eyes lifted dreamily to the Colonel:

"You gave her permission to send the pits by your post-rider?"

"Yes," he said, smiling; "but I always look over them myself. You know the wedding gown of the fairy princess was hidden in a grape-seed."

"You are *quite* sure about the pits?"

"Perfectly."

"Oh. When does the next batch of twenty go?"

"In about an hour. Miss Carryl puts them in a bag and gives them to my messenger, who brings them to me. Then I inspect every pit, tie up the bag, seal it, and give it to my messenger. When he takes the mail to the outposts he rides on and leaves the bag at Deal's farm."

"Does your messenger know what is in the bag?"

"No, he doesn't."

She nodded, amused, saying carelessly:

"Of course you trust your post-rider?"

"Absolutely."

The Special Messenger swung her foot absently to and fro, and presently opened another letter:

Dear Mr. Deal:

I am sending you twenty more peach-pits for planting. What you write me about the bees is satisfactory. I have received the bees you sent. There is no reason why you should not make the exchange with Mr. Enderly, as it will benefit our hives as well as Mr. Enderly's to cross his Golden Indias with my Blacks.

The Messenger studied the letter thoughtfully; askance, the officer watched the delicate play of expression on her young face, perhaps a trifle incredulous that so pretty a woman could be as intelligent as people believed.

She looked up at him quietly.

"So you gave Deal permission to send some bees to Miss Carryl and write her a letter?"

"Once. I had the letter brought to me and I sent her a copy. Here it is—the original."

He produced Mr. Deal's letter from the dispatch-pouch, and the Messenger read:

Miss Evelyn Carryl,
Osage Court House.

Respected Miss:

I send you the bees. I seen Mr. Enderly at Sandy River he says he is very wishful for to swap bees to cross the breed I says it shorely can be done if you say so I got the pits and am studyin' how to plant. The fruit is a rottin' can't the Yankees at Osage buy some truck nohow off'n me? So no more with respect from

JOHN DEAL, Supt.

"That seems rather harmless, doesn't it?" asked the Colonel wearily.

"I don't—know. I *think* I'll take a look at John Deal's beehives."

"His *beehives!*"

"Yes."

"What for?"

"What Regiment Did You Say, Suh?"

"I don't know—exactly. I was always fond of bees. They're so useful"—she looked up artlessly—"so clever—quite wonderful, Colonel. Have you ever read anything about bees—how they live and how they conduct themselves?"

The Colonel eyed her narrowly; she laughed, sprang up from the military chest, and handed back his letters.

"You have already formed your theory?" he inquired with a faintly patronizing air, under which keen disappointment betrayed itself where the grim, drooping mouth tightened.

"Yes, I have. There's a link missing, but—I may find that before night. You can give me—*how* long?"

"The Bucktails leave at nine. See here, Messenger! With all the civility and respect due you, I ——"

"You are bitterly disappointed in me," she finished coolly. "I don't blame you, Colonel Kay."

He was abashed at that, but unconvinced.

"Why do you suspect this Miss Carryl and this man, Deal, when I've showed you how impossible it is that they could send out information?"

"Somehow," she said quietly, "they *do* send it—if they are the only two people who have had passes, and who now are permitted to correspond."

"But you saw the letters ——"

"So did you, Colonel."

"I did!" he said emphatically; "and there's nothing dangerous in them. As for the peach-pits ——"

"Oh, I'll take your word for them, too," she said, laughing. "When is your post-rider due?"

"In a few minutes, now."

She began to pace backward and forward, the smile still lightly etched on her lips. The officer watched her; puckers of disappointed anxiety creased his forehead; he bit at his pipe-stem, and thought of the Bucktails. Certainly Stuart would hear of their going; surely before the northern reënforcements arrived the gray riders would come thundering into Osage Court House. Fire, pillage, countless stores wasted, trains destroyed, miles of railroads rendered useless. What, in Heaven's name, could his superiors be thinking of, to run such risk with one of the bases of supplies? Somewhere—*somewhere*, not far from corps headquarters, sat incompetency enthroned—gross negligence—under a pair of starred shoulder-straps. And, musing bitterly, he thought he knew who those shoulder-straps belonged to.

"The fool!" he muttered, biting at his pipe.

"Colonel," said the Messenger cheerily, "I am going to take the mail to the outposts to-day."

"As you like," he said, without interest.

"I want, also, a pass for Miss Carryl."

"To pass our lines?"

"To pass *out*. She will not care to return."

"Certainly," he said with amiable curiosity.

He scratched off the order and she took it.

"Ask for anything you desire," he said, smiling.

"Then may I have this tent to myself for a little while? And would you be kind enough to send for my saddle-bags and my own horse?"

The Colonel went to the tent door, spoke to the sentry on guard. When he came back he said that it was beginning to rain.

"Hard?" she asked, troubled.

"No; just a fine, warm drizzle. It won't last."

"All the better!" she cried, brightening; and it seemed to the young officer as though the sun had gleamed for an instant on the tent wall. But it was only the radiant charm of her, transfiguring, with its youthful brilliancy, the dull light in the tent; and, presently, the Colonel went away, leaving her very busy with her saddle-bags.

There was a cavalry-trooper's uniform in one bag; she undressed hurriedly and put it on. Over this she threw a long, blue army-cloak, turned up the collar, and, twisting her hair tightly around her head, pulled over it the gray, slouch campaign hat, with its crossed sabres of gilt and its yellow braid.

It was a boyish-looking trooper who mounted at the Colonel's tent and went cantering away through the warm, misty rain, mail-pouch and sabre flopping.

There was no need for her to inquire the way. She knew Waycross, the Carryl home and John Deal's farm as well as she knew her own home in Sandy River.

The drizzle had laid the dust and washed clean the roadside grass and bushes; birds called expectantly from fence and thorny thicket, as the sun whitened through the mist above; butterflies, clinging to dewy sprays, opened their brilliant wings in anticipation; swallows and martins were already soaring upward again; a clean, sweet, fragrant vapor rose from earth and shrub.

Ahead of her, back from the road, at the end of its private avenue of splendid oaks, an old house glimmered through the trees; and the Special Messenger's dark eyes were fixed on it steadily as she rode.

Pillar, portico and porch glistened white amid the leaves; Cherokee roses covered the gallery lattice; an old negro was pretending to mow the unkempt lawn with a sickle, but whenever the wet grass stuck to the blade he sat down to examine the landscape and shake his aged head at the futility of all things mundane. The clatter of the Special Messenger's horse aroused him; at the same instant a graceful woman, dressed in black, came to the edge of the porch and stood there as though waiting.

The big gateway was open; under arched branches the Messenger galloped down the long drive and drew bridle, touching the brim of her slouch hat. And the Southern woman looked into the Messenger's eyes without recognition.

Miss Carryl was fair, yellow-haired and blue-eyed—blonder for the dull contrast of the mourning she wore—and her voice was as colorless as her skin when she bade the trooper good-afternoon.

All she could see of this cloaked cavalryman was two dark, youthful eyes above the upturned collar of the cloak, shadowed, too, by the wet hat-brim, drooping under the gilded crossed sabres.

"You are not the usual mail-carrier?" she asked languidly.

"No, ma'am"—in a nasal voice.

"Colonel Kay sent you?"

"Yes, ma'am."

Miss Carryl turned, lifted a small salt-sack, and offered it to the Messenger, who leaned wide from her saddle and took it in one gauntleted hand.

"You are to take this bag to the Deal farm. Colonel Kay has told you?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Thank you. And there is no letter to-day. Will you have a few peaches to eat on the way? I always give the mail-carrier some of my peaches to eat."

Miss Carryl lifted a big, blue china bowl full of superb, white, Rare-ripe peaches, and, coming to the veranda's edge, motioned the Messenger to open the saddle-bag. Into it she poured a number of peaches.

"They are perfectly ripe," she said; "I hope you will like them."

"Thank'y, ma'am."

"And, Soldier," she turned to add with careless grace, "if you would be kind enough to drop the pits back into the saddle-bag and give them to Mr. Deal he would be glad of them for planting."

"Yes'm; I will ——"

"How many peaches did I give you? Have you enough?"

"Plenty, ma'am; you gave me seven, ma'am."

"Seven? Take two more—I insist—that makes nine, I think. Good-day; and thank you."

But the Messenger did not hear; there was something far more interesting to occupy her mind—a row of straw-thatched beehives under the fruit trees at the eastern end of the house.

From moment to moment, homing or outgoing bees sped like bullets across her line of vision; the hives were busy now that a gleam of pale sunshine lay across the grass. One bee, leaving the hive, came humming around the Cherokee roses. The Messenger saw the little insect alight and begin to scramble about, plundering the pollen-powdered blossom. The bee was a yellow one.

Suddenly the Messenger gathered bridle and touched her hat; and away she spurred at a dead run.

Passing the inner lines, she halted to give and receive the password, then tossed a bunch of letters to the corporal, and spurred forward. Halted by the outer pickets, she exchanged amenities again, rid herself of the remainder of the mail, and rode forward, loosening the revolver in her holster. Then she ate her first peach.

It was delicious—a delicate, dripping, snow-white pulp, stained with pink where the pit rested. There was nothing suspicious about that pit, or any of the others, when she broke the fragrant fruit in halves and carefully investigated. Then she broke the seal and opened the bag and examined each of the twenty dry pits within. Not one had been tampered with.

Her horse had been walking along the moist, fragrant road; a few moments later she passed the last cavalry picket, and at the same moment caught sight of John Deal's farm.

The house was neat and white and small; orchards stretched in every direction; a few beehives stood under the fruit trees near a well.

A big, good-humored-looking man came out into the path as the Messenger drew bridle, greeted the horse with a caress and its rider with a pleasant salute.

"I'm very much obliged to you-all," he said, taking the sack of pits. "I reckon we're bound to have more fine weather. What's this—some peach-pits from Miss Carryl?"

"Nine," nodded the Messenger.

"Nine! I'll have nine fine young trees this time three years, I reckon. Thank you, suh. How's things over to the Co't House?"

"Troops arriving all the while," said the Messenger carelessly.

"Comin' *in?*"

"Lots."

"Sho! I heard they was sendin' 'em East."

"Oh, some. We've got to have elbow-room. Can't pack two army corps into Osage Court House."

"Two a'my co'ps, suh?"

"More or less."

John Deal balanced the sack in the palm of one work-worn hand and looked hard at the Messenger. He could see only her eyes.

"Reckon you ain't the same trooper as come yesterday."

"No."

"What might be yoh regiment?"

The Messenger was looking hard at the beehives. One of the hives, a new one, was shut.

"What regiment did you say, suh?" repeated Deal, showing his teeth in a friendly grin; and suddenly froze rigid as he found himself inspecting the round, smoky muzzle of a heavy six-shooter.

"Turn around," said the Special Messenger. Her voice was even and passionless. John Deal turned.

"Cross your hands behind your back. Quickly, please! Now back up to this horse. Closer!"

There was a glimmer, a click; and the man stood handcuffed.

"Sit down on the grass with your back against that tree. Make yourself comfortable."

Deal squatted awkwardly, settled, and turned a pallid face to the Messenger.

"What'n hell's this mean?" he demanded.

"Don't move and don't shout," said the Messenger. "If you do I'll have to kill you. I'm only going to take a look at your bees."

The pallor on the man's face was dreadful, but he continued to stare at the Messenger coolly enough.

"It's an outrage!" he began thickly. "I had a pass from your Colonel——"

"If you don't keep quiet I'll have to tie up your face," observed the Messenger, dismounting.

Then, as she walked toward the little row of beehives, carrying only her riding-whip, the farmer's eyes grew round and a dull flush empurpled his face and neck.

"It's *her!*" he gasped; and he said not another word.

She advanced cautiously toward the hives; very carefully, with the butt of her whip, she closed the sliding door over every exit, then seated herself in the grass within arm's length of the hives and, crossing her spurred boots, leaned forward slightly, expectant, motionless.

A bee arrived, plunder-laden, dropped on the sill and began to walk toward the closed entrance of his hive. Finding it blocked, the insect buzzed angrily. Another bee whizzed by her and lit on the sill of another hive; another came, another, and another.

Very gingerly, as each insect alighted, she raised the sliding door and let it enter. Deal watched her, fascinated.

An hour passed; she had admitted hundreds of bees, always closing the door behind each new arrival. Then something darted through the range of her vision and alighted, buzzing awkwardly on the sill of a hive—an ordinary, yellow-brown honey bee, yet differing from the others in that its thighs seemed to be snow-white.

Quick as a flash the Messenger leaned forward and caught the insect in her gloved fingers, holding it by the wings flat over the back.

Its abdomen dilated and twisted, and the tiny sting was thrust out, vainly searching the enemy; but the Messenger, drawing a pin from her jacket, deftly released the two white encumbrances from the insect's thighs—two thin cylinders of finest tissue-paper—and flung the angry insect high into the air. It circled, returned to the hive, and she let it in.

There was a groan from the manacled man under the trees; she gave him a rapid glance, shook her head in warning, and, leaning forward, deftly lifted a second white-thighed bee from the hive over which it was scrambling in a bewildered sort of way.

A third, fourth and fifth bee arrived in quick succession; she robbed them all of their tissue-paper cylinders. Then for a while no more arrived, and she wondered whether her guess had been correct, that the nine peaches and wet pits meant to John Deal that nine bees were to be expected—eager home-comers, which he had sent to his mistress and which, as she required their services, she released, certain that they would find their old hives on John Deal's farm and carry to him the messages she sent.

And they came at last—the sixth, seventh—then, after a long interval, the eighth—and, finally, the ninth bee whizzed up to the hive and fell, scrambling, its movements embarrassed by the tiny tissue cylinders.

The Messenger waited another hour; there were no more messengers among the bees that arrived.

Then she opened every hive door, rose, walked over to the closed hive and opened the door of that.

A *black* honey bee crawled out, rose into the air, and started due south; another followed, then three, then a dozen; and then the hive vomited a swarm of *black* bees which sped southward.

Sandy River lay due south; also, the home-hive from which they had been taken and confined as prisoners; also, a certain famous officer lingered at Sandy River—one, General J. E. B. Stuart, very much interested in the beehives belonging to a friend of his, a Mr. Enderly.

When she had relieved each messenger-bee of its tissue-paper dispatch, she had taken the precaution to number each tiny cylinder, in order of its arrival, from one to nine. Now she counted them, laid them carefully away between the leaves of a pocket notebook, slipped it into the breast of her jacket, and, rising, walked over to John Deal.

"Here is the key to those handcuffs," she said, hanging it around his neck by the bit of cord on which it was dangling. "Somebody at Sandy River will unlock them for you. But it would be better, Mr. Deal, if you remained outside our lines until this war is ended. I don't blame you—I'm sorry for you—and for your mistress."

She set toe to stirrup, mounted easily, fastened her cloak around her.

"I'm really sorry," she said. "I hope nobody will injure your pretty farm. Good-by."

Miss Carryl was standing at the end of the beautiful, oak-shaded avenue when the Messenger, arriving at full speed, drew bridle and whirled her horse.

Looking straight into the pretty Southern woman's eyes, she said gravely:

"Miss Carryl, your bees have stings. I am very sorry for you—very, very sorry. I hope your property will be respected while you are at Sandy River."

"What do you mean?" asked Miss Carryl. Over her pale features a painful tremor played.

"You know what I mean. And I am afraid you had better go at once. John Deal is already on his way."

There was a long silence. Miss Carryl found her voice at length.

"Thank you," she said without a tremor. "Shall I have any trouble in passing the Yankee lines?"

"Here is your passport. I had prepared it."

As the Messenger bent over from the saddle to deliver the pass, somehow her hat, with its crossed gilt sabres, fell off. She caught it in one hand; a bright blush mantled throat and face.

The Southern woman looked up at the girl in the saddle, so dramatically revealed for what she was under the superb accusation of her hair.

"*You?*"

(Continued on Page 34)

"You are Not the Usual Mail-Carrier?"

THE PROMISED LAND

Samuel Almost Forgot the Prices of Cardboard —

Showing How the Immigrant Lifts Himself by His Own Boot-Straps

By Walter E. Weyl

ILLUSTRATED BY EMLEN McCONNELL

TWENTY years ago, the year and day of the great blizzard, Samuel Lipsky, shivering in the cold room of the lodging-house, looked out at the great masses of snow piled up on the steps, mounting inch by inch along the red walls of the houses opposite. It was a cheerless welcome to the newly-arrived immigrant.

The next morning, peering from his little window, Samuel saw the snow-cleaners at work. How puny they seemed. Not in forty years could they clean away these vast white mounds. Why strive? Yet, as the men, bareheaded, ungloved, toiled on, a new spirit came to Samuel. What they did was little, yet it was something. Going into the street, he addressed a man in seeming authority and in pantomime asked for a job. A shovel was placed in his hands, and he worked joyfully until sunset of the third day, when all the streets were cleaned. The boss gave him six silver dollars, and Samuel understood.

A week later, as grocer's assistant in a little Jewish shop on the East Side, he understood again. With the crisp five-dollar bill he paid for his room and board, and had half a dollar left. At first he did not know the city; later, he asked passersby the name of each street and memorized it. Two of his silver dollars went in learning the English alphabet, and thereafter the street names and signs were no longer unintelligible. Within a month he forced a raise of his wages to six dollars, and saved a dollar and a quarter a week.

What could one do without English? The night school was open, and here, side by side with graybeards and alert youths, Samuel, with painful intentness, listened to the unfolding of the mysteries of the strange new tongue.

After six months Samuel was no longer a grocer's assistant, but a full-fledged bookkeeper. He had worked hard to equip himself for this position, but no labor was lost that led to the fabulous sum of ten dollars a week. Within two years he had three hundred dollars in the savings-bank. Then the chance came. Samuel knew nothing of the paper-box business, but he learned. The eight hundred dollars' debt with which he began was repaid in six months. Annually he saved a thousand dollars.

Real Estate and Real Money

THEN the rising merchant fell in love. Samuel almost forgot the prices of cardboard, so engrossing was Miriam. Yet even this venture was as carefully studied as, formerly, the paper-box enterprise or the spending of two dollars on the acquisition of English. Miriam was an asset; she advised and encouraged him; she filled out his life. Even the four biennial children did not entirely take from Samuel his business partner.

Samuel's standard of living now rose. With two thousand a year one can do much. It did not now seem extravagant to live in five rooms instead of two. The rent rose. Who got the extra dollar that he now had to pay for each room? Samuel pondered. New York was narrow; immigration would continue; rents must rise. Carefully, almost piously, Samuel invested his eight thousand dollars in a tenement real-estate venture. The margin was perilously narrow, but in four months his money had doubled. The paper-box factory was sold at a profit, and Samuel specialized in real estate. Soon he owned a heavily-mortgaged tenement house, then a second, then a third. Boldness went hand in hand with intelligence and caution. "If not to-day, then to-morrow," was his patient motto. The earning capacity of the houses was calculated to the last penny, the highest rent exacted, the fewest repairs granted. Though occasionally generous—with Miriam always lavish—Samuel did not mix philanthropy and business.

To-day he is a wealthy man. Wherever the new immigrants settle Samuel has holdings. He speaks of "parcels" of land as once he spoke of parcels of groceries. He enjoys the "game" and plays it well. More and more he fastens his tight, hard grasp on East Side estate.

Miriam has persuaded him to move uptown to a garish, uncomfortably-luxurious apartment house, where Samuel is abashed before the negro bellboys. After all, the man who succeeds owes a duty to his wife. Samuel would prefer to slouch about in ten-dollar ready-made suits with poor, old East Side friends to whom he has always been a frugal benefactor. But Miriam's horizon is also widening. She dreams of impossible social successes—for herself and for Moses, Beulah, Gladys and Raymond.

Not all Jewish immigrants are as fortunate as Samuel. Even the successful can rarely figure their fortunes in the hundreds of thousands. However, the majority hold their own, and save enough to educate their children.

The first consideration is the job. The average Jewish immigrant, arriving with a capital of eight dollars, cannot live upon the interest of his money. At first he takes what he can get. Weak and defenseless, he is sweated. Yet despite low wages, high cost of living, excessive rents, early marriages and frequent children, the Jew contrives to lay aside money. It may be little, but he saves. The Jewish workman carries his extra dollars and quarters to the little banks of the East Side; the children place their nickels and pennies in miniature penny savings-banks. Sometimes the money is withdrawn to bring over newer immigrants: an old father, willing to lay his bones in the New World; a brother's widow; a young niece, who will soon pay for her own support.

Unceasingly the immigrant Jew strives to better his condition. At the bottom, he lives on a miraculously small pittance; later, in days of greater prosperity, his elastic standard of living rapidly rises. The Jew, markedly individualistic, strives to rise by his own sheer strength, working faster and longer, living closer, saving more. Yet

He Worked Joyfully Until Sunset of the Third Day

So Engrossing was Miriam

moved by the logic of conditions, he joins labor unions, and to the last crust of bread he fights to bring up the wages of his trade. Often he fails. His strife crumbles; he wins a costly Pyrrhic victory. Still he persists, working, fighting, desperately striving to escape from his trade.

His great ambition is to become an employer, to be his own boss, to earn profits. To set him up as a small contractor requires fifty dollars, a rented room, rented machines a few chairs and a plentiful deal of optimism. In all the East Side trades you come across this petty contractor, a pathetic slave of the man higher up, a cruel driver of the man lower down.

"Finish those coats by nine or we'll kill your trade. Finish them, factory laws or no factory laws." Such is the mandate of the "reputable" manufacturer to the despised, apologetic little sweater.

The Passion for Education

WORKMEN who become contractors may in time rise to dizzy heights of affluence. To do so they must be a shade more ruthless than their competitors; must drive a sharper bargain in selling or buying. Once above the necessity of working side by side with his own employees, once with a thousand dollars ahead, the contractor may grow into a great manufacturer. Modestly his first shop peeps out from a side street in the Ghetto; later it reappears in the chief thoroughfare of the Jewish settlement. Finally it blossoms forth on Broadway. Already thousands of Broadway firms have Russian-Jewish names, some with the original ending "sky" or "witz," others abraded, Anglicized

Once a sweater is not always a sweater. Little contractors, after a brief and painful experience, often fall back into the abyss of wage labor. The sweater loses his attenuated hold. A dull season, a savage, irresistible undercut in prices, bankrupts him. Patiently he goes back to his iron or sewing-machine, brooding over his failure, devising a new ladder.

The road outward lies through education. To the Jew, learning is the Open Sesame to success, material and spiritual. For thousands of years the Jew has reverenced the open page. While the ancestors of the English and Americans, half-clad, half-fed, roamed the German fens and swamps, the ancestors of the Russian immigrants sat at the feet of Hillel or listened with amazement to the ascetic preachings of the Baptist. For three thousand years Jews have kept alive an intricate erudition, the constant, pious study of which has developed in the race a preternatural acuity.

America is the Russian Jew's school. The adult, sitting at boys' benches in the public night school, is taught reading, writing, spelling, history, bookkeeping. A group of sweatshop hands gather on summer evenings, in a hot, gas-lighted room, listening to an enthusiastic teacher expounding the mysteries of English. The evening classes of the New York University are crowded with Jews, who work during the day and study law or engineering at night. A Jew arriving here without a word of English becomes in ten years a skillful, eloquent, acute attorney, speaking the tongue of the land with an almost pedantic correctness. Men are graduated from the cigar factory, the bakery, the sweatshop and the push-cart to high positions in medicine, dentistry, teaching, journalism and literature. Thousands of other Jews, barely free from the ordeal of Ellis Island, take courses in correspondence

schools and fit themselves for positions in the skilled trades and in the professions. Education, mental and manual, leads to success. The acquisitive Jew secures education.

As the Jew becomes better trained he breaks through the narrow circle of the sweated trades. Occupation after occupation is entered, until in the East Side hardly a trade is unrepresented by Jewish workers. In the building trades, in the cigar industry, in the manufacture of leather, in the garment trades, on the street and elevated railways, in the department stores, in the business offices, in the barber shops, in the restaurants—everywhere Jewish men and girls find employment. The field of work extends unceasingly.

Gradually as work extends, as wages increase, as immigration presses hard upon the Ghetto, the population moves out. It is a forcing process. Still many thousands of Jews go eastward to Brooklyn and Brownsville or northward to the Bronx, because they can live there better. New Ghettos arise, fainter replicas of the old, and as these grow they throw off still smaller colonies. In the new Ghettos many of the old evil conditions persist, but there is more air, less crowding and generally better sanitary conditions. Rapidly the new tenements, built as by magic, fill with householders; and though the old Ghetto continues to be crowded to its fullest capacity, the centre of gravity of the New York Jewish population rapidly changes. Within a decade or two will begin the actual depopulation of the Ghetto, now one of the most congested spots on all the earth's surface.

The rise in the general material level of the Russian Jewish population of America is marked by the millions of dollars which pour into the Jewish district in payment for the garments, cigars, paper boxes, novelties and other commodities manufactured there. Much of this money is reinvested in new business enterprises. Little manufacturers become great manufacturers; small retailers become larger wholesalers.

Much of this capital goes into real estate. Many Jews, like Samuel Lipsky, begin as poor immigrants, and end as wealthy, successful real-estate operators. The way is arduous and fraught with danger. A painfully accumulated thousand dollars is risked, on a short option, upon a valuable, heavily-incumbered lot. If the holder of the option rapidly turns over his property, well and good; if not, his little margin is forfeited. Sometimes half a dozen men combine their petty capitals in a hazard of real-estate fortunes. The successful ones, the bold, shrewd, perhaps more unscrupulous fellows, mount; the failures fall, and painfully reaccumulate for a new venture. The speculative instinct remains forever active.

Already four-fifths of all the land in the Ghetto is owned by Jews. They pay higher prices for it and secure higher rents from it than any one else. They are fighting on their own ground. A few old corporations and individuals still maintain their hold in the Ghetto, but rapidly the Russian Jewish investment in real estate increases. Moreover, as the Ghetto fills up, the Jewish operator, a dozen years before a penniless immigrant, pushes out farther into the new districts about to be settled. The Jew is optimistic about America; he is filled with the confidence of the early American pioneers. So long as immigration continues the precious land of New York will enhance in value, and as the operator looks over the sea he does not doubt what the future of immigration will be.

The Effects of Immigration

IT IS this immigration—shipload after shipload of the poor of Europe—that spells the prosperity of the landowner, the man with capital, and means greater trials and lower wages for the man with whom the immigrant comes in immediate competition for employment. It is from this great mass that the future Jewish poor and the future Jewish well-to-do are recruited. These immigrants who arrive to-day with hardly more than the worn-out clothes on their backs furnish the men who in twenty years will be acute lawyers, well-trained physicians, skillful surgeons, ingenious architects, successful engineers, authors, artists, musicians, business men, government officials, farmers and workmen, as well as those who will fail and die in despair in the wilderness.

That comparatively so many of the Jewish immigrants ultimately succeed in reaching the solid land of material prosperity is due, in no small measure, to a certain subtle solidarity of the race. This solidarity is not so obvious nor so omnipotent as is generally supposed. Jew buys from Christian, sells to him, becomes his partner and friend. Jew oppresses Jew, as Gentile oppresses Gentile, and as, on occasion, each oppresses the other. Yet at bottom, despite curious inter-tribal jealousies and dislikes, Jew aids Jew. The well-to-do American Jews of German descent, though worsted by the Russian Jew in business competition, though often looking down upon the Russian Jew with obtuse and contemptuous condescension, nevertheless spend millions of dollars upon his material well-being and intellectual betterment. The Russian Jewish workman, a few years in this country, clamors for free admission of Jewish refugees, although their immigration and competition means a dollar less for him in wages and a dollar more from him in house rent. Jewish charity, organized and unorganized, flowing from the rich or gushing up instinctively from the poor, tides over the Jewish immigrant in his worst crises and carries him over the dead points in his career. But for this wide charity, many a man who would have succumbed to the importunate monthly rent or the need of bread and coal has been saved from the prison or the hospital, and been enabled to succeed in the new life. It is this charity, broader than any mere philanthropic institution, that asks for the open door for poor immigrants. "Every Jew who comes," a Jewish trade union official told me, "hurts us and our union. Yet what can one do? We cannot let them die in Russia. We must stand by one another, as all men must stand by all men. No man is free while in all the world a lonely slave clanks his chains."

Gradually the Jewish immigrant is rising from the Ghetto. Arriving here without money, unable to speak English, without knowledge, without opportunities, he acquires one after another of these desirable things. While many fail and die in the wilderness, others plod their way or circumvent evil fortune, or survive the worst calamities, and arrive at the land flowing with milk and honey. And though the immigrant himself may not attain this goal, his children, upon whom he pins his faith, succeed. The flight from Russia or Rumania has not been in vain; the population taken in the mass has grappled with its difficulties and succeeded.

Yet there is another side. Man cannot live without bread; of all things it is most indispensable in the world. Yet man does not live by bread alone. The Jewish invasion of America would be no boon to Jews or Americans if the material prosperity of the Jews were purchased at the sacrifice of the ideals of the race. The transition from the stiff, straight ethics of the orthodox religious Jew to the social, complex ethics of the best American life is not easily accomplished. Many a Jewish son, "emancipated" from the religious orthodoxy of his father, freed from the dietary laws, the Sabbath observances, the ritual and ceremonial bound up with the old law, emancipates himself simultaneously from the ordinary obligations of honor and decency. The son of the immigrant, free from the old ethics, only partially attracted by the new, is likely to seat himself between two moral chairs. The crass materialism of our modern industrial system appeals to him; he loses his ideals and becomes, consciously, a narrow, law-evading, unfair-and materialistic self-seeker.

A young Russian Jew arriving in this country at the age of fifteen became impressed with the hardships to which the poor, because of their poverty, were subjected. He determined to study law. During long years he worked as a shirtwaist operator and saved money. He studied law at night and thought and dreamed of law at all times. At the age of twenty-six he was admitted to the bar. His last dollar went for desk room in a dingy office. No clients came. He went back to the shirtwaist factory, and earned enough to buy six months of leisure. He returned to the office, waited for clients and studied more law. A few little cases came his way, but they were soon settled, and the fee was small. There was no money for a scrupulous attorney who would not nurse litigation.

New Standards and New Morals

FINALLY a big accident case came, but there was a flaw in the evidence. A subtle suggestion from the attorney, a half-explanation, would give the plaintiff the hint. The lawyer hesitated. The man was poor, the company had been negligent, the contributory negligence had been slight; if he won this case he could carry out his great schemes for the poor. He made the suggestion and won the case, and after that many other cases. Gradually, almost imperceptibly, he developed a system for winning accident cases; witnesses were suborned, testimony manufactured and cases won or compromised. The lawyer grew rich; he moved his residence uptown to a fashionable street, and his office to Broadway. His plans for the legal protection of the East Side poor are still in abeyance. He has the reputation for being an unscrupulous, but highly successful, lawyer.

Intense competition in business and the professions inevitably creates a certain laxity in certain sections of the Jewish population, as it does elsewhere throughout the American community. The impact of a materialistic civilization upon a race suddenly thrown into the country and compelled to earn its living cannot but undermine the ethics of thousands and make success appear more important than honor. Yet the inherent idealism of the Jewish race persists. In tens of thousands of households this idealism takes the form of a minute observance of formal, but beautiful, religious rites; in others it wraps itself in a love of children, in a vague stretching out for learning, in hopes of a rejuvenated Judaism (either in a New or in the Old Jerusalem), in dreams of a regenerated humanity. The tone of the intellectual East Side is idealistic.

With these ideals, with hopes and aspirations never fulfilled but always to be fulfilled, the whole East Side thrills. The poorest immigrant takes from his little savings to aid his brethren in Russia; the poorest workman contributes from his meagre wages to help other workmen of other races in other cities to fight the battle for better conditions. Schemes of social betterment, rational and visionary, immediate and ultimate, find supporters and even martyrs among the Jews of the East Side. The little cafés of the Ghetto and the living-rooms of the tenement houses are choked with excited men discussing how the world can be improved.

Every day the East Side brings forth young men or women willing to sacrifice all the material comforts of life to carry out some cherished plan of social betterment. A young Galician Jew, almost a boy, saw his sister gasping for breath, another victim of the Great White Plague. To stamp out this relentless scourge became the devouring passion of his life. Day and night he dreamed his dream and worked for its accomplishment. A doctor at last, he returned to the East Side, where even now his stooping figure is a familiar and beloved sight to the thousands of suffering victims of this dread disease.

Another young Jew who has risen by persistent and heroic efforts devotes his whole life to bettering the housing conditions of the East Side. Poor, unrecognized, he lives alone a full, beautiful, unobtrusive life. On dozens of committees he is the mouthpiece of the people whom he knows and loves.

So there rises from the very heart of a sordid, frantic struggle for life a beautiful, irrepressible desire for good. The schools, the universities, the settlements, the libraries, the free lectures, the social teachings of reformers and revolutionists, all stimulate the ideal side of the Jew. The success of the immigrant is not only material but moral.

"The Jew must succeed in America," a social student told me, "and to be vital his success must be ideal. For what shall it profit the Jew if he gain the New World, yet lose his own soul?"

It is from This Great Mass that the Future Jewish Poor and the Future Jewish Well-to-Do are Recruited

Frauds and Deceptions in Precious Stones

Some Tricks and Tricksters of the Gem Trade

By George Frederick Kunz

EXPERT IN PRECIOUS STONES AND PEARLS

ONE of the most remarkable instances of deception in gems is offered in the Lemoine diamond hoax, of which so much has been written during the past few months. The whole clever scheme owed its origin to the fact that the great French physician, Henri Moissan, had really succeeded in making some exceedingly minute diamond crystals, after a long series of elaborate and expensive operations. Indeed, these crystals were so small that the results of three hundred experiments weighed altogether but half a carat—about a grain and a half—and were worth but fifty cents, although the actual outlay for production was $2000. Moissan's experiment, intended to illustrate the way in which diamonds were generated in Nature's laboratory, very naturally induced many persons to jump to the conclusion that these stones could be manufactured of any size and in any quantity.

In May, 1905, Henri Lemoine, a clever French engineer, came to London and approached Sir Julius Wernher, president of the De Beers Company. Lemoine stated that he had discovered a new process for manufacturing diamonds by the aid of the electric furnace, which had been invented by Moissan and used by him in his experiments. These diamonds, Lemoine stated, were indistinguishable from the natural stones, and he further said that the secret formula for their production had been deposited by him in the Union Bank, of London. Sir Julius was favorably impressed by the representations made to him, and agreed to go to Paris and witness a demonstration.

This demonstration took place, in the following June, in Lemoine's house in Paris. Besides Sir Julius, Lord Armstrong was also present, and his description of the occurrence shows how easy it is to deceive even a shrewd observer. Lord Armstrong says:

"M. Lemoine handed me a powder, which, in order to convince myself, I worked up with my fingers. It was nothing but a powder. I myself put this powder into an empty crucible, which I closed again. I, personally, put the crucible into the furnace. When, under the instruction of M. Lemoine, who stood some distance from me and could in no way interfere in the operation, I withdrew the crucible, I found in it an agglomerated mass, which I allowed to cool before my eyes. I, myself, broke this shapeless mass, which presented the appearance of carbonized matter, and there I found these pure diamonds and these other diamonds less perfect."

Surely nothing could be more satisfactory, and it is not surprising that Sir Julius Wernher hastened to assure to himself the possession of this weighty secret which might have such far-reaching results.

When untold millions were at stake a few hundred thousand dollars seemed a small sum, and it was soon agreed that Lemoine should receive $320,000 for the equipment of a laboratory on an adequate scale. The sealed envelope containing the formula of the process was to remain in the bank, unopened, until Lemoine's death, when it should become the property of Sir Julius, and, in the meanwhile, all the diamonds produced were to be his.

Sir Julius Begins to Smell a Rat

SO FAR all had gone smoothly. Sir Julius had seen diamonds made before his very eyes; Lemoine was in possession of a goodly sum, with the prospect of receiving more; and the celebrated formula was securely hidden from indiscreet or skeptical eyes. Little by little, however, suspicion as to Lemoine's methods was aroused; he was not eager to renew the experiment and sought refuge in procrastination. Finally, Sir Julius sent for an expert from South Africa and insisted upon a new demonstration in the latter's presence. Lemoine reluctantly consented, but, strange to say, no results could be obtained under these conditions, and Lemoine refused to make any further efforts while the South African was present. Very likely the operation he had originally performed was a risky one at best and might not have borne repetition.

So matters dragged on for a while until, at last, Sir Julius Wernher lost patience and caused Lemoine's arrest on a charge of fraud. In the course of the trial Sir Julius demanded the production of the formula, offering for it an additional sum of $80,000. To this Lemoine strenuously objected, alleging that the paper represented the value of his discovery and that to reveal its contents would be to rob him of his due reward. As the London bank, where the formula was deposited, could surrender the document only on the order of an English court, appropriate action was taken in England which resulted in the transfer of the custody of the paper to the French court. Lemoine was now fairly at bay. In order to avoid a revelation of his secret, and, at the same time, to secure his release from imprisonment, he accepted, two months after his arrest, the condition imposed by the court, namely, that he should produce a test diamond. June ninth was the date assigned for the decisive experiment; if at that time he could show no results the envelope inclosing the formula was to be opened. When the day came Lemoine appeared and pleaded for more time. He was granted a delay of eight days, but with the understanding that this was the last indulgence that would be accorded.

The closing scene in this strange affair took place on June 17th, in Paris. Sir Julius Wernher and his co-complainant, Feldenheimer, reached the law courts at one o'clock precisely and the Judge arrived at about two o'clock. Lemoine did not appear. The Judge said that he was not surprised at this, as he had been informed, two days before, that Lemoine was missing. He had already issued a warrant for his arrest. He also explained that Lemoine had not been under special police surveillance, as they wished to give him perfect liberty for his experiments. During the proceedings a letter was received from Lemoine, saying that, as he had failed in his efforts, he would not come to court, but proposed to pursue his studies elsewhere, and would bring a diamond in case of success. Hereupon, the Judge announced that he would send the case before the Correctional Court and that Lemoine would be condemned to the maximum penalty of twenty years' imprisonment.

And now, by order of the court and in the presence of the experts, Bordas and Kling, the envelope inclosing the famous secret was at last opened. It was found to contain a lengthy and complicated formula. In substance this read: "Place powdered carbon and sugar in a crucible in an electric furnace. Use a current of from 1500 to 1800 amperes under a tension of 110 volts, and so heat to 1600 degrees. Then put pressure on the cover of the crucible and diamonds should be found therein."

Sleight-of-Hand in Gem-Faking

HOW can we account for this deception, practiced on clear-headed and clear-sighted men? Possibly the explanation might be found in a modified form of hypnotic influence, but it seems more probable that we have to do with some clever trick, similar to those so often used in the past by the alchemists in their pretended transmutation of base metals into gold. No less an authority than Dr. Thaddeus von Hayek, court physician to Emperor Rudolph II, in 1604, and the director of his alchemical laboratories, has explained some of these tricks. Sometimes double-bottomed crucibles were used, the false bottoms consisting of earth wax and gold filings. The intense heat would melt the wax and fuse the gold. In other cases the operator stirred the ingredients with a hollow rod, the ends of which were covered with wax, so that when the wax melted the gold dust concealed within the rod slipped into the crucible. Indeed, when we consider that clever jugglers are able to make their passes so swiftly as to baffle the closest observers, it is not so very surprising that some deception of this kind could have been successfully carried out.

Parallels to this modern exploit may be found in history, notably in the case of Cagliostro, the extraordinary adventurer of the Eighteenth Century, who excited such enthusiasm in France on the eve of the French Revolution. It is related that the Cardinal de Rohan showed to Baroness Oberkirch a diamond set in a ring and engraved with the De Rohan arms, asserting that it had been made by Cagliostro. De Rohan said:

"Cagliostro made it; do you hear that? He created it out of nothing. I saw him. I was there, with my eyes fixed on the crucible, and I even took part in the operation. The jeweler and the engraver have valued this brilliant at twenty-five thousand livres ($5000). You must at least admit that he must be a strange thief, one who makes such presents."

Evidently, Cagliostro exercised a kind of hypnotic influence upon De Rohan, since the latter really supposed he had seen the diamond manufactured. Possibly the crucible was provided with a false bottom composed of some material that melted in the intense heat and released the genuine diamond concealed beneath. Diamonds appear to have been Cagliostro's favorite stones, for we are told that his fingers and his shirt-frill were bedecked with them; that he wore a diamond-studded watch with six large diamond pendants, and four diamond branches, to two of which diamond drops were attached, while from a third hung a gold key studded with diamonds.

By this ostentatious display he may have intended to create the impression that he could produce these stones at will. In spite of all his trickery he occupies a certain place in history, and no less a sculptor than Houdon has transmitted his features to posterity along with those of Washington and Voltaire. Undoubtedly this adventurer must have possessed the "personal magnetism" of which we hear so much to-day.

Rocky Mountain Gems from French Glass Factories

THE deceptions practiced on tourists are as varied as they are numerous. There are lapidaries who keep small shops at the famous watering-places along the Atlantic and Pacific coasts, and who display moonstones which they say are of local origin. Usually they really are moonstones, poor of quality and full of flaws, of crude Ceylonese cutting. Visitors have a tradition that the white, translucent pebbles of quartz found in the beach sand are moonstones, and they seek these for days together. Many a young, newly-married couple has given up a large part of a wedding trip to hunt for the supposed lunar gems. The local lapidary is then intrusted with their cutting, and customers sometimes wait days for them, it occasionally dawning upon a suspicious finder that the lapidary has returned a different stone from the one with which he was intrusted.

You can often "hear the wheels go round" behind the walls where the mysterious cutting is done. The moonstone has been cut at a price from two to four times that which would be charged for a stone of the same size and quality in a large city. Then, again, these lapidaries pretend to cut white crystals into transparent gems. The writer has examined thousands that were made of glass, made and cut in the Jura mountains, in France. In the West, in Denver, Colorado Springs, Salt Lake City and other cities, great exhibitions are made of colored brilliant-cut objects called Rocky Mountain gems. They occur in such a variety of color and blends of hue that even Nature has been outdone; and yet these are only obtainable from their places of origin—the glass factories of France and Bohemia.

Occasionally some one who has invested liberally, sues. The dealer is then arrested or made to move on. Some have moved from Colorado by slow, gradual degrees, as a result of this enforced process of "moving

on," until they have at last reached the Pacific Coast. There the legitimate industry has been much injured by these fakers. The State Mineralogist of California has made a most creditable raid upon these men and driven off a great number.

An Englishman, in Denver, Colorado, who was victimized in this way to the extent of $80, appealed to the English Vice-Consul for redress, and in this way obtained a decision against the man who had wronged him. Indeed, England always manages to afford protection to her subjects.

As another example, we may cite the case of a lady who visited Hot Springs, and, having collected some water-worn pebbles of quartz from the Ouachita River, was induced to confide them to one of these fakers for cutting, so that they could be made up into a necklace. The man delayed the operation as long as possible, delivering only one stone a day, and the lady was forced to prolong her stay for three weeks, to obtain possession of what she supposed to be her original pebbles. In reality she only received some French paste-glass which she could have obtained at a trifling cost in any city. Or, if she preferred her original "gems," they would have been cut for her in any large city in a week's time for a small fraction of the price she had actually paid.

Beware of the Eyeglass Faker

IT IS claimed that the quartz pebbles, if water-worn, are cut into more brilliant stones than the pure, perfect crystals that are found in the Arkansas mountains. This is due to the fact that a pebble resembling block-sugar on its exterior seems to have undergone a much greater transformation when turned into a transparent brilliant than does an ordinary rock-crystal when cut and polished. The result is, the rough, water-worn pebbles are valued highly and much sought for. This demand is supplied by the local dealer, who will put a peck or more of crystals into a barrel which is allowed to revolve in a brook until the contents are worn down to rounded pebbles—no trace of the crystal faces being present.

Strange as it may seem, the expert can tell you if a pebble is water-worn or barrel-worn, because the latter is a deader white.

The most dangerous fakers are the eyeglass dealers, who have plied their mischief at all the expositions except that held at Jamestown. These men show groups of quartz crystals, generally holding the crystals in their hands, and they sell white or blue lenses, which they claim are cut from this transparent material. The fact is that these lenses are invariably of glass, and not rock-crystal. They are the most inferior type of lenses, imported by the hundred gross from Germany, and are sold without proper regard to the strength of the victim's eyes, often being too strong, and frequently ruining the eyes of the unsuspecting purchaser, who will pay from five to ten times as much for a poor glass as a legitimate optician would charge for a fine pair of glasses of the correct strength.

It is well known that chalcedony is very absorbent and will readily take up many coloring matters, because it is composed of minute layers. When moss-agates were in demand fine specimens were naturally rare, and, to this day, in some regions there is still a demand for beautiful moss-agates. The chemists of Germany, knowing well the absorbent properties of chalcedony, photograph or sketch on it designs more remarkable than the finest moss-agates ever displayed in the natural state. They simulate birds, rabbits, trees, and in one instance an unsuspecting collector bought two stones with a house and a tree and some rabbits pictured on them, both designs being identical. They measured three by two inches. They were beautiful landscapes, but by means of a photograph and some chemical work an artificial moss-agate had been made which had deceived even a collector of experience.

Even within the memory of the youngest of us, a foreign individual visited the city of New York, exhibiting bottles of sand with a solution of salt or some allied substance. In this he had placed the pupils of the eyes of various-sized fishes, from a small herring to a large halibut. The water and salt had acted upon these, turning them opaque, but imparting to them a pearly lustre. The individual endeavored to raise money on what he claimed to be an artificial process for generating pearls. He asserted that what he showed were pearls in a soft state. They surely would become hard, and he was certain that within a few weeks pearls of any size could be manufactured; but he needed some cash to conduct his experiments further.

The Guile of the Bogus Emerald Man

MORE than a decade ago a Hebrew gathered together a great quantity of paste material and went to the United States of Colombia for the purpose of buying emeralds at the emerald mines and collecting natural history specimens. He put these imitation stones in neat, velvet-lined leather cases, a hundred or more to a case, and, stopping at one of the principal cities of Colombia, made himself so agreeable to the inhabitants that he soon had many friends. When he started for the interior he left these cases of stones with his host, stating that they were genuine gems, and that he had sufficient confidence in his host's integrity to leave them in his care during his own absence. The host was so touched with this proof of confidence displayed by his friend that, upon the latter's return, he bought a number of the stones (at the price of the real ones), prevailing upon many of his friends to take advantage of the same splendid opportunity. The traveler from the United States then hurriedly left for parts unknown, and shortly after died as the result of an accident. In this way only did he escape the vengeance of the Colombian, who, having discovered the fraud perpetrated upon him, had followed him to the United States.

That the Roman emperors were not always disposed to punish with undue severity, and that some of them possessed a sense of humor, is shown by the following:

A faker of the time of the Emperor Vitellius sold the empress a paste gem for a genuine one. As a result he was condemned to be thrown into the arena of the Colosseum. For days he trembled in his prison in anticipation of his terrible fate. At last the dreadful day came; then the dreadful moment. He stood alone in the arena of the great Colosseum. With knees trembling, and eyes wild and staring, he gazed at the door which was to open in another moment. The door opened. What beast was that emerging? . . . A rooster walked into the arena, and, standing not ten feet from the condemned man, deliberately lifted up its voice and crowed. The faker's fear changed to indignation, and the vast audience fairly howled with delight at the penalty meted out to the jeweler who had dared to deceive an empress with a feigned gem.

Tricky Butlers and Jewelers

EVEN the clerical garb gave no assurance that the wearer was not ready to practice these dubious arts. We are told that, in the seventeenth century, Dubois, a Capuchin monk, very successfully imposed upon King Louis XIII and Cardinal Richelieu, in the matter of precious stones, and was ignominiously hanged for his deception.

A decade ago a prominent New York lady brought her diamonds to a well-known New York jeweler to be cleaned. The salesman who accepted her order for cleaning the stones immediately said, when he saw one of the rings, "This is not your diamond, although the ring is yours"

The lady was amazed. An investigation resulted, in the course of which it was found that a butler in her employ, who had formerly been a jeweler, had changed the genuine diamond for an imitation one. He had taken a careful impression of the stone while it lay on the lady's table; then unset it, and, finally, set the imitation in its place. His arrest led to the discovery that he had served in a number of families, and that many of his employers had had their jewelry in part transposed.

Some years ago a man, by a tricky technicality, was fooled by a now deceased dealer, who sold him some thirty carats of a common French paste under the illusive name of a mountain diamond, at a price of $15 per carat. About six weeks later the man realized that he had been swindled and sued the dealer, but the latter asserted that if the stone had been returned within thirty days, according to some agreement to that effect, he would have refunded the money. The dealer, therefore, ran what proved to be a good risk of the swindle not being discovered in that time. The actual value of the stone was not two per cent. of the amount paid for it.

The Tale of the Diamond Changelings

ANOTHER interesting incident is that of an American lady who had a number of illnesses in which she always called in the aid of a certain nurse. The physician each time said, "Madam, were it not for your nursing you would never have recovered."

On the occasion of her last trip abroad she succumbed to the first recurrence of the illness from which she so often suffered. On her death-bed she willed her jewelry to her faithful nurse in America, intrusting her son with the delivery of the gems. The son, who was not so successful in money matters as his father had been, was unable to find the nurse for some time. By mere coincidence the writer visited the home of a friend the day the jewels were handed to the tardily-discovered legatee by the son of her former mistress, and he was asked to examine them. He discovered that two-thirds of the diamonds had been substituted by paste.

As the young man needed money from time to time, he had sold the diamonds and had appropriated to his own use the money he had received for them.

This only calls to mind the fact that, with jewels more than with anything else, it is necessary to have absolute proof of the responsibility of the persons to whom alterations or repairs are to be confided, or who are intrusted with the stringing of pearls. In this matter of pearl stringing, many owners believe that if they watch their pearls during the process they may be sure that no changes have been made; but for all that, if the stringer has the least knowledge of sleight-of-hand, and is removed from the restraining influence of an employer's keen eye for even a moment, things are likely to occur which the owner of the pearls may or may not detect and for which nobody may be willing to assume responsibility. This is borne out by the experience of an American lady who had some pearls strung in her presence abroad, only to find, when she arrived in the United States, that one occupant of the string was an imitation pearl, although she knew that the donor would never have bought a false gem.

The Pawn-Ticket Fraud

IN LONDON, more especially, a dodge is practiced on the unsuspecting innocent who is sometimes willing to lose his innocence if there is a prospect of gain. If a greenhorn is seen walking where there is no crowd a peculiar-looking individual may pass him, lift his hat, draw his handkerchief from his pocket, and in so doing drop a pawn ticket, which, when examined, states that a jewel of the value of one hundred pounds is in pawn. It can be redeemed for one-fourth of that amount. The first inclination of the person who has picked up the ticket is to hail the loser, who, in the mean time, has suddenly run away. The greeny, deciding not to pursue the owner, takes the ticket to the pawnbroker, redeems the object which has been purposely pawned at a number of times its real value, and comes to find, when too late, that he has been the victim of a clever swindle.

Dr. Henri Moissan in His Diamond Laboratory

Editor's Note—This is the first of three articles by Doctor Kunz on Frauds and Deceptions in Precious Stones. The author is a well-known expert in precious stones and our leading authority on pearls.

The Opportunity of Petitjean

By LEONARD MERRICK

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

IN BORDEAUX, on the twenty-first of December, M. Petitjean, a clerk with Bohemian yearnings, packed his portmanteau for a week's holiday. In Paris, on the same date, M. Tricotrin, poet and pauper, was commissioned by the editor of Le Demi-Mot to convert a rough translation into literary French. These two disparate incidents were destined by Fate—always mysterious in her workings—to be united in a story. Three evenings later the poet's concierge climbed the stairs and rapped peremptorily at his door.

"Well?" cried Tricotrin, raising bloodshot eyes from the manuscript; "who disturbs me now? Come in!"

"I have come in," panted Madame Dubois, who had not waited for his invitation; "and I am here to tell you, monsieur, that you cannot be allowed to groan in this agonized fashion. Your lamentations can be heard even in the basement."

"Is it in my lease, madame, that I shall not groan if I am so disposed?" inquired the poet haughtily.

"There are things tacitly understood. It is enough that you are in arrears with your rent without your doing your best to drive away the other tenants. For two days they have all complained that it would be less disturbing to reside in a hospital."

"Well, they have my permission to remove there," said Tricotrin. "Now that the matter is settled, let me get on with my work!" And, with the groan of a soul in Hades, he perused another line.

"There you go again," expostulated the woman angrily; "it is not to be endured, monsieur! What is the matter with you, for goodness' sake?"

"With me, madame, there is nothing the matter; the fault lies with an infernal Spanish romance. A misguided editor has commissioned me to rewrite it from a translation made by a foreigner. How can I avoid groans when I read his rot? Miranda exclaims, 'May Heaven confound you, bandit!' And the fiancé of the ingénue addresses her as 'Angel of this house!'"

"Well, at least groan quietly," begged the concierge. "Do not bellow your sufferings to the cellar."

"To oblige you I will be as Spartan as I can," agreed Tricotrin. "Now I have lost my place in the masterpiece. Ah, here we are! 'I feel she brings bad tidings—she wears a disastrous mien.' It is sprightly dialogue! If the money were not essential to keep a roof over my head I would send the editor a challenge for offering me the job."

Perspiration bespangled the young man's brow as he continued his task. When another hour had worn by he thirsted to do the foreign translator a bodily injury, and so intense was his exasperation that, by way of interlude, he placed the manuscript on the floor and jumped on it But the climax was reached in Chapter XXVII. Under the provocation of the love scene in Chapter XXVII frenzy mastered him, and with a yell of torture he hurled the whole romance through the window, and burst into hysterical tears.

The romance, which was of considerable bulk, descended on the landlord, who was just approaching the house to collect his dues.

"What does it mean?" gasped M. Gouge, when he had recovered his equilibrium and his hat. "What does it mean that I cannot approach my own property without being assaulted with a ton of paper? Who has dared to throw such a thing from a window?"

"Monsieur," stammered the concierge, "I do not doubt that it was the top-floor poet; he has been behaving like a lunatic for days."

"O-ho, the top-floor poet!" snorted M. Gouge; "I shall soon dispose of *him!*" And Tricotrin's tears were scarcely dried when "bang!" came another knock at his door.

"So, monsieur," exclaimed the landlord, with fine satire, "your poems are of small account, it appears, since you use them as missiles! The value you put upon your scribbling does not encourage me to wait for my rent!"

"Mine?" faltered Tricotrin, casting an indignant glance at the muddy manuscript restored to him. "You accuse *me* of having perpetrated that atrocity? Oh, this is too much! I have a reputation to preserve, monsieur, and I swear by all the Immortals that it was no work of mine."

"You did not throw it?"

"Throw it? Yes; assuredly I threw it. But I did not write it."

"*Mon Dieu!* what do I care who wrote it?" roared M. Gouge, purple with spleen. "Does its authorship improve the condition of my hat? My grievance is its arrival on my head, not its literary quality. Let me tell you that you expose yourself to actions at law, pitching weights like this from a respectable house into a public street."

"I should plead insanity," said Tricotrin; "twenty-seven chapters of that romance, translated into a Spaniard's French, would suffice to people an asylum. Nevertheless, if it arrived on your head I owe you an apology."

"You also owe me two hundred francs," shouted the other; "and I have shown you more patience than you deserve. Well, my folly is finished! You settle up, or you get out, right off!"

"Have you reflected that it is Christmas Eve? Do we live in a melodrama, that I should wander homeless on Christmas Eve? Seriously, you cannot expect an artist to lend himself to so hackneyed a situation. Besides, I share this apartment with the composer, Monsieur Nicolas Pitou. Consider how poignant he would find the room's associations if he returned to dwell here alone!"

"Monsieur Pitou will not be admitted when he returns—there is not a pin to choose between the pair of you. You hand me the two hundred francs or you go this minute—and I shall detain your wardrobe till you pay. Where is it?"

"It is divided between my person and a shelf at the pawnbroker's," explained the poet; "but I have a soiled collar in the left-hand-corner drawer. However, I can offer you more valuable security for this trifling debt than you would dare to ask; the bureau is full of pearls — metrical, but beyond price. I beg your tenderest care of them, especially my tragedy in seven acts. Do not play jinks with the contents of that bureau, or posterity will gibbet you and the name of 'Gouge' will one day be execrated throughout France. Brigand, farewell!"

"Here, take this lumber with you!" cried M. Gouge, flinging the Spanish romance down the stairs. And the next moment the man of letters stood, dejected, on the pavement, with the fatal manuscript under his arm.

"Ah, Miranda, Miranda; thou little knowest what mischief thou hast done!" he murmured, unconsciously plagiarizing. "She brought bad tidings, indeed, with her disastrous mien," he added. "What is to become of me now?"

"Monsieur," Stammered the Concierge. "I Do Not Doubt that it was the Top-Floor Poet; He Has Been Behaving Like a Lunatic for Days"

The moon, to which he had naturally addressed this query, made no answer; and, fingering the sou in his trousers' pocket, he trudged in the direction of the Rue Ravignan. "The situation would look well in print," he reflected; "but the load under my arm should, dramatically, be a bundle of my own poems. Doubtless the matter will be put right by my biographer. I wonder if I can get half a bed from Goujaud?"

Encouraged by the thought of the painter's hospitality, he proceeded to the studio, but he was informed in sour tones that M. Goujaud would not sleep there that night.

"So much the better," he remarked, "for I can have all his bed, instead of half of it! Believe me, I shall put you to no trouble, madame."

"I believe it fully," answered the woman, "for you will not come inside—nor Monsieur Goujaud, nor you, nor any other of his vagabond friends. So there!"

"Oh, is that how the wind blows—the fellow has not paid his rent?" said Tricotrin. "How disgraceful of him, to be sure! Fortunately Flamant lives in the next house."

He pulled the bell there forthwith, and the peal had scarcely sounded when Flamant rushed to the door, crying, "Welcome, my Beautiful!"

"*Mon Dieu!* what worthless acquaintances I possess!" moaned the unhappy poet. "Since you are expecting your Beautiful I need not go into details."

"What on earth did you want?" muttered Flamant, crestfallen.

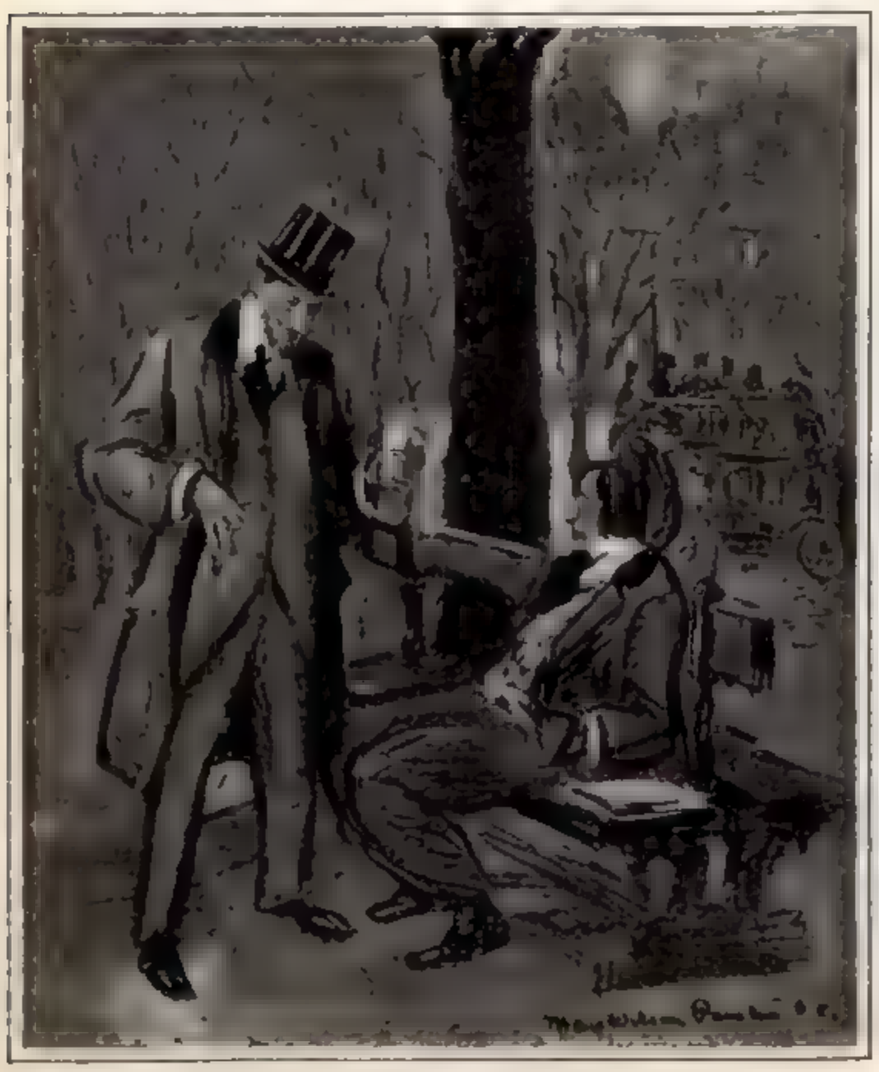
"I came to tell you the latest news—Goujaud's landlord has turned him out and I have no bed to lie in. Adieu!"

After another apostrophe to the heavens: "That inane moon, which makes no responses, is beginning to get on my nerves," he soliloquized. "Let me see, now! There is certainly Lajeunie, but it is a long journey to the Quartier Latin, and when I get there his social engagements may annoy me as keenly as Flamant's. It appears to me I am likely to try the open-air cure to-night. In the meanwhile, I may as well find Miranda a seat and think things over."

Accordingly he bent his steps to the Place Dancourt, and, having deposited the incubus beside him, stretched his limbs on a bench beneath a tree. His attitude, and his luxuriant locks, to say nothing of his melancholy aspect, rendered him a noticeable figure in the little square, and M. Petitjean, from Bordeaux, under the awning of the café opposite, stood regarding him with enthusiasm.

"Upon my word of honor," mused Petitjean, rubbing his hands, "I believe I see a Genius in the dumps! At last I behold the Paris of my dreams! If I have read my Murger to any purpose I am on the verge of an epoch. What a delightful adventure!"

Taking out his caporals, Petitjean sauntered toward the bench with a great show of carelessness, and made a pretense of feeling in his pockets for a match. "Tschut!"



"May I Beg You to Oblige Me with a Light, Monsieur?"

he exclaimed; then, affecting to observe Tricotrin for the first time, "May I beg you to oblige me with a light, monsieur?" he asked deferentially. A puff of wind provided him with an excuse for sitting down to guard the flame, and the next moment the Genius had accepted a cigarette from Petitjean's packet, and acknowledged that the weather was mild for the time of year.

Excitement thrilled Petitjean. How often, after business hours, had he perused his well-thumbed copy of La Vie de Bohème and in fancy consorted with the gay descendants of Rodolphe and Marcel; how often had he regretted secretly that he, himself, did not woo the Muses and jest at want in a garret, instead of making out invoices and eating three meals a day in a *pension!* And now positively one of the fascinating beings of his imagination lolled by his side! The little clerk on a holiday longed to play the generous comrade. In his purse he had a couple of louis, designed for sightseeing, and with a rush of emotion he pictured himself squandering five or six francs in half an hour and startling the artist by his prodigality.

"If I am not mistaken I have the honor to address an author, monsieur?" he ventured.

"Your instincts have not misled you," replied the poet; "I am Tricotrin, monsieur—Gustave Tricotrin. The name, however, is to be found, as yet, on no statues."

"My own name," said the clerk, "is Adolphe Petitjean. I am a stranger in Paris, and I count myself fortunate indeed to have made Monsieur Tricotrin's acquaintance so soon."

"He expresses himself with some discretion, this person," reflected Tricotrin. "And his cigarette was certainly providential."

"To meet an author has always been an ambition of mine," Petitjean continued. "I dare to say that I have the artistic temperament, though circumstances have condemned me to commercial pursuits. You have no idea how enviable the literary life appears to me, monsieur."

"Its privileges are perhaps more monotonous than you suppose," drawled the homeless poet. "Also I had to work for many years before I attained my present position."

"This noble book, for instance," began the clerk, laying a reverent hand on the abominable manuscript.

"*Hein?*" exclaimed its victim, starting.

"To have written this noble book must be a joy compared with which my own prosperity is valueless."

"The thing is no work of mine!" cried Tricotrin; "and, if we are to avoid a quarrel, I will ask you not to accuse me of it. A joy, indeed! In that block of drivel you view the cause of my deepest misfortunes."

"A thousand apologies!" stammered his companion; "my inference was hasty. But what you say interests me beyond words. This manuscript, of seeming innocence, is the cause of misfortunes? May I crave an enormous favor—may I beg you to regard me as a friend and give me your confidence?"

"I see no reason why I should refuse it," answered Tricotrin, on whom the boast of "prosperity" had made a deep impression. "You must know, then, that this ineptitude, inflicted on me by an eccentric editor for translation, drove me to madness, and not an hour ago I cast it from my window in disgust. It is a romance entirely devoid of taste and tact, and it had the clumsiness to alight on my landlord's head. Being a man of small nature, he retaliated by demanding his rent."

"Which it was not convenient to pay?" interrupted Petitjean, all the chapters of La Vie de Bohème playing leapfrog through his brain.

"I regret to bore you by so trite a situation. 'Which it was not convenient to pay!' Indeed, I was not responsible for all of it, for I occupied the room with a composer named Pitou. Well, you can construct the next scene without a collaborator—the landlord has a speech, and the tragedy is entitled, Tricotrin in Quest of a Home."

"What of the composer?" inquired the delighted clerk. "What has become of Monsieur Pitou?"

"Monsieur Pitou was not on in that act. The part of Pitou will attain prominence when he returns and finds himself locked out."

"But, my dear Monsieur Tricotrin, in such an extremity you should have sought the services of a friend."

"I had that inspiration myself; I sought a painter called Goujaud. And observe how careless is Reality in the matter of coincidences: I learned from his concierge that precisely the same thing had befallen Monsieur Goujaud. He, too, is Christmasing *al fresco*."

"*Mon Dieu!*" faltered the clerk; "how it rejoices me that I have met you! All my life I have looked forward to encountering a genius in such a fix."

"Alas!" sighed Tricotrin, with a pensive smile, "to the genius the fix is less spicy. Without a bed——"

"Without a bed!" crowed Petitjean.

"Without a supper——"

"Without a supper!" babbled Petitjean, enravished.

"With nothing but a pen and the sacred fire one may be forgiven sadness."

"Not so! not so!" shouted Petitjean, smacking him on the back; "you are omitting *me* from your list of assets. Listen! I am staying at an hotel; you cannot decline to accord me the honor of welcoming you there as my guest for the night. I am no longer in business—I am a Bohemian, like yourself. Some supper, a bed and a little breakfast will not ruin me. What do you say, monsieur?"

"I say, drop the 'monsieur,' old chap," responded Tricotrin. "Your suggestions for the tragedy are cordially accepted—I have never known a collaborator to improve a plot so much! And understand this, I feel more earnestly than I speak; henceforth we are pals, you and I."

"Brothers!" cried Petitjean in ecstasy. "You shall hear all about a novel that I have projected for years; I should like to have your opinion of it."

"I shall be enchanted," said Tricotrin, his jaw dropping.

"You must introduce me to your circle—the painters, and the models, and the actresses. Your friends shall be *my* friends in future."

"Gentlemen," Cried Petitjean, "I Shall Go and Fetch a Cab for Us All. Make Yourselves Comfortable Till I Come Back"

"Don't doubt it. When I tell them what a brick you are they will be proud to know you."

"No ceremony, mind."

"Not a bit; you shall be another chum. Already I feel as if we had been confidants in our cradles."

"It is the same with me. How true it is that kindred spirits recognize each other in an instant. What is environment? Bah! A man may be a Bohemian and an artist although his occupations are commercial."

"Perfectly! I nearly pined amid commercial occupations myself."

"What an extraordinary coincidence! Ah, that is the last bond between us! You can realize my most complex moods, you can penetrate to the most distant suburbs of my soul! Gustave, if I had been free to choose my career I should have become a famous man."

"My poor Adolphe! Still, prosperity is not an unmixed evil—you must seek compensation in your wealth," murmured the poet, who began to think that one might pay too high a price for a bed.

"Oh—er—to be sure!" said the little clerk, reminded that he was pledged to a larger outlay than he had originally proposed. "That is to say, I am not precisely 'wealthy.'" He saw his pocket-money during the trip much curtailed, and rather wished that his impulse had been less expansive.

"A snug income is no stigma, whether one derives it from Parnassus or the Bourse," continued Tricotrin. "Hold! Who is that I see, slouching over there? As I live, it's Pitou, the composer, whose dilemma I told you of!"

"Another?" quavered the clerk, dismayed.

"Hi, Nicolas! Turn your symphonic gaze this way! 'Tis I, Gustave!"

"Ah, *mon vieux!*" exclaimed the young musician joyfully; "I was wondering what your fate might be. I have only just come from the house—Madame Dubois refused me admission; she informed me that you had been firing Spanish romances at Gouge's head. Why Spanish? Is the Spanish variety deadlier? So the villain has had the effrontery to turn us out?"

"Let me make you affinities known to each other," said Tricotrin: "my brother Nicolas—my brother Adolphe. Brother Adolphe has received a scenario of the tragedy already, and he has a knack of inventing brilliant 'curtains.'"

Behind Pitou's back he winked humorously at Petitjean, as if to say, "He little suspects what a surprise you have in store for him."

"Oh—er—I am grieved to hear of your trouble, Monsieur Pitou," said Petitjean feebly.

"What? Grieved? Come, that isn't all about it!" cried Tricotrin, who attributed his restraint to nothing but diffidence. In an undertone he added: "Don't be nervous, dear boy; your invitation won't offend him in the least."

Petitjean breathed heavily. He aspired to prove himself a true Bohemian, but his heart quailed at the thought of such expense. *Two* suppers, beds and little breakfasts as a supplement to his bill would be no joke. It was with a very poor grace that he stammered at last: "I hope you will allow me to suggest a way out, Monsieur Pitou. A room at my hotel seems to dispose of the difficulty."

"*Hein?*" exclaimed Pitou. "Is that room a mirage or are you serious?"

"Serious?" echoed Tricotrin. "He is as serious as an English adaptation of a French farce." He went on under his breath: "You mustn't judge him by his manner; I can see that he has turned a little shy. Believe me, *mon vieux*, he is the king of trumps!"

"Well, upon my word! I shall be delighted, monsieur," responded Pitou. "It was evidently the good, kind fairies that led me to the Place Dancourt. I would ask you to step over the way and have a bock, but my finances forbid."

"Your finances need cause no drought; Adolphe will be paymaster!" declared Tricotrin gayly, shouldering his manuscript. "Come! let us adjourn and drink a toast to the Muses."

Petitjean suppressed a moan. "By all means," he assented; "I was about to propose it myself. I am a real Bohemian, you know, and think nothing of ordering several bocks at once."

"Are you sure he is all you say?" whispered Pitou to Tricotrin, with misgiving.

"A shade embarrassed, that is all," pronounced the poet. And then, as the trio moved arm in arm toward the café, a second solitary figure emerged from the obscurity of the square.

"Bless my soul!" ejaculated Tricotrin. "Am I mistaken? or—Look! look! Adolphe; I would bet ten to one in sonnets that it is Goujaud, the painter, whose plight I mentioned to you."

"Yet another?" gasped Petitjean, panic-stricken.

"Sst! Hi! Goujaud! Come here, you vagrant, and be entertaining!"

"Well met, you fellows," sighed Goujaud. "Where are you off to?"

"We are going to give Miranda a drink," said the poet; "she is dryer than ever. Let there be no strangers: my brother Adolphe—my brother Théodose. What is your secret woe, Théo? Your face is as long as this Spaniard's romance. Adolphe, have you a recipe in your pocket for the hump?"

"Perhaps Monsieur Goujaud will join us in a glass of beer?" said Petitjean very coldly.

"There are more unlikely things than that," affirmed the painter, and when the café was entered he swallowed

(Concluded on Page 42)

"HELLO" GIRLS

By Harris Dickson

ILLUSTRATED BY GAYLE P. HOSKINS

WHEN the Wizards got the world pretty well tangled up with wires they began to work a plan out of the plaything, to substitute experience for experiment. The telephone had become so firmly established as a business and social institution that nobody was anybody without it. So Mrs. Snobbins had one put in each room of her new mansion. "There now, Angelica," she exclaimed, "at last we are connected with some of the swellest people in this town."

Boys won't do for telephone operators; the boy plan proved a disastrously successful failure. A boy and a switchboard don't gee. It was Sam Walker who finally broke the combination in the Danesville Exchange. Sam had no use for Willie, lawyer Wilkins' office boy—the youngster was entirely too fresh. One day Willie rang up, and called peremptorily for the sheriff's office.

That's an Indiscreet Remark, Especially to a Freckle-Faced Boy Who is Red-Headed

"Line out of order," Sam answered.

"'Tain't," retorted Willie; "you are jes' too lazy to hitch 'er up. You're too triflin' fer yer vittles to taste good."

"The line is out of order," Sam repeated, trying to obey Rule 1, and be polite.

"You're a liar," retorted Willie, and hung up his receiver.

That's an indiscreet remark, especially to a freckle-faced boy who is red-headed besides. Sam jerked off his harness and rushed out of the exchange to settle with Willie. All the other operators followed to see the fight.

The scheme panned out no better in the West. It's a ticklish business to be telephone operator at Cactus Centre, where hands are quick and triggers light in the land of sensative feelings. It's a man's job, for a full-grown man.

"Gimme Dock Hawkins," demanded the subscriber in a loud tone.

"Line busy," answered the operator.

"What t'ell you givin' me? I know that line ain't busy."

"It is," answered the operator positively; "some gentlemen have borrowed the line to hang a horse thief with; ef that don't make a line plum busy I can't tell you what does."

Discussions of veracity and six-shooters kept the "Hello man" so muddled that the company had to provide a reliable method for running the switchboard. So they sent Miss Birdie Bailey to manipulate the plugs, and that unexpected play queered the cowboys.

There's a telephone in Cactus—it's a new long-talk machine,
And the girl who operates it is a reg lar fairy queen:
The comp'ny sent her in here fer to run the thing in style,
And she's got the cowboys locoed, clear from here to Forty Mile.

Thus the telephone girl came to Danesville and Cactus Centre.

The Value of Soft-Pedal Trimmings

OPERATORS are chosen carefully, and every effort is made to employ those who possess a pleasing voice. A quick, snappy tone irritates the subscriber, while a cheery, good-humored voice carries with it confidence and satisfaction. Even if there be some slight delay in the service, the patron feels that the operator is taking special interest in him, and is apt to be more patient. Men appreciate delicate attention—with soft-pedal trimmings.

In the selection of a wife no hard-and-fast rule can be laid down, whether the man really does the choosing or merely imagines he was consulted. But there are certain absolute requisites for a telephone operator, plans, specifications and dimensions. She must have a fairly good common-school education. She should not be less than five feet four inches in height, and should have a reach of twenty-nine inches. She should read without hesitation, write quickly and plainly, and have some knowledge of arithmetic. She must not have a voice that sounds like filing a saw. While her duties are somewhat mechanical and require no detailed knowledge of the apparatus, an intelligent operator soon learns a great deal about the switchboard, and the more she learns the more expert and valuable she becomes.

Telephone managers complain bitterly that their best operators get married and the poor ones form a labor union. "Cupid's corner" is a favorite department in the telephone magazines, and they are always full of items. These magazines delight in telling how the millionaire fell in love with the operator, because she had such a low and musical voice. This may be a fake story, but it keeps the girls at top notch. As a matrimonial agency the telephone exchange is a glittering success.

But they do things differently in France—if not "better," as Sterne said. The French operator must get permission from the Postmaster-General before she can marry. She is not allowed to marry a foreigner, a member of the police force, a detective, a mayor, mayor's clerk or cashier—in fact, quite a list of ineligibles is pasted in the telephone girl's matrimonial directory. The reasons given for this are that the Government must safeguard the secrets of the public. But, whatever may be the reasons, an American manager would have a happy time enforcing any such rules. When an American operator marries she generally quits the service; not so with the French, and that makes a difference.

After an applicant is selected for trial she is put into a training-school and paid moderate wages during her apprenticeship. When sufficiently advanced she is taken into the operating-room and given a position at the switchboard during the lax hours of the day, or placed between two exceptionally good operators who can help her.

What the Supervisor Does

THE average person who has never seen a large telephone exchange is apt to think of it as a place of turmoil, with a babble of chattering girls. Quite the contrary. Except for the click of keys and hum of low voices, there is practically no sound. He sees no rush, no bustle, no excitement. Everything is orderly and systematic and quiet; otherwise the enormous volume of calls could not be answered. The observer sees a large board stuck with plugs of different colors, each having its particular meaning. First in one place and then another, the tiny lights flare up, burn for an instant, and go out. He hears the operator say "Number? Number?" hears the clicking of the plugs as they connect the "jacks" all over the board. Perfect discipline, perfect routine, perfect method.

Behind the long row of operators walk the supervisors, each in charge of a certain number of girls. The supervisor has been promoted from the switchboard; she must be thoroughly experienced, trained and efficient. Her quick eye watches the movement of every hand. She hears every answer made by the operators at the board. Where calls come so rapidly that an operator cannot keep up, the supervisor is there ready to help. It is generally considered that one operator can serve about twenty-seven patrons. If, however, some of these patrons be unusually active users of the instrument, it may be necessary to put those patrons on some other operator, who has less work. The supervisor sees that the work at the switchboard is equalized. Ten busy lines will keep an operator more steadily employed than one hundred idle ones. Experience has demonstrated that an operator renders more efficient service if she be kept steadily employed, rather than be rushed at times, and left idle at times.

The supervisors and chief operator both have their "listening-in key" by means of which they can cut in on any particular operator, listen to what she says, and see whether or not she gives accurate and courteous service.

In the Selection of a Wife No Hard-and-Fast Rule Can be Laid Down

Considering the immense amount of work which she does, and the numberless irritations to which she is exposed, the operator's errors are few. She keeps her temper wonderfully well, in view of the fact that there are yet men in the world who consider "Central" a mere automaton at which to swear.

"Central" is not a garrulous person; she never uses an unnecessary word. In this respect the telephone service has changed greatly. When the exchanges were small, one girl, perhaps, could serve all its patrons. She knew most of her patrons, and became quite intimately acquainted with their affairs. It was natural that she should often chat with them—the lines were idle, and it was so tempting. With the growth of the exchange this practice was stopped. Many subscribers attempted to renew it, and that became a serious detriment to the service. Subscribers could not understand why "Central" would not gossip.

It was very common for a patron to reason like this: "I pay for two telephones, one at my house and one at my office, and I do not see why the operator refuses to tell me whether my train is on time. She could find out, and I should be extended that much courtesy." This subscriber did not comprehend that an operator should answer twenty clamorous patrons while he is asking her to consult a railroad schedule; if she stopped she would never catch up again. His request would delay twenty other patrons who are waiting, and who, like himself, have claims on the company. She would get her lines hopelessly tangled, and it would be several minutes before the supervisor could set her straight again.

So the operator does not answer questions. She will connect the patron with any other telephone in the city, or switch him off to "Information."

First Aid to Sick Telephones

SHOULD any accident happen to a line, or if it be working badly, the operator makes no effort to correct it. If she did this would result in another tangle. She switches the line to the "Hospital Lady," who renders first aid to sick telephones. A bad case is sent to the wire chief.

The operator's routine is mapped out in minutest detail, and runs along one track as a locomotive keeps its rail. Something would smash if she ran off. Her vocabulary is limited to certain phrases, each with its distinct and explicit meaning.

"Number?"
"They don't answer."
"I'll ring them again."
"Line busy."
"Line out of order."
"I have no such number; please refer to your directory."
"Telephone has been taken out."
"I will give you Information."
"I will give you Chief Operator."

Beyond that the girl is absolutely dumb.

Some people cherish a pet idea that the telephone girl listens to their conversation. Central does nothing of the sort; she couldn't if she wanted. Central answers all calls within an average period of seven to ten seconds. She takes care of six or seven customers a minute. During the rush hour she supplies three hundred and sixty connections in sixty minutes; under stress of intense public excitement she has a record of answering fifteen calls per minute for several minutes in succession, or at the rate of nine hundred an hour. She averages serving from six to nine thousand customers a week. Of course, in her spare time she dearly loves to listen to telephone chatter—by way of novelty and recreation.

Probably ninety per cent. of the errors in telephone service are laid at the door of the operators; in all probability this percentage should be reversed. The patron calls for Main 1-2-3-4 when he wants Cedar 1-2-3-4. The patron calls for Main 7-8-6-5 when he wants Main 7-6-8-5. The fault is not always with the line, not by a jugful. It is not always poor insulation, induction, cross-currents or lazy operators that make funny little noises in the receiver.

"Hello, Central. What is the matter with the line? I was trying to converse with a—er—er party just now, and all the time she was talking to me I was bothered by a monstrous 'chug,' 'chug' sound in my ear."

"Tell the young lady," suggested Central, "not to chew her gum so hard while she talks to you over the wire. Good-by."

The proportion of wage-earning women in the United States is rising rapidly. In 1880 it was sixteen per cent. of the entire female population sixteen years of age. In 1890 it was nineteen per cent., and in 1900 twenty per cent. No other line of human endeavor provides so many

desirable positions for self-supporting girls as the telephone service. The standard of work is as high as that of any profession or industrial work in the world, and no class excels them in patience, loyalty and endurance.

The paramount pessimist is the wire chief. Trouble is his joy. When a telephone line gets into trouble and the patron begins to swear, the operator switches him off to the "hospital lady." If the swearing continues the "hospital lady" passes him on to the wire chief. He's the official swearee of the telephone trade. He does not feel good unless everybody is abusing him. His constitution demands the stimulant.

Cute little Johnny flying his kite weeps bitterly when it gets tangled up in the telephone wires. If that happens to be papa's wire his papa will swear copiously the first time it rains, for the wet kitetail may short-circuit the line, and cute little Johnny's papa cannot talk to anybody. If this kitetail should wind around the wire and stay for any length of time it might corrode the wire and eat a groove in it. In wet weather electrolysis will set in and the wire may fall during the first hard rain. That makes a job for the wire chief.

Somebody kills a snake and tosses it up among the wires—putting three lines out of business. Call the wire chief.

A boy shoots into the cable, a squirrel gnaws it, trolley wire crosses the telephone line, tree blows down, runaway locomotive knocks over a pole—all of these help the wire chief to earn his salary.

It was a wet day, with the rain swirling through the gusty streets, when Biddy McGee took her umbrella and went marketing. With a big basket on her arm she struggled homeward against the wind. A sudden puff took the umbrella away from her, blew it straight upward, and settled it comfortably between two telephone wires with the handle securely hooked around a third. There it hung, bounding lightly back and forth, like a soap bubble. Biddy raged and swore; the crowd laughed.

"Tell the Young Lady," Suggested Central, "Not to Chew Her Gum So Hard When She Talks to You Over the Wire"

What happened at the telephone exchange? Three lamps flashed on the switchboard, and kept flashing: the lawyer's, the manufacturer's and the doctor's. Three operators inquired "Number? Number? Number?" and got no reply. An operator is very busy on a rainy day; people stay indoors and use the telephone. Other calls were piling up; the operators could not wait. They knew something was wrong. They switched these three calls to the "hospital lady." The "hospital lady" could find out nothing, so she switched them to the wire chief. The wire chief *had* to find out. He's the original "find-out artist."

The wire chief is able, by testing the line, to determine with marvelous accuracy exactly where the trouble lies if it be a crossed or grounded wire, and he immediately details the "troubleman" to look after it. When Biddy McGee's wet umbrella short-circuited three lines, the wire chief very soon located the trouble on Elm Street, between poles 789 and 790, and sent a "troubleman" to get it straight.

When the Wires Did Not Stutter

ON LONG-DISTANCE lines test stations are provided at regular intervals, by means of which the line can be divided into sections, tested separately, and the trouble located. The lineman carries his portable telephone, which he can connect at any point and communicate with the central office.

The line between Ravenna and Canajoharie is seventy-two miles long. It had gone dumb. Tests were applied, and the fault located within half a mile of where the "troubleman" found two telegraph wires swinging to the ground. Another line being in trouble between two points, 150 miles apart, the wire chief located it within a mile.

The wire chief had a case of trouble. He rang up Charlie, the new "troubleman," and told him where to go. After finding his trouble Charlie called up the wire chief and reported:

"This t-trouble is all r-r-right n-n-now."

The wire chief answered him: "No, it is not; it still cuts off."

The "troubleman" replied: "N-n-no, it don't; that's the w-w-way I t-talk. I s-s-s-stut-t-t-ter."

The work of the wire chief is mysterious and baffling, even to the other employees. When an accident or storm interferes with his lines, he sits down in his office, and by means of a most delicate electrical apparatus finds out at once whether the interruption is inside or outside the office. If it be outside he tests the lines to determine precisely where it is. It may be that a pin or cross-arm is broken. Possibly, a wire running through some trees has had its insulation worn off and become noisy.

The wire chief must be resourceful and fertile of expedient. Once he needed a cable at Midvale, and needed it quick. The railroad would not promise to deliver inside of three weeks. He bought a calf, tied it to a reel of cable, and marked it "LIVESTOCK. PLEASE RUSH."

Above all, the "troubleman" must find the trouble, correct it, and show the angry subscriber how the thing was done. The toothache patient must see the tooth when it comes out. The main idea is to let the subscriber know that his kick is registered.

A business man, fuming over his telephone, is not different from the small boy who kept worrying his father until the old gentleman spanked him. Then the boy sat down contentedly and remarked: "Well, I'd rather you'd spanked me than not to notice me at all."

"Line busy" causes much annoyance. It frequently happens that the business of a firm outgrows its telephone facilities, and the line is insufficient to handle calls. A single party line, used for both incoming and outgoing messages, will complete twenty-five messages per day before reaching the point of congestion. Even with a lesser number the line is often busy when called for, and these busy reports increase tremendously with the use of the line. When a line is used on an average of twice an hour the average number of times the line will be reported "busy" is less than two-tenths of one per cent. If the line be used eleven times in an hour it will be reported "busy" at least twice in that hour. If used twenty-one times an hour it will be reported "busy" not fewer than ten times.

Line Busy! Please Call Again

THIS annoying report must necessarily be given very much more frequently during the busy hours of the day. This is precisely the case, however, of the man who makes a personal call upon a business man. If he calls at the office during the lax hours he will be less likely to find the business man engaged. At the rush hour of the morning he will necessarily be met by the office boy with the reply, "Mr. So-and-so is engaged."

Telephone canvassers are supplied with a record of these busy reports, and use them to great advantage in inducing subscribers to increase their facilities. The canvasser can go to a large grocery establishment, and show the manager where twenty-five customers have endeavored to call them up on that day, and, failing to receive answers, just so many sales were lost. It is exactly as if the establishment had not a sufficient number of clerks to wait on customers who came in

The woman had a kick coming. She burst into the manager's office:

"I want my telephone taken out—this minute. Won't have it in my house; worries me to death."

"But, madam——"

"Take it away—send and get it."

"Hasn't your service been good?" inquired the manager, trying to rise from his chair.

"Yes, the service is plenty good."

"Isn't your operator attentive and polite, and——?"

"Oh, yes; she's an angel to stand it so long."

"What's the trouble?"

"It's that woman across the street. She comes in before breakfast—before dinner—every minute in the day, and wakes me up at night. This morning while I was making a cake she pops in and tells me to send her husband a message; she was too busy to fool with that slow, old telephone. I want it taken out."

The aboriginal solicitor had great trouble convincing people that they could really talk over a telephone and save walking. But he had little or no comprehension of the manifold uses to which it might be put. The solicitor knew that those two curious boxes, if tied together by a wire, would communicate sound from one place to another. That was all he did know. With this meagre stock of knowledge he sallied forth to convert the world.

"Ask—Your—Friend—Billy—Marsh—if—He—Thinks—We—Keep—a—Hotel"

"Some Gentlemen Have Borrowed the Line to Hang a Horse Thief with; of that Don't Make a Line Plum Busy I Can't Tell You What Does"

One persistent solicitor, after explaining his telephone to the entire satisfaction of a dear old lady, succeeded in getting her application.

"It shall be installed to-morrow, madam," he assured her. She was interested and followed him to the door, talking amicably. As he paused on the top step, hat in hand, she smiled at him sweetly, and remarked: "But remember *one* thing, you must let me choose the tunes."

After people put in telephones some of them worked the lines to death. That's what Joe Webber did.

Billy Marsh sauntered into the office one day.

"Delighted, Billy. Of course, you'll go home to dinner with me. I'll ring up the madam, and let her know." Joe took off the receiver, revolved his chair, and waited.

"I tell you, Billy," Joe went on, "this telephone business is a wonderful thing. Now, just listen! Here's my wife at the 'phone now. Oh, Dolly, guess who's in town? Guess! Billy Marsh. He's coming out to dine with us this evening. Here, Billy, take this thing and listen. See how distinctly you can hear her." Billy did hear her—very distinctly:

"Ask—your—friend—Billy—Marsh—if—he—thinks—we—keep—a—hotel."

The extraordinary facility and convenience of telephone service made serious trouble in one little town. Livery stables complained because people telephoned for their teams instead of sending their own servants, which necessitated more hostlers. Physicians threatened to take out their telephones because patients rang up in the middle of the night on all sorts of frivolous pretexts. Grocers complained because customers telephoned for goods instead of coming for them, and they had to have more delivery wagons.

Long Distance as a Jobbing Clerk

"JUST look at this," one of them said. "Here's an order for five cents' worth of lemons, a pound of sugar, a loaf of bread, and two cents' worth of cat meat. Send it out, of course—right away—twenty-two cents' worth. And that woman had the nerve to ring the telephone again, and tell us to cut out the cat meat because her cat had caught a bird."

Long-distance service in America dates from the opening of the New York and Chicago line on October 18, 1892. On February 7, 1893, Governor Russell, of Massachusetts, formally opened the line from Boston to Chicago. Standard toll rates throughout the United States are based on three-fifths of one cent per mile for three minutes conversation, with one-third added for each extra minute. For instance, over a line one hundred miles long, the standard rate should be sixty cents for three minutes, and twenty cents for each additional minute. The distance is calculated by the actual length of wire, not by the air-line distance. On this basis Long Distance has become the elbow clerk of every jobbing house in America.

A long-distance line can only be used by one person at a time. In America no limit is put upon the period during which one patron may hold the wire, provided he pays for it.

A young man in Washington City was particularly anxious to send New York the first news of an important Supreme Court decision which was expected that day. He took possession of the long-distance telephone at the Senate and got his New York correspondent on the other end of the line. Another man and a handsomely-dressed woman made hasty trips to the Supreme Court, watching for the decision. Although a number of Senators wanted the New York wire and stood around impatiently waiting for a chance, the New Yorker sat unconcernedly at the

telephone, discussed the quotations on various stocks and certain personal matters in a loud tone with the person on the other end of the wire. The New York rate is sixty-five cents for the first three minutes and twenty cents for each succeeding minute. The man at the telephone had a large pile of change in front of him, and at the end of every minute dropped twenty cents into the slot, thus holding the wire continuously for more than three hours. Had this New Yorker been in Europe he could not have held the wire longer than six minutes, after which time he would have been obliged to resign it to the next customer. Then, if he desired to finish his conversation, he must wait his turn again.

Henrik Ibsen once remarked: "The American infant blinks at his sucking-bottle and resolves to invent a better one when he grows up." This infant has turned the telephones inside out, seeking novel uses for standard apparatus, and new devices for new needs.

If the church is packed to its full capacity, the bridal party standing at the altar, and the groom has forgotten the license, it need cause no panic. Even though the county clerk's office is fifteen miles away, the telephone is there. They can make their bond, have the license read to the minister over the telephone, and the wedding can proceed.

If the minister be delayed and cannot reach the church the telephone is used, bride and groom stand before it and hear the minister say: "I pronounce you man and wife." Then the knot will be just as tight as if tied by hand.

Rural lines have repeatedly been connected with a church and a large transmitter placed in the pulpit so that widely-scattered neighbors might hear the sermon. This device has many times been used in cases of death from contagious diseases.

The president of a certain copper company sits in his New York office and converses directly with the foreman who is digging copper from the earth more than a thousand miles away.

Telephones are extensively used in mine operations. They provide instant communication between all parts of the works, and also give instant news of any mishap below ground. These wires are sometimes extended to the nearest town and connected with a telegraph line, so that messages can be sent instantly from the bottom depths of the mine to any telegraph station in the world.

There was an explosion in a mine. Dozens of miners were far beneath the earth where it would take months of digging to reach them. It was one of these helpless horrors where nothing could be done. The miners, though living, were already dead; moving, thinking, suffering in their graves. Between them and their loved ones ran a slender thread of copper—the foreman's telephone. The crush, the chaos and the terror had not disturbed it. The bell tinkled just as merrily and the voices came even more distinctly into the gruesome silence of the mines. That tiny thread was the sole link that bound them to the breathing, pulsing world.

Through this telephone day after day the men were able to talk with their friends, to hear the cries of their children, the voices of widowed wives. When the end drew near to these weak, emaciated creatures, they made their death-bed confessions and received the last office of their church. Slender and slight was the wire, but it conveyed to them the comforting promises of Almighty God. Then the tinkling bell went dumb.

The sick in the hospitals can lie in their beds and listen to grand opera, music of the finest bands, and on Sunday attend service of any church. By means of a sensitive microphone transmitter, inclosed in a water-tight case and lowered into the water, fishermen in the Orkney Islands locate their shoals of fish. So long as the microphone hangs free in the water no sounds are heard in the receiver. But when a school of fish passes there is a constant tapping against the microphone case

A singularly-ingenious use of the telephone was recently made by some workmen who were engaged in painting the inside of a water standpipe two hundred feet high. The water was let out and the workmen commenced painting at the bottom, using a raft to work on, which was gradually lifted by the water being let in as the work progressed. It became a troublesome matter to know when to admit or withdraw the water. They finally solved the problem by installing a telephone on the raft.

Some new inventions have not been very successful. An amateur electrician in Arkansas found that his telephone did not work properly; he proceeded to take the transmitter apart and repair it. He lost the granulated carbon out of the cup, and, after examination, decided that it was gunpowder. He forthwith refilled the cup from his powder-flask. The first time that he removed the receiver from the hook the electric current ignited the gunpowder—and the coroner was notified.

It has become quite common to equip Pullman cars with telephones, which may be attached to any telephone line, furnishing communication with the world. This no longer excites comment.

A composite outfit may be carried on trains and in case of emergency—the stoppage of a train or a wreck between stations—may be attached to a circuit by simply throwing a steel connecting cord with a hook over the circuit. By this means they have prompt and reliable communication with the "Central" office.

CLEANING UP

BOBBY BURNIT WIPES OFF THE SLATE

"Dimensions Power-House One Hundred Ninety by One Hundred Sixty"

By George Randolph Chester

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

I

"SORRY, Ferris," said Bobby Burnit. "I had hoped that the Keystone Construction Company would build our new waterworks."

"I tried hard enough for it," replied the president of the Keystone, Bobby's one-time polo opponent. "There isn't much doing this year, and I figured closer than anybody in my employ would dare to figure. In view of my estimate I can't for the life of me see how your local company underbid us all by over a million dollars."

"It is curious," admitted Bobby, still much puzzled.

"It's rather unsportsmanlike in me to whine," confessed Ferris, "but I think that there is a colored individual in the wood-pile somewhere."

"That would be no novelty," returned Bobby. "Ever since I bought the Bulletin two years ago I have been gunning for Ethiopians amid the fuel, and always found them. The Middle West Construction Company, however, is a new load of kindling to me. I never heard of it until it was announced this morning as the lowest bidder."

"Nobody ever heard of it," asserted Ferris. "It was no doubt organized for the sole purpose of bidding on this job. Probably, when you delve into the thing, you will discover the fine Italian hand of your political boss."

"No," denied Bobby promptly, with a reminiscent smile; "I just succeeded in running Sam Stone and two of his expert wire workers out of the country."

"If anybody here is a political boss it is Bobby," observed Agnes, laughing.

"I'm sorry to have to suspect your husband," laughed Ferris, as he arose. "Well, there is no use in crying over spilled milk; but I had hoped to bring Mrs. Ferris out for a good long visit."

"Bobby ought to be able to do something about it," protested Agnes. "Give your wife my regards, Mr. Ferris, and tell her she must come anyhow."

After Ferris and Agnes had gone Bobby sent for his managing editor.

"What do you know about the Middle West Construction Company?" he asked.

Ben Jolter lit his old pipe, folded his big, bare arms, and patted them alternately in speculative enjoyment.

"About two pages if we could use it," he returned. "I've been getting reports from the entire scouting brigade for two hours, and you may now prepare for a shock. The largest stockholders of the company are Silas Trimmer and Frank Sharpe, and the minor stockholders, almost to a man, consist of those who had their little crack at the public crib under your old, time-tried and true friend, Sam Stone."

"I admit that I am properly shocked," responded Bobby, and with good reason.

Trimmer had euchred Bobby out of the business which had been the nucleus of his father's fortune, and had been the means of losing Bobby an enormous sum of money in a real-estate deal. Sharpe had helped Stone to trick Bobby out of a quarter of a million dollars by selling him the Brightlight Electric Company and then proceeding to wreck it.

"It hinges together beautifully," Jolter went on. "The whole waterworks project was a Stone scheme, and Stone people—even though Stone himself is wiped out—secure the contract. The last expiring act of the Stone administration was to employ Ed Scales as chief engineer until the completion of the waterworks, which may occupy eight or ten years, and the contract with Scales is binding on the city unless he can be impeached for cause. Scales was city engineer under the previous reform spasm, but Stone probably found him good material and kept him on. The waterworks plans were prepared under his supervision and he got them ready for bidding. Now what's the answer?"

"Easy," returned Bobby. "The city loses."

"Right," agreed Jolter; "but how? I don't see that we can do anything. Scales, having prepared the plans, is the logical man to see that they are carried out, and he is perfectly competent. His record is clean, so that he owns no property, nor does any of his family—although that may be because he never had a chance. The Middle West Construction Company, though just incorporated, is financially sound, thoroughly bonded, and, moreover, has put into the hands of the city ample guarantee for its twenty per cent. forfeit as required by the terms of the contract. There isn't a thing that the Bulletin can do except to boost local enterprise with a bit of reservation, then lay low and wait for developments."

"I dislike to do it," objected Bobby. "It hurts me to think of mentioning Stone or Trimmer in any complimentary way whatsoever."

Jolter laughed. "You're a fine and consistent enemy," he said.

"I guess I came by it honestly," smiled Bobby, and from a drawer in his desk took a letter, one of many left behind him by old John Burnit:

"Always forgive your enemies," read Jolter aloud, "after you are good and even with them."

"Here goes for them, then," said Jolter, passing back the letter with an approving chuckle. "We will let them go right ahead, and in the mean time the Bulletin will do a lot of real nifty Old Sleuthing."

But the Bulletin's "sleuthing" brought nothing wrong to light, and work on the big waterworks contract was begun with a rush.

II

"WELL, young man, your fair city is stung," announced Ferris, walking into Bobby's office a few months later.

"We're used to it," said Bobby, shaking hands with him delightedly. "When did you get in town?"

"Yesterday afternoon, but you were not here when I called," replied Ferris. "Nobody seemed to be in yesterday; and since I couldn't meet my man I went out to see your new waterworks. First of all, I wish you would tell me if the city has decided to cut down expenses on that job, or if the plans have been changed for any reason."

"Not that the public knows about," Bobby told him.

Ferris laughed aloud.

"I'd be Tickled Black in the Face to Make Good Any Day"

"Then you're being beautifully gouged. The excavation for the pumping station is completed. The building is over thirty feet shorter and more than twenty feet narrower than called for in the original plans."

"How do you know?" asked Bobby.

"Paced it off, and I'll guarantee to come within two per cent. of tape-line measurement. I have been at this business since I was a boy. The trenches are not as deep as specified by two feet, and from the width I can tell that the foundation walls are to be at least six inches thinner. I bid on the best grade of Portland cement for that job. It was spelled with a 'B,' however, in my copy of the specifications, and I asked your man Scales about it. 'Oh,' said he, 'that's a misprint in the typewriting,' and he changed the 'B' to 'P' with a lead-pencil. Under their shed on the site out there by the river they now have a thousand barrels of Bortland cement. I never heard of that brand, but I can tell cement when I see it, and this stuff will have no more adhesive power than plain mud. Bedford stone was specified. They have several carloads of stone dumped down there which is not Bedford stone at all. I could tell a piece of it in the dark. This is an inferior grade that will discolor in six months and disintegrate in five years."

Bobby thought the thing over quietly for a while.

"About the dimensions of the building, Ferris, you might be mistaken, might you not?"

"Hardly possible," returned Ferris. "I have not figured on many jobs for years, but our chief estimator had been sent down to Cuba when this thing came up and I did the work myself, so I have a very vivid memory of it and cannot possibly have it confused with any other bid. However, we have all those things on record in our office, and I could find out in a few minutes by wiring."

Bobby pushed a pad of paper over to him.

"Write your telegram," said he, and rang for a copy boy.

Within twenty-five minutes Ferris had a reply to his telegram: "Dimensions power-house one hundred ninety by one hundred sixty."

"Exactly," said Ferris; "and, as I paced it, the present dimensions are one hundred and fifty-eight by one hundred and thirty-three."

Again Bobby was thoughtful.

"Do you remember who else bid on the contract?" he inquired presently.

"Every one of them," smiled Ferris. "I can give you their addresses and the names of the people to wire to if that is what you want. We meet them on every big job."

"Do you mind wiring yourself?" asked Bobby. "They would be more apt to give you confidential information."

"With pleasure," agreed Ferris, and wrote the telegrams.

They went out to lunch and were gone an hour and a half. When they returned most of their telegrams were in, and the information was unanimous that the original plans had called for a building one hundred and ninety by one hundred and sixty feet.

"Now I begin to understand," said Ferris. "This was the first set of important plans I ever saw in which the dimensions were not marked, but they were most accurately drawn to scale, one-fourth inch to the foot. They are probably using the same drawings with an altered scale, although it would be an absurdly clumsy trick. If that is the case it is easy to see how the Middle West Construction Company could underbid us by more than a million dollars and still make more money than we figured on."

Bobby reached for the telephone.

"Get me the mayor's office," he called to the girl at his private telephone exchange. "Will you 'stick around' to see the fuss?" he inquired with grim pleasure, as he hung up the receiver.

Ferris grinned as he noted the light of battle dawning in Bobby's eyes.

"I don't know," he replied. "It depends on the size and duration of the fuss."

"If you don't stay I'll have you subpœnaed. I may have to, anyhow. As for the size of the fuss, I can promise you a bully one if what you surmise is correct."

His telephone bell rang and Bobby turned to it quickly.

"Hello, Chalmers!" he began, then stopped, then laughed. "Beg pardon, De Graff; I thought it was the mayor," he apologized, then listened intently. There were a few eager queries, and when Bobby hung up the telephone receiver it was with great satisfaction. "I haven't seen as much fun in sight since I began my fight on Stone," he declared. "President De Graff, of the First National, has just telephoned me, quite confidentially, that Silas Trimmer, one of the heavy backers of the Middle West Construction Company, has just negotiated a loan upon his stock in the mercantile establishment of Trimmer & Co., my share of which was known as The John Burnit Stores until Trimmer beat me out of control. I understand that Trimmer has mortgaged everything to the hilt to go into this waterworks deal."

The bell rang again. This time it was Chalmers.

"Say, Chalmers," said Bobby, "I want you to get me some sort of a legal document that will allow me to take possession of and examine all the books, papers and drawings of the city engineer's department, including the waterworks engineer's office. . . . Yes, you can, Chalmers," he insisted, against an obvious protest. "There is some legal machinery you can put in motion to get it, and I want it right away. Moreover, I want you to secure me somebody to serve the writ and to keep it quiet."

Then he explained briefly what had been partly discovered and partly surmised. Next Bobby sent for Jolter and laid the facts before him, to the great joy of that aggressive gentleman. Then he called up Biff Bates, the manager and half-proprietor with Bobby of Bates' Athletic Hall, and made an appointment with him to meet him at Jimmy Platt's office in half an hour. He would have telephoned Platt, but the engineer had no telephone.

III

"IS MR. PLATT in?"

The short, thick, square-shouldered young fellow stood hesitantly in the door when he found the place occupied only by a brown-haired girl, who was engaged in the quiet, unprofessional occupation of embroidering a shirtwaist pattern.

The girl looked up with a smile at the young man's awkwardness, and felt impelled to put him at his ease.

"He's not in just now, but I expect him within ten or fifteen minutes at the outside. Won't you sit down, Mr. Bates?"

He looked at her much mystified at this calling of his name, but he mumbled his thanks for the chair which she put forward for him, and, sitting with his hat upon his knees, contemplated her furtively.

"I guess you don't remember me," she said, in frank enjoyment of his mystification, "but I remember you perfectly. I used to see you quite often out at Westmarsh when Mr. Burnit was trying to redeem that persistent swamp. I am Mr. Platt's sister."

"No!" exclaimed Biff in amazement. "You can't be the kid that used to ride on the excavating cars, and go home with yellow clay on your dresses every day."

"I'm the kid," said she with a musical laugh; "and I'm afraid I haven't quite outgrown my hoydenish tendencies even yet."

Biff had no comment to make. He was lost in wonder at the eternal mystery—the transformation which occurs when a girl passes from fourteen to eighteen.

"Don't you remember?" she gayly went on. "You gave me a boxing lesson out there one afternoon and promised to give me more of them, but you never did."

Biff cleared a sudden huskiness from his throat.

"I'd be tickled black in the face to make good any day," he urged earnestly, and then hastily corrected the offer to: "That is, I mean I'll be very glad to—to finish the job."

Immediately he turned violently red.

"I don't seem to care as much for the accomplishment as I did then," observed the girl with a smile, "but I do wish I could learn to swing my nice Indian clubs without cracking the back of my head."

"I got a medal for club swinging," said Biff diffidently. "I'll teach you any time you like. It's easy. Come right over to the gym on Tuesday and Friday forenoons. Those are ladies' mornings, and I've got nothing but real classy people at that."

The entrance of Mr. Platt interrupted Biff just as he was beginning to feel at ease, and threw that young gentleman, who always appropriated and absorbed other people's troubles, into much concern; for Mr. Platt was hollow-eyed and sunken-cheeked from worry. His coat was very shiny, and his hat was shabby. The dusty and neglected drawing on his crude drawing-table told the story all too well. The engineering business, so far as Mr. Platt was concerned, seemed to be a total failure. Nevertheless, he greeted Mr. Bates warmly, and inquired after Mr. Burnit.

"He's always fine," said Biff. "He had me come up here to meet him."

"I should scarcely think he would care to come here," said Mr. Platt, "after the unfortunate outcome of the work I did for him."

"You mean on old Applerod's Subtraction?"

"You couldn't hardly call it the Applerod Addition, could you?" responded Jimmy with a smile. "That was a most unlucky transaction for me as well as for Mr. Burnit."

Biff looked about the room comprehendingly.

"I guess it put you on the hummer, all right," said he. "It don't look as if you done anything since."

"But very little," confessed Mr. Platt. "My failure on that job hurt my reputation almost fatally."

Biff gravely sought within himself for words of consolation, one of his fleeting ideas being to engage Mr. Platt on the spot to survey the site of Bates' Athletic Hall, although there was not the slightest possible need for such a survey. In the midst of his sympathetic gloom came in Mr. Ferris and Bobby.

"Jimmy, how would you like to be chief construction engineer of the new waterworks?" asked Bobby, with scant waste of time, after he had introduced Ferris.

Mr. Platt gasped and paled.

"I think I could be urged, from a sense of public duty, to give up my highly-lucrative private practice," he said, with a pitiful attempt at levity, though his voice was husky, and his tightly-clenched hand, where the white knuckles rested upon his drawing-table, trembled.

"Don't build up too much hope on it, Jimmy; but if what we surmise is correct you will have a chance at it," and he briefly explained. "We're going right out there," concluded Bobby, "and I want you to go along to help investigate. We have to find some incriminating evidence, and you'd be more likely to know how and where to look for it than any of us."

It is needless to say that Jimmy Platt took up his hat with alacrity. Before he went out, with new hope in his heart, he turned and shook hands ecstatically with his sister. Still holding Jimmy's hand she turned to Bobby impulsively:

"I do hope, Mr. Burnit, that this turns out right for Jimmy."

Bobby turned to her abruptly and with a trace of a frown. It was a rather poorly-trained office employee, he thought, who would intrude herself into

"This Town's Gone to the Bow-wows. It's in the Hands of a Lot of Pikers"

conversation that it was her duty to forget, but Biff Bates caught that look and stepped into the breach.

"This is Nellie, Bobby—that is, it used to be Nellie," he stated with a quick correction, and blushed violently.

"It is Nellie still," laughed that young lady to Bobby, and the puzzled look upon his face was swiftly driven away by a smile, as he suddenly recognized in her traces of the little girl who had been always present at the Applerod Addition, who had ridden in his automobile, and had confided to him most volubly, upon innumerable occasions, that her brother Jimmy was about the smartest man who ever sighted through a transit.

IV

IN THE hastily-constructed frame office out at the waterworks site, Ed Scales, pale and emaciated and with black rings under his eyes, looked up nervously as Bobby's little army, reënforced from four to six by the addition of a "plain-clothes man" and Dillingham, the Bulletin's star reporter, invaded the place. Before a word was spoken, Feeney, the "plain-clothes man," presented Scales with a writ, which the latter attempted to read with unseeing eyes, his fingers trembling.

"What does this mean?" he asked.

"That I have come to take possession," said Bobby, "with power to make an examination of every scrap of paper in the place. Frankly, Scales, we expect to find something crooked about the waterworks contract. If we do you know the result. If we do not, the interruption will be only temporary, and you will have very pretty grounds for action, for I am taking a long shot, and if I don't find what I am after I have put myself and the mayor into a bad scrape."

Scales thrice opened his mouth to speak, and thrice there came no sound from his lips. Then he laid a bunch of keys upon his desk, shoving them toward Feeney, and arose. He half-staggered into the large coat-room behind him. He had scarcely more than disappeared when there was a sound of a shot, and the body of Scales, with a round hole in the temple, toppled, face downward, out of the door. It was Scales' tragic confession of guilt. They sprang instantly to him, but nothing could be done for him. He was dead when they reached him.

"Poor devil," said Ferris brokenly. "It is probably the first crooked thing he ever did in his life, and he hadn't nerve enough to go through with it. I feel like a murderer for my share in the matter."

Bobby, too, had turned sick; his senses swam and he felt numb and cold. He was aroused by a calm, dispassionate voice at the telephone. It was Dillingham, sending to the Bulletin a carefully lurid account of the tragedy, and of the probable causes leading up to it.

"We'll have an extra on the street in five minutes," he told Bobby with satisfaction as he arose. "That means that the Chronicle men will come out in a swarm, but it will take them a half-hour to get here. We have that much time, then, to dig up the evidence we are after, and if we hustle we can have a second extra out before the Chronicle can get a line. It's the biggest beat in years. Come on, boys, let's get busy," and he took up the keys that Scales had left on the desk.

Dillingham had no sooner left the telephone than Feeney took up the receiver and called for a number. The reporter turned upon him like a flash, recognizing that call as the number of the coroner's office.

Dillingham suddenly caught himself before he had spoken, and looked hastily about the room. In the corner near the floor was a little box with the familiar bells upon it, and binding screws that held the wires. Quickly Dillingham slipped over to that corner just as Feeney was saying:

"Hello! Coroner's office, this is Feeney. Is that you, Jack? . . . Well——"

At that instant Dillingham loosened a binding screw and slipped off the loop of the wire.

"Hello, Coroner!" repeated Feeney. "I say, Jack! Hello! Hello! Hello there! *Hello!*" Then Feeney pounded the mouthpiece, jerked the receiver-hook up and down, yelled at exchange, and worked himself into a vast fever.

"What's the matter with this thing, anyhow, Dill?" he finally demanded.

"Exchange probably went to sleep on you," said Dillingham.

Easily he was now opening one by one the immense flat drawers of a drawing-case, and with much interest delving into the huge drawings that it contained.

"Come here, Mr. Platt," Dillingham went on. "You cast your eagle eye over these drawings while I do a little job of interviewing," and he walked over to the employees of the office, who, since they had been roughly warned by Feeney not to go near "that body," had huddled, scared and limp, in the far corner of the room.

Perspiring and angry, Feeney tried for five solid minutes to obtain some response from the dead telephone, then he gave it up.

"I've got to go out and hunt up another 'phone," he declared. "Biff, I'll appoint you my deputy. Don't let anybody touch the corpse till the coroner comes."

"I'll go with you," said Bobby hastily, very glad to leave the room, and both he and Mr. Ferris accompanied Feeney.

Feeney Tried for Five Solid Minutes to Obtain Some Response from the Dead Telephone

No sooner was Feeney out of the place than Dillingham reconnected the telephone and went back to his investigations. He was thoroughly satisfied, after a few questions, that the present employees knew nothing whatever, and Platt reported to him that every general drawing he could find was marked three-tenths inch to the foot, none being marked one-fourth.

"That doesn't matter so much," mused Dillingham. "It will be easy enough to prove that these are the same drawings that were provided the contestants, and six firms will swear that they were marked one-fourth of an inch to the foot. What we have to do is to prove that the drawings the Middle West Company used as the basis of their bid were marked one-fourth inch to the foot."

The telephone bell rang violently while Dillingham was puzzling over this matter, and one of the employees started to answer it.

"No, you don't!" shouted Dillingham. "You fellows are dispossessed."

He took down the receiver.

"Waterworks engineer's office?" came a brisk voice through the telephone.

"Yes," said Dillingham.

"This is the Chronicle. The Bulletin has an extra——"

Dillingham waited to hear no more. He hung up the receiver with a grin, and it was music in his ears to hear those bells impatiently jangling for the next ten minutes. It seemed to quicken his intelligence, for presently he slapped his hand upon his leg and jumped toward the group of employees in the corner.

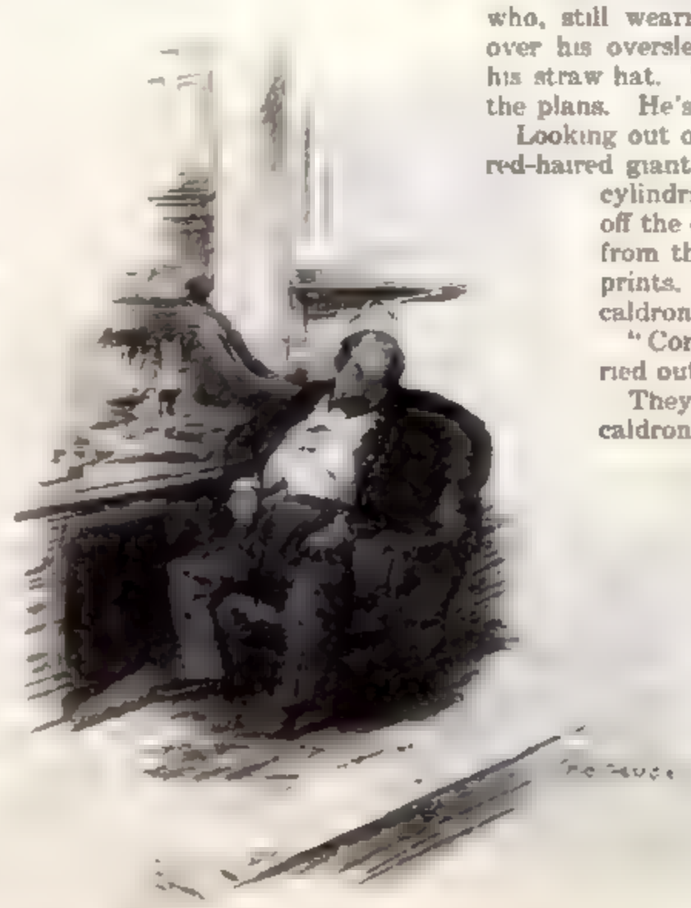
"Say!" he demanded. "Who figured on this job for the Middle West Company?"

"Dan Rubble, I suppose," answered a lanky draftsman, who, still wearing his apron, had slipped his coat on over his oversleeves and retained his eye-shade under his straw hat. "At least, he seemed to know all about the plans. He's the boss contractor. There he is now."

Looking out of the window Dillingham saw a brawny, red-haired giant issuing from the tool-house, carrying a cylindrical tin case about five feet long. He pulled off the cap of this as he came and began to drag from the inside of the case a thick roll of blue-prints. He was hurrying toward a big asphalt caldron underneath which blazed a hot wood fire.

"Come on, Biff!" yelled Dillingham, and hurried out of the door, closely followed by Bates.

They both ran with all their might toward the caldron, but before they could reach the spot Rubble had shoved the entire roll into the fire. Biff wasted no precious moments, but, glaring Mr. Rubble in the eye as he ran, doubled his fist with the evident intention of damaging that large gentleman's countenance with it. He suddenly ducked his round head as he approached, however, and plunged it into the middle of Mr. Rubble's appetite; whereupon Mr. Rubble grunted heavily, and sat down quite uncomfortably near to the caldron. Biff, though it scorched his hands, dragged the blazing roll of blue-prints from the flames and, seizing a near-by pail of water, started for the drawings, just as big Dan regained his feet and made a rush for him.



Mourned that He was an Old Man; that He was an Old, Old Man

Dillingham, alight and no fighter but full of sand, jumped crosswise into that mêlée, and with a flying leap literally hung himself about Rubble's neck. Big Dan, roaring like a bull at this unexpected and most unprofessional mode of warfare, placed his two hands upon Dillingham's hips and tried to force him away; failing in this, he ran straight forward with all this living clog hanging to him, and planted a terrific kick upon Biff's ribs, just as Biff had dashed the pail of water from end to end of the blazing roll of drawings. He poised for another kick, but Biff had dropped the pail by this time, and as the foot swung forward he grabbed it. Rubble, losing his balance, pitched forward, landing squarely upon the top of the unhappy Dillingham, who signified his retirement from the game with an astoundingly large "Woof!" to come from so small a body; moreover, he released his arms; but Rubble, freed from the weight on his chest, found another one on his back. Biff felt quite competent to manage him, but by this time half a dozen men came running from different directions, and as there were a hundred or more of them on the job, all beholden for their daily bread and butter to Mr. Rubble, things looked bad for Biff and Dillingham.

"Back up there, you mutts, or I'll make peek-a-boo patterns out of the lot of you!" howled a penetrating voice, and Mr. Feeney, heading the relief party, which consisted only of Bobby and Mr. Ferris, whipped from each hip pocket a huge blue-steel revolver, at the same time brushing back his coat to display his badge.

Those men might have fought Mr. Feeney's guns, but they had no mind to fight that badge, and they held back while Bobby and Mr. Ferris helped to calm Mr. Rubble by the simple expedient of sitting on him.

V

"GENTLEMEN of the Middle West Construction Company," said Bobby Burnit, in the office of the Bulletin, "I am sorry to say that you are not telling the truth when you claim that you figured *in good faith* on this absurd and almost unknown three-tenths-inch scale, when all the others figured on the same drawings at one-fourth inch. The rescue of these prints, covered with Rubble's marginal figures, does not leave you a leg to stand on," and Bobby tapped his knuckles upon the charred-edged blue-prints that lay unrolled on the desk before him. Fortunately the three inside prints were left fairly intact, and these were plainly marked one-fourth inch to the foot. "Moreover, rolled up inside the blue-prints was even better evidence," went on Bobby: "evidence that Mr. Trimmer has perhaps forgotten. Nothing has been said about it until now, and nothing has been published since we saved them from the fire."

From the drawer of his desk he drew several sheets of white paper. They were letter-heads of Trimmer & Co. and were covered with Rubble's figures.

"Here's a note from Mr. Trimmer to Mr. Rubble, requesting him to prepare a statement showing the difference in cost '*between three-tenths and one-fourth.*' He does not say three-tenths or one-fourth what, but that is quite enough, taken in conjunction with these summaries on another sheet of paper. They are set down in two columns, one headed three-tenths and the other one-fourth. I have had Mr. Platt go over these figures, and he finds that the first number in one column exactly corresponds to the number of yards of excavating in this job when figured on the scale of three-tenths inch to the foot. The first number in the next column exactly corresponds to the excavating when figured at the one-fourth-inch scale. Every item will compare in the same manner: concrete, masonry, face-brick, and all. Now, if you chaps want to take this clumsy and almost laughable attempt at a steal into the courts I'm perfectly willing; but I should advise you not to do so."

Mr. Sharpe cleared his throat. He, the first one to declare that the Middle West would "go into court and stand upon its rights," was now the first one to recant.

"I don't suppose it's worth while to contest the matter," he admitted. "We have no show with your administration.

I see. We lose the contract and will step down and out quite peaceably; although there ought to be some arrangement by which we might get credit for the amount of work already done."

"No," declared Bobby, with quite a reproving smile, "you may just keep on using the available part of it; for the point is that *you don't lose the contract!* You keep the contract, and you will build the power-house upon the original scale of one-fourth inch to the foot. Also you will carry out the rest of the work on the same basis as figured by other contractors. I want to remind you that you are well bonded, well financed, and that the city holds a guarantee of twenty per cent. of the contract price as a forfeit for the due and proper completion of this job."

"Why, it means bankruptcy!" shrieked Silas Trimmer, the deeply-graven circle about his mouth now being but the pallid and piteous caricature of his old-time sinister smile

"That is precisely what I intend," retorted Bobby with a snap of his jaws. "I have long, long scores to settle with both of you gentlemen."

"But you haven't against the other members of this company," protested Sharpe. "Our other stockholders are entirely innocent parties."

"They have my sincere sympathy for being caught in such dubious company," replied Bobby with a contemptuous smile. "I happen to have a roster of your stockholders, and every man of them has been mixed up in crooked deals in combination with

Stone or Stone enterprises; so whatever they lose on this contract will be merely by way of restitution to the city."

"Look here, Mr. Burnit," said Sharpe, dropping his tone of remonstrance for one intended to be wheedling; "I know there are a number of financial matters between us that might have a tendency to make you vindictive. Now why can't we just get together nicely on these things and compromise?"

"When I get around to settling-day there will be no such thing as a compromise," declared Bobby with repressed anger. "I'll settle all those other matters in my own way and at my own time. Good-day, gentlemen. In parting I merely wish to remind you that there is also a forfeit clause in your contract for delay, so I should advise you to resume operations at once. Mr. Platt succeeds the unfortunate Mr. Scales as constructing engineer, and he will see that the plans and specifications of the entire contract are carried out to the letter."

Mr. Platt, who had said nothing, waited until the chopfallen committee of the Middle West Construction Company had left the office of the Bulletin to swallow the medicine with such humility as they might; then he turned to Bobby quietly:

"You were speaking about following the plans exactly, Mr. Burnit. I find on an examination of the subsoil that there will be a few minor changes required. The runway, for instance, which goes down to the river northward from the power-house for the purpose of unloading coal barges, would be much better placed on the south side, away from the intake. There is practically no difference in expense, except that in running to the southward the riprap work will need to be carried about three feet deeper and with concreted walls, in place of being thrown loosely in the trenches as originally planned."

"All those things are up to you, Jimmy," said Bobby indifferently. "You must use your own judgment. Any changes of the sort that you deem necessary just bring before the city council, and I am quite sure that you can secure permission to make them."

"Very well," said Platt, and he walked out with a curious smile.

He was a different-looking Jimmy Platt from the one Bobby had found in his office a week before. He was clean-shaven now, and his clothing was quite prosperous-looking. Bobby, surmising the condition of affairs, had delicately insisted on making Platt a loan, to be repaid from his salary at a conveniently distant period, and the world looked very bright indeed to him.

The next day work on the new waterworks was resumed. In bitter consultation the Middle West Construction Company had discovered that they would lose less by fulfilling their contract than by forfeiting their twenty per cent., and they dispiritedly turned in again, kept constantly whipped up to the mark by Platt and by the knowledge that every day's non-completion of the work meant a heavy additional forfeit, which they had counted on being able to evade so long as the complacent Mr. Scales was in charge.

VI

THE straightening out of the waterworks matter left Bobby free to turn his attention to the local gas and electric situation. The Bulletin, since Bobby had defeated his political enemies, had been put upon a paying basis and was rapidly earning its way out of the debt that he had been compelled to incur for it; but the Brightlight Electric Company, of which he owned the majority of stock, was a thorn in his side. Its only business now was the street illumination of twelve blocks, under a municipal contract which lost him money every month, and it had been a terrific task to keep it going.

The Consolidated Illuminating and Power Company, however, Bobby discovered, by careful inquiry, was in even worse financial straits than the Brightlight. To its thirty millions of stock, mostly water, twenty more millions of water had been added, making a total organization of fifty million dollars; and the twenty million dollars' stock had been sold to the public for ten million dollars, each purchaser of one share of preferred being given one share of common. As the preferred was to draw five per cent., this meant that two and one-half million dollars a year must be paid out in dividends. The salary-roll of the company was enormous, and the number of non-working officers who drew extravagant stipends would have swamped any company. Comparing the two concerns, Bobby felt that in the Brightlight he had vastly the better property of the two, in that there was no water in it at its present half-million-dollar capitalization.

It was while pondering these matters that Bobby, dropping in at the Idlers' Club one dull night, found no one there but Silas Trimmer's son-in-law, the vapid and dissolute Clarence Smythe, which was a trifle worse than finding the place entirely deserted. To-night Clarence was in possession of what was known at the Idlers' as "one of Smythe's soggy buns," and despite countless snubs in the past he seized upon Bobby as a receptacle for his woes.

But Biff Reached Her First

"I'm going to leave this town for good, Burnit!" he declared without any preliminaries, having waited so long to convey this startling and important information that salutations were entirely forgotten.

"For good! For whose good?" inquired Bobby.

"Mine," responded Clarence. "This town's gone to the bow-wows. It's in the hands of a lot of pikers. There's no chance to make big money any more."

"Yes, I know," said Bobby dryly; "I had something to do with that, myself."

"It was a fine lot of muck-raking you did," charged Clarence. "Well, I'll give you another item for your paper. I have resigned from the Consolidated."

"It was cruel of you."

"It was time," said Clarence, ignoring the flippancy. "Something's going to drop over there."

Bobby smiled.

"It's always dropping," he agreed.

"This is the big drop," the other went on, with a wine-laden man's pride in the fact of possessing valuable secrets. "They're going to make a million-dollar bond issue."

"What for?" inquired Bobby.

"They need the money," chuckled Mr. Smythe. "Those city bonds, you know."

"What bonds?" demanded Bobby eagerly, but trying to speak nonchalantly.

Mr. Smythe suddenly realized the solemn gravity of his folly. Once more he was talking too much. Once more! It was a thing to weep over. "I'm a fool," he confessed in awe-stricken tones; "a rotten fool, Burnit. I'm ashamed to look anybody in the face. I'm ashamed ——"

"It's highly commendable of you, I'm sure," Bobby agreed, and took his hasty leave before Clarence should begin to sob.

Immediately he called up Chalmers at his home.

"Chalmers," he demanded, "why must the Consolidated Illuminating and Power Company purchase city bonds?"

Chalmers laughed.

"Originally so Sam Stone could loan money to the Consumers' Electric. It is a part of their franchise, which is renewable at their option in ten-year periods, and which became a part of the Consolidated's property when the combine was effected. To insure 'faithful performance of contract,' for which clause every crooked municipality has a particular affection, they were to purchase a million dollars' worth of bonds Each year one hundred thousand dollars' worth were retired. In the tenth year, in renewing their franchise for the next ten years, they were compelled to also renew their million dollars of city bonds. These bonds they then used as collateral. Stone carried all that he could, at enormous usury, I understand, and let some of his banker friends in on the rest; and I suppose the banks paid him a rake-off. The ten-year period is up this fall, and their bonds are naturally retired; but, of course, they will renew."

"I'm not so sure about that," said Bobby. "Look up everything connected with it in the morning, and I'll see you at noon."

When they met the next day at noon, however, before Bobby could talk about the business in hand, Chalmers, with a suppressed smile, handed him a folded slip of paper.

Bobby examined that legal document—a dissolution of the injunction which had tied up a hundred and fifty thousand dollars in his bank for more than two years with a sigh of relief

"It seems," said Chalmers dryly, "that at the time you laid yourself liable to Madame Villenauve's breach-of-promise suit she had an undivorced husband living, Monsieur Villenauve complacently hiding himself in France and waiting for his share of the money. Let this be a lesson to you, young man."

Bobby hotly resented that grin

"I'll swear to you, Chalmers," he asserted, "I never so much as thought of the woman except as a nuisance."

"I apologize, old man," said Chalmers. "But at least this will teach you not to back any more grand-opera companies."

"I prefer to talk about the electric situation," said Bobby severely. "What have you found out about it?"

"That the Ebony Jewel Coal Company, a former Stone enterprise, has threatened suit against the Consolidated

for their bill. The Consolidated is in a pinch and must raise money, not only to buy that allotment of the new waterworks bonds, but to meet the Ebony's and other pressing accounts. It must also float this bond issue, for it is likely to fall behind even on its salary-list."

"Fine!" said Bobby. "I can see a lot of good citizens in this town holding stock in a bankrupt illuminating concern. Just watch this thing, will you, Chalmers? About this nice, lucky hundred and fifty thousand, we may count it as spent."

"What in?" asked Chalmers, smiling. "Do you think you can trust yourself with all that money?"

"Hush," said Bobby. "Don't breathe it aloud. I'm going to buy up all the Brightlight Electric stock I can find It's too bad, Chalmers," he added with a grin, "that as mayor of the city you could not, with propriety, hold stock in this company," and although Chalmers tried to call him back Bobby did not wait. He was too busy, he said.

Quietly Bobby proceeded to buy up, here and there, nearly the entire stock of the Brightlight, purchasing it at an absurdly low price. Then he went to De Graff, to Dan Elliston, and to others to whose discretion he could trust. His own plans were well under way when the Consolidated Illuminating and Power Company announced, with a great flourish of trumpets, its new bond issue. The Bulletin made no comment upon this. It merely published the news fact briefly and concisely—an unexpected attitude, which brought surprise, then wonder, then suspicion to the office of the Chronicle. The Chronicle had been a Stone organ during the heyday of Stone's prosperity; the Bulletin had fought the Consolidated tooth and toe-nail; the already criminally-overcapitalized Consolidated was about to float a new bond issue; the Bulletin did not fight this issue; *ergo*, the Bulletin must have something to gain by the issue.

The Chronicle waited three days, then began to fight the bond issue itself, which was precisely the effect for which Bobby had planned. Grown astute, Bobby realized that if the bond issue failed the Consolidated would go bankrupt at once instead of a year or so later. The newspaper, however, which would force that bankruptcy would, by that act, be the apparent means of losing a vast amount of money to the poor investors of the town, and Bobby left that ungrateful task to the Chronicle. He even went so far as to defend the Consolidated in a mild sort of manner, a proceeding which fanned the Chronicle into fresh fury.

For three solid months desperate attempts were made by the Consolidated to make the new bonds attractive to the public, but less than one hundred thousand dollars was subscribed.

VII

"I HOPE you didn't come into town to dig up another scandal, Ferris," said Bobby, greeting his contractor-friend with keen pleasure as he stepped into the office.

"No," said Ferris; "came in to give you a bit of news The Great Eastern and Western Railroad wants to locate its shop here, and is building by private bid. I have secured the contract, subject to certain alterations of price for distance of hauling and difficulty of excavation, but the thing is liable to fall through for lack of a location. They can't get the piece of property they are after, and there is only another one large enough and near enough to the city. The chief engineer and I are going out to look at it to-day. Come with us. If we decide that the property will do, and if we can secure it, you may have an exclusive news-item that would be very pretty, I should judge."

"I'll go with pleasure," said Bobby, "and not by any means just for the news. When do you want to go?"

"Oh, right away, I guess. I'll telephone to Shepherd and have him order a rig."

"What's the use?" demanded Bobby. "My car's right within call. I'll have it brought up."

Shepherd, the chief engineer of the G. E. & W., when they picked him up at the hotel, proved to be an entire human being with red whiskers and not a care in the world, and Bobby was in the midst of enjoying a lot of preliminary persiflage when Shepherd incidentally mentioned their destination.

"It is known as Westmarsh," he observed. "I suppose you know where it is."

Bobby, who had already started the machine and had placed his hand on the steering wheel, gave a jerk so violent that he almost sent the machine diagonally across the street.

"Westmarsh!" he repeated. "Why, I own that undrainable swamp."

"Swamp?" exclaimed Shepherd. "It's as dry as a bone. I looked it over last night and am going out to-day to study the possible approaches to it."

"But you say it is dry!" protested Bobby, unable to believe it.

"Dry as powder," asserted Shepherd. "There has been an immense amount of water out there, but it has been well taken care of by the splendid drainage system that has been put in."

"It cost a lot of money to put in that drainage system," commented Bobby; "but we found it impracticable to drain an entire river"

It was Shepherd's turn to be puzzled, a process in which he stopped to laugh.

"This is the first time I ever heard an owner belittling his own property," he declared. "I suppose that next you'll only accept half the price we offer."

Bobby kept up his part of the conversation but feebly as they whirled out to the site of the old Applerod Addition He was lost in speculation upon what could possibly have happened to that unfortunate swamp area. When they arrived, however, he was surprised to find that Shepherd had been correct. The ground, though sunken in places and black with the residue of one-time stagnant water, was firm enough to walk upon, and after many tests he even ran the machine across and across it. Moreover, grass and weeds, forcing their way here and there, were already beginning to hide and redeem the ugly earthen surface.

Bobby surveyed the miracle in amazement. It was the first time he had seen the place in a year. Even in his trips to the waterworks site, which was just north, beyond the intervening hill, he had chosen the longer and less solid river road rather than come past this spot of humiliating memories.

"I can't understand it," he said again and again to the two men "Why, Mr. Shepherd, I spent thousands of dollars in filling this swamp and draining it, with the idea of making a city subdivision here. Silas Trimmer, the man from whom I bought the place, imagined it to be fed by underground springs, but he let me spend a fortune to attract people out to see my new building lots so that he could, without cost, sell his own. That is his addition up there on the hills, and I'm glad to say he has recently mortgaged it for all that it will carry."

"How about the springs?" asked Shepherd with a frown. "Did you find them? You must have stopped them. Are they liable to break out again?"

"That's the worst of it," replied Bobby, still groping. "It wasn't springs at all. It was a peculiar geological formation, some disarranged strata leading beneath the hill from the river and emptying into the bottom of this pond. All through the year it seeped in faster than our extensive drainings could carry it away, and in the spring and fall, when the river was high, it poured in. I don't see what could have happened. Suppose we run over and see the engineer who worked on this with me. He is now in charge of the new waterworks."

In five minutes they were over there. Jimmy Platt, out in his shirt-sleeves under a broad-brimmed straw hat, greeted them most cordially, but when Bobby explained to him the miracle that had happened to the old Applerod Addition, Platt laughed until the tears came into his eyes; and even after he stopped laughing there were traces of them there.

"Come down here and I'll show you," said he.

Leading south from the pumping station, diagonally down the steep bank to the river, had been built a splendid road, flanked on both sides by very solid, substantial-looking retaining walls.

There was a Glint of Moisture on the Lean Hands That Had Toiled for So Many Years in the Burnit Service

You see this wall?" asked Jimmy, pointing to the inside one. "It runs twenty feet below low-water level and is solidly cemented. You remember when I got permission to move this road from the north side to the south side of the pumping station? I did that after an examination of the subsoil. This wall cuts off the natural siphon that fed the water to your Applerod Addition. I have been going past there in huge joy twice a day, watching that swamp dry up"

"In other words," said Bobby, "you have been doing a little private grafting on my account. How much additional did that extra-deep wall cost?"

"I'm not going to tell you," asserted Jimmy stoutly "It isn't very much, but whatever it is the city good and plenty owes you for saving it over a million on this job But if I'd had to pay for it myself I would have done it to correct the mistake I made when I started to drain that swamp for you. I guess this is about the most satisfactory minute of my life," and he looked it.

"A fine piece of work," agreed Shepherd, casting a swift eye over the immense and busy waterworks site, and then glancing at the intervening hill across which lay Bobby's property. "You're lucky to have had this chance, Mr Platt," and he shook hands cordially with Jimmy. "I'm perfectly satisfied, Mr. Burnit. Do you want to sell that property?"

"If I can get out at a profit," replied Bobby, "Otherwise I'll regrade the thing and split it up into building lots as I originally intended."

"Let's go back down to the hotel and talk 'turkey.'" offered Shepherd briskly "What do you think of the place, Ferris? Will it do?"

"Fine!" said Ferris. "The property lies so low that we won't have to cart away a single load of our excavation. If we can only get a right-of-way through that natural approach to the northeast ——"

"I think I can guarantee a right-of-way," interrupted Bobby, smiling, with his mind upon the city council which had been created by his own efforts.

"All right," said Shepherd. "We'll talk price until I have browbeaten you as low as you will go. Then I'll prepare a plat of the place and send it on to headquarters. You'll have an answer from them in three days."

As they whirred away Bobby's eyes happened to rest upon a young man and a young woman rowing idly downstream in a skiff, and he smiled as he recognized Biff Bates and Nellie Platt.

VIII

ON THE day Bobby got the money for his Westmarsh property old Applerod came up from the office of the Brightlight Electric Company, where he held a lazy, sleepy afternoon job as "manager," and with an ingratiating smile handed Bobby a check for five thousand dollars.

"What's this for?" asked Bobby, puzzled

"I have decided to give you back the money and take up again my approximate one-fifth share in the Applerod Addition," announced that gentleman complacently

Bobby was too much surprised to be amused

"You're just a trifle too late, Mr. Applerod," said he "Had you come to me two weeks ago, when I thought the land was worthless, out of common decency I would not have let you buy in again. Since then, however, I have sold the tract at a profit of forty thousand dollars"

"You have?" exclaimed Applerod. "I heard you were going to do something of the kind. I'm entitled to one-fifth of that profit, Mr. Burnit—eight thousand dollars."

"You're entitled to a good, swift poke in the neck!" exclaimed the voice of wizened old Johnson, who stood in the doorway, and who, since his friendship with Biff Bates, had absorbed some of that gentleman's vigorous vernacular. "Applerod, I'll give you just one minute to get out of this office. If you don't I'll throw you downstairs!"

"Mr. Johnson," said Applerod with great dignity "this office does not belong to you. I have as much right here ——"

Mr. Johnson, taking a trot behind Bobby's desk so as to get Mr. Applerod between him and the door made a threatening demonstration toward the rear and Applerod, suddenly deserting his dignity, rushed out. Bobby straightened his face as Johnson, still blazing, came in from watching Applerod's ignominious retreat.

"Well, Johnson," said he, ignoring the incident as closed, "what can I do for you to-day?"

"Nothing!" snapped Johnson. "I have forgotten what I came for!" and going out he slammed the door behind him.

In the course of an hour Bobby was through with his morning allotment of mail and his daily consultation with Jolter, and then he called Johnson to him

"Johnson," said he, "I want you to do me a favor There is one block of Brightlight stock that I have not

(Continued on Page 50)

THE BUTLER'S STORY

My Eye! But I Nearly Dropped I was that Astonished

Money and Happiness

By ARTHUR TRAIN

ILLUSTRATED BY FRED C. YOHN

I HAVE always wondered why there was so much more money here than in England for there is no doubt about it at all that there is especially in New York. Over there almost any one will tell you how poor he is and the greatest lords will take time and trouble to figure out how to save a little, but if anybody tries to save anything in New York they think he is mean and probably he is with money so easy to get. In the first place most of the gentlemen are stockbrokers and the first thing any one says on his arrival is "How is the market?" and "Wot about steel common?" For a long time there was a joke that everybody got orf that came into the house which was that steel preferred maketh the heart sick. To understand it you have to be familiar with the scriptures, but there is one thing and that is that excep when they are at home stockbrokers are the jolliest lot of men you ever saw. I have seen millions made and lost right while I was passing the roast, as it were. The curious thing is that men who talk about millions as if they were nothing will work a whole lot to get a hundred dollars.

Mr. Amos says that the business of stockbrokers is to induce people to sell wot they have not got and to purchase that which they have not the money to pay for. Anyhow they are always on the job and I have seen some of them take orders for stocks right at Mrs. Carter's table. A stockbroker is always glad to see anybody, or to take a drink, or a hand at cards or give you a cigar. There was a member of a Wall Street firm who offered me fifty dollars if I would change his room at "The Beeches," so as to be next to a big trader from Chicago. Well, of course I couldn't do it and I was surprised he should ask me, but that night for a fact he got into that very room by mistake and before he got out the valet says he sold him five thousand shares of rubber. James says if you buy rubber you may get wiped out and that Baking Powder is bound to rise. He thinks he is witty but I have an idea some one told it to him.

Well, to hear most people talk you would imagine that they had all been born multi-millionaires. They all know just wot Congress is going to do and where John W. Gates is spending Sunday and it is merely a question which one of a hundred sure things they will put each other into. The funny part of it is that although none of them believe the things they say themselves they all believe a part of wot the others tell them. There is a herd of deers up at the Zoo where I sometimes go with Eliza on Sunday and stockbrokers are just like that. Maybe a little boy will throw an empty bag over the fence and they will all run and try to gobble it up, and again if some one chucks in something real to eat they will not look at it at all. Sometimes they will stand with their ears pricked up thinking they hear something and then away they all go as if to see which can hide first.

Mr. Carter is a genius at making money. He is a smooth talker and he looks so innocent you would think it was a shame to take his money. I have heard that lots of people took up with Mr. Carter because they thought he was easy and they hang on to him because they found he could give them points on how to get it out of other people. I think Mr. Carter is honest as judged by Wall Street standards, but the unfortunate part of that business is that every time anybody makes a dollar some one else has to lose it.

The other night Mr. Carter had a dinner for some friends—all gentlemen and a great many of them on Wall Street. There were some others including Mr. Amos and it was to meet Mr. O'Connor the great traction and subway man, and Mr. Carter said he wanted Mr. Amos to give it tone. Well, I was kep busy all the morning ordering all kinds of extra things from the victualler and Mr. Carter spent an hour with me picking out the cigars himself.

Mr. O'Connor came early and I showed him into the library and he and Mr. Carter worked for an hour at the little desk by the window. Then they had whisky and soda and lounged around in front of the fire. Mr. O'Connor is jolly looking like Mr. Carter only he is very much fatter. He looks as if everything agreed well with him and it is quite hard to tell where his neck leaves orf and his head begins, but his voice is as soft and gentle as a sucking dove and he has a way of saying things that makes them seem wonderful and mysterious. When I came in to take the glasses he was just saying to Mr. Carter,

"There is just enough there to make the thing a cinch," he says. "No one can deny that it has possibilities. We have got sixty thousand now and we could even afford to buy forty more to give it a start and help it along," he says.

"It looks good to me, Charley," says Mr. Carter and they shook hands on it.

The dinner was a great affair and the gentlemen all came in ortomobiles excep Mr. Amos. There were three bank presidents, and one president of a trust company, and two Supreme Court judges, and a leader of Tammany Hall and a number of Wall Street or as we would say "City" gentlemen. They were all the kind that are let in on the ground floor of everything and this was to be a sort of "letting-in" party. As fast as they came in they was each introduced to Mr. O'Connor and then Mr. Carter took them over and gave them a cocktail. It was five and forty minutes arfter eight before the two dozen of them went in to dinner and I had poured sixty-one cocktails by actual count, so that everybody was having a fine time and all had become great friends. The judges especially thought Mr. O'Connor was fine and got on each side of him. Of course we had sherry and white wine right orf together with whisky, and the champagne was served with the fish. By the time the *entray* was served there was a spirit of confidence and affection hanging over the table like a benediction. Mr. Carter had not said the dinner was in honor of Mr. O'Connor but everybody seemed to think he was the most distinguished man of all and finally some one proposed his health and they all drank it most enthusiastic. Then one of the judges got up and said how it was a great pleasure to meet one who held the balance of power in the financial world and could buy up kings and principalities as if they was chocolate eclairs and a lot of stuff about the duty of the courts to preserve the stability of economic conditions and not to legislate and wot a sin it was for any man to try and stretch the Constitution of the United States, so that Mr. O'Connor was deeply touched and made a very solemn speech about the danger of disturbing the country's prosperity and so forth, and then he changed his manner and told a funny story about a cow that made everybody nearly die laughing. Well, pretty soon one of the Wall Street gentlemen hollered across the table at Mr. O'Connor to know if there was anything good that he knew about, and everybody stopped talking on the instant so you could hear a pin drop and James sneaked up and stood right behind Mr. O'Connor's chair.

"Ah!" he says, "Mr. Sly, if I knew of anything good I would be a rich man myself!"

Well, at that everybody laughed a lot because they knew Mr. O'Connor was busting with money.

"There is one thing I make it a rule never to do," he continues, "and that is to advise a friend to buy or sell a stock, and I feel that we are all friends here," he says. "I never took a tip and I never gave one. When *I* buy stock," he says, "it is because I have made a thorough study of it as a business proposition from the ground up. If the value ain't there I don't touch it. If the value is there I study the probable future conditions. If there is anything I deprecate," he says, "it is stock gambling."

Well, the gentlemen hadn't expected just that but they applauded wot he said and I could see they all wanted to find out wot he *had* looked into as a business proposition. So there was general conversation for a while and then somebody asked wot Mr. O'Connor thought of "Chicle." Mr. O'Connor said he thought Chicle was fine, and that it would stick, and Mr. Amos added that it was a easily digestible security. Well, arfter that they asked him about all sorts of things but he put them orf and talked about politics and how Mr. Roosevelt was a menace to Wall Street and he was as mum as an oyster, but as it got towards time for desert everybody, and especially the judges, got to pressing him for information all at once and he sort of yielded as if he was going to tell them something and then he stopped and they all looked fearfully disappointed and Mr. Carter shouted, "O, go on Charley, wot is it?"

"Yes, yes!" they all says, "Tell us wot it is Mr. O'Connor."

"Well," he says, "I have looked into one property recently that I think well of and that is Toledo Tube. I think it has a great future. There is a city of three hundred thousand inhabitants with most rudimentary facilities for transportation," he says. "The tube is most dug, and the rolling stock is all purchased, and they will have trains in operation in a few weeks. They are certain to pay six per cent. and the stock is selling around forty. It looks good to *me*. With the natural growth of the city it will become a great property."

So they asked him more about it and he went on giving figures and percentages, and tell about deprecation and stinking funds, and all that, and then he shuts up like a clam and wouldn't say anything more about it at all, and Mr. Carter said it was time to smoke and we might as well go into the picture gallery, which they all did most reluctant.

There is a big picture over the fireplace there that Mr. Carter had painted by a famous artist for a great lot of money and as I was bringing in the coffee he was pointing it out to one of the judges and telling him about it. It is a picture of a group of ladies and gentlemen in a forest and is quite pretty and dreamy and there is a fool in particolored raiment, so Mr. Carter he waves his hand up towards it and says careless-like,

"There is a little thing I had done to order," he says.

"By Abby," says he.

"Ah, indeed!" says the judge putting on his glasses. "Wot is it?" he says.

"A scene from Shakespeare," says Mr. Carter.

"Ah, indeed!" says the judge, "Wot particular play does it represent?"

Then Mr. Carter put his hand in his trousers pocket and screwed up his mouth and hesitated quite a while, and then he says,

"It is a scene from Shakespeare," he says, "But I'll be hanged if I remember which play it is or wot it is about."

Well, the judge he didn't say anything but he reached over and began to drink his coffee and pretty soon one of the judges proposed a game of cards, so I had the tables brought in and they got up a game of poker. Mr. O'Connor didn't play but sat in front of the fire with a group of City gentlemen and when I served the liquers I heard him talking about Toledo Tube again.

Now I had been keeping my ears open you may be sure and when I heard wot a fine property it was and how much confidence Mr. O'Connor had in it I made up my mind that I would not let the grass grow under my feet either.

"Here is my chance," I says to myself, "to get my public-house," I says.

Well, the party was a late one and I was that sleepy I could have dropped orf standing up, but finally they all

went and I closed up the house. Next morning Mr. Carter had his breakfast served upstairs and I slipped out as soon as I could and went to the bank where I had deposited my savings and got them out which was five hundred dollars in all. I asked the banker's clark where one could buy stocks and he referred me to a place just around the corner on 43rd Street. I had never been to a broker's office before and I was quite excited when I opened the door and stepped in. It was about five and forty minutes arfter nine o'clock and the place was quite empty except for a small boy cleaning up the floor and a young gentleman smoking with his feet up on the desk and reading of a newspaper. When he saw me he swings his feet down and gets up very polite and says,

"Good morning, sir, wot can I do for you?"

Then a queer look came over his face and he sort of stammered and I says,

"I want to purchase some stocks," I says.

"O, you do!" he says, in quite a different tone. "By the way," he says, "Wot is your name?"

"Peter Ridges," I says, "And I am employed by Mr. Carter," I says.

"O ho!" he laughs, "So that is it! Don't you remember me," he says, "I'm Mr. Williams."

Then I remembered him at once for being a gentleman that often called at the house to ask for Miss Patricia but I had been so excited I had not recalled him at first.

"Certainly, sir," I says. "Of course I do, and I am glad to find some one I know, sir, for I never tried to buy any stocks before."

"Well, why do you want to buy em now?" he says, quite interested.

"I have some information," I says, "that I think is valuable."

"Don't say!" he says. "Sit down won't you and have a cigar?" and he takes out a box of Invincibles and hands em to me.

Now I had never sat in a gentleman's presence before exceep Mr. Amos, but I thought of my five hundred dollars and made up my mind that if Mr. Williams asked me to I might as well do it and take the cigar besides which I did. So Mr. Williams sat down too and just then a little machine like a glass beehive began to tick and write something on a piece of paper and he says,

"They're orf," he says, "Wot are you going to buy?"

"'Toledo Tube,' sir," I says.

"'Toledo Tube'!" he says.

"Yes," I says, "I understand it is a very good proposition," I says.

"Who told you?" he asks.

"Mr. O'Connor," I says, "But I merely happened to overhear wot he told a party of gentlemen."

"Well, that sounds pretty good to me," says Mr. Williams when I got through telling him about it. "How much do you want to buy?"

"All I can," I says, "for five hundred dollars."

"That would be fifty shares ordinarily," he says, "But I will give you a special rate at five points margin and you can buy a hundred," he says.

So I said thank you and he got up and looked at the ribbon paper in the glass beehive and says,

"Jumping Jerusalem!" he says. "'Toledo Tube' opened at 47 and has gone up four points on sales of twenty-five hundred shares. If you are going to buy you had better buy quick."

So I says go ahead and Mr. Williams went over to a telephone and told some one down town to buy a hundred "T. T." at the market. In the meantime the machine said it had gone up another point and then Mr. Williams says,

"There! There are your hundred shares just come out on the tape at 52."

Then he whispered something to the orfice boy who ran out as fast as he could without his hat, and then he called the man up on the telephone again and told him to buy a thousand more.

"That is not for me, is it?" I says.

"O, no," he says. "That is for another customer," he says.

So I sat there smoking and wondering how much I would make and pretty soon the orfice boy came in and arfter a while a stout gentleman in a fur coat.

"This is our Mr. Walker," says Mr. Williams.

"Mr. Walker, I want you to know Mr. Ridges, a new customer of the house," he says.

So we shook hands and Mr. Walker passed me the weather and then he sat down at a desk and began calling up a lot of people on the telephone.

Every once in a while he would speak to Mr. Williams and Mr. Williams would call up the man down town and order more "T. T."

"This 'T. T.' is a great thing," he says, "We have just had some special information about it," he says, "which entirely corroborates you," he says.

A Sort of Chill Ran Over Me

Well, I stayed just to see how fast it would go up and about every third thing on the ribbon was "T. T.," a hundred, or five hundred, or a thousand shares, and once somebody bought five thousand, and it kep going up and up and when it got to 59 Mr. Williams says, says he,

"I congratulate you," he says. "You have made seven hundred dollars."

My heart nearly stopped for I had no idea you could make money that fast, so I says,

"Do you think I had better sell, now?" I says.

"Well," he says, "You can do as you like, but my information is that it is going to par."

"How high is that?" I says.

"To 100," he says.

"And how much would I make in that case?" I says.

"Four thousand eight hundred dollars," he says.

My eye! But I nearly dropped, I was that astonished.

"Do you think I can make all that?" I says.

"Why not?" he says. "If it's good for anything it's worth that!"

By that time "T. T." was up to 63, and the orfice was beginning to fill up with a great many young gentlemen some of which I had seen before at our house.

Mr. Williams whispered to all of them and most of them spoke to me and asked me how I was most friendly, and by and by Mr. Walker invited me to come into his back orfice and put a chair by his desk for me and closed the door and gave me another cigar, and says:

"I do not suppose you have considered the matter," he says, "But we might make an arrangement profitable to us both," he says.

"How is that, sir?" I says.

"Why, you are by way of getting very important information frequent," he says, "Without any trouble to yourself," he says, "and if you should care to do so we might undertake joint operations and we would be pleased to give you a share in the result," he says, "without cost or risk to yourself."

"You mean that I should tell you anything that I hear Mr. Carter say?" I says.

"To put it bluntly, yes," he says. Then seeing that I looked surprised, he added,

"You do not have to decide *now*," he says. "Think it over. I am confident it would be well worth your while," he says. "I am glad to have met you!" and he held out his hand which I am ashamed to say I took. I went back to the front room and the crowd there was getting bigger and bigger every minute and it seemed as if every young man I had ever seen was in there buying "T. T." which was now up in the seventies. There was a sort of hush when I came in and then the noise got louder and louder, and as I had begun to feel very awkward and that I had made a mistake and do harm to Mr. Carter I put on my hat and went out.

Just as I reached the front of the steps I ran plump into Mr. Amos who was coming out of the Tennis Club. There was nothing to do so I says,

"Good-morning." And he says,

"Good-morning, Ridges," very much surprised. Then he looks up at the door and sees the sign "Williams & Walker" and looks very sharp at me and says,

"Well," says he, "Wot were you doing in that bucket shop?" he says.

"Bucket shop?" says I feeling very guilty.

"Yes, bucket shop," says he. "Wot business have you in there? You a respectable butler," he says.

Well you may be sure I was embarrassed and I hardly knew wot to do, but I says perfectly frank,

"I have been buying a hundred shares of 'Toledo Tube,'" I says.

"O, Ridges!" he says. "Et tu Brute."

"Wot is that?" I says.

"It is too brutal!" he says and then he laughs.

"My dear old Ridges," he says, "why do you throw away your money like that?" he says.

"I have not thrown it away," I says, "I have made nearly two thousand dollars already," I says.

He looked at me in a rather queer way and I would have given the money not to have had him see me, but then his look changed and he took me by the arm and led me along to where there was a café. So we went and sat down at a little table and Mr. Amos ordered two bottles of beer and asked me to tell him all about it, and I told him.

"Dear me!" he says, "To think that you like the others should have been bitten by the Tarantella of Wall Street. Now are you going to give information to these pirates?" he says.

"Do you think it would be right, sir?" I asks.

"Do you, Ridges?" he replies.

"Certainly not," I says. "Why do you ask me?" I says

Then a smile came over his face and he says, "I beg your pardon, Ridges! I always knew you were a gentleman."

Then he hesitated.

"The first thing is for you to get your money out as fast as you can," he says. "You had better go right back and sell your stock. I will wait for you and make sure that the wolves do not tear you to pieces," he says.

So we walked back and I went in and everybody wanted to know if I had heard anything new, but I said no I simply thought I would make sure of my profits.

"Better not," says Mr. Walker, "Why with your profits you can carry five hundred shares and make a thousand dollars every time 'T. T.' goes up two points."

Well for a minute I wanted to do it.

"Why not buy four hundred shares more?" says he. "All you will have to do is to leave your five hundred dollars. Think of it! Five hundred shares when you started with 500 dollars only two hours ago."

But I thought of Mr. Amos and I had a feeling that it was not right to make so much money so quick anyhow, and the cigars had made my head ache and I says,

"No, a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush. You can sell my hundred shares."

So Mr. Williams sold them at 72 and gave me a cheque for $1975 and my 500 dollars back which he had put in his pocket. Just then a young gentleman named Potts who was standing by the glass beehive says:

"Wot's this! Look here boys, there is something the matter with 'T. T.'"

They all made a rush for the tape and he began to shout:

"Ten thousand at 71! Five thousand at 70⅞! Ten thousand at 70½, 500 at a quarter, one thousand at 70!"

"Let me get at that telephone!" yells Mr. Williams. "Here Central give me 1205 Broadway!"

"Ten thousand at 69!" exclaims Mr. Potts. "Say something is happening down there all right—whew! Ten thousand at 67½. This is too much for me! I'm going to get out. Williams sell me 500 at the market!"

"Sell me a thousand!" says another.

"And my five thousand!" cries another, very pale.

"Now keep your shirt on!" growls Mr. Williams. "I'm giving the orders as fast as I can, but some of you fellers ought to hang on. Why we are just helping to break the market!"

"All we want is our money!" shouts Potts.

"I believe we've been sold out!" says Walker.

"Fake information!" cries Potts. "Where is this man that told you about it?"

"Yes," yells Walker. "Here you, is this a put up game?"

Well I did not know wot it all meant but they seemed so shirty I thought I had better get out rapid which I did. Mr. Amos was waiting on the corner and when I told him about it he laughed until he cried.

"You're a lucky dog, Ridges!" he says. "Why, don't you suppose I would have been rich years ago if tips would have done it!"

"Why, wot do you mean?" I says. "Don't you think 'T. T.' is a good stock?"

"I don't know and I don't care," he says.

"But Mr. O'Connor ——" I says.

"O'Connor!" he says, "O'Connor! I wouldn't trust him with a cracked nickel," he says.

Well I was that shocked I couldn't speak for a whole minute. Finally I says,

"But why does Mr. Carter have him to dinner, then?"

"Give it up," he says. "Perhaps he likes him."

By that time we were at the bank and Mr. Amos went in with me while I deposited my cheque for $1975, and as he knew the clark he asked him wot was the news and the clark said o nothing, except there was tremendous dealings in Toledo Tube which jumped from 47 to 72 and then dropped way down to twenty-something.

"No one knows wot to make of it," he says.

So I says goodbye to Mr. Amos and feeling harf ashamed and harf glad and terrible excited I went back to the house and attended to setting the table for lunch and while I was in the dining room Miss Patricia asked me to telephone for some flowers. Now Mr. Carter has an extension in his room and can call up Central hisself and when I took down the receiver he was talking to some one at the other end and I heard him say,

"Get rid of it? I should say we did. Some fool began to buy at ten o'clock and we unloaded all the way up to sixty-nine. Even then it kep on moving up and I'm surprised it didn't go to par."

The man on the other end said that was great and he congratulated him to be sure and they both said "so-long and see you to-morrow," and hung up. Then I ordered the flowers and when lunch was served you could see something wonderful had occurred because Miss Harriet was in great spirits and said how she was going to give another ball and when James dropped the Dresden china fruit plate that cost so much Mr. Carter just laughed and said it was all right and to order harf a dozen more, and arfter lunch he gave me ten dollars and says that the dinner last night was fine and served beautiful.

All that afternoon I was in a state of excitement and nothing I ate seemed to agree with me which is very unusual, but there was no one to talk to or to tell about it and I began to feel lonely and sort of miserable. I had made two thousand dollars but I felt as if I had stolen something and just to cheer myself up I asked Eliza to go to the theatre with me, for the family was going out to Sherry's to have wot Mr. Carter calls a "bust." But I was so glum that Eliza kep asking me wot was the matter and saying I had better take some Cod Liver Oil and go to bed, but it was a very funny play and I got to laughing and forgot all about the money for there was a fellow on the stage the queerest looking guy you ever saw and he would start and fall all over the table and light on his head and not mind it at all, and then he would stand on a chair and fall orf and get his legs caught in the chair's legs until you would have died laughing. Well, I began to feel better and when that was over the page came out with a sign "Williams & Walker."

"My eye!" I says under my breath.

And Eliza says, "Wot is it? Have you got a pain?"

And I says, no it is nothing at all, and not to mind me. But it did seem queer that they should have that name and I thought maybe I was a little orf my head, and in a minute the curtain went up and wot should it be but two niggers who sang and played most beautiful. It was enough to make you cry and Eliza did cry a little, so I took hold of her hand and she did not draw it away and I felt more like myself

In the intermission there was a tired looking man just in front that took out and read a newspaper with a bald head and right at the top was a big head line,

BIG SLUMP IN "T. T."

Small Panic on Stock Exchange
Williams & Walker Suspend

A sort of chill ran over me and I says,

"I beg pardon, sir, would you mind letting me glance at that a minute?"

So he says no, only to let him have it back. And I took it and read:

Among those who suffered was the firm of Williams & Walker, who do an uptown business in the neighborhood of the Tennis and other clubs. Acting on what they supposed was reliable information the firm plunged heavily and induced many of their customers to do the same. When the bottom dropped out of the market they were many thousand shares long of the stock and were obliged to announce their suspension at the close of the day. Their liabilities were very large and their assets are said to be practically nothing.

Then I realized how I was the unconscious instrument of Providence in putting a stop to such gambling operations and how my check was worthless. For all that I had lost the two thousand dollars I felt happier than I had all that day, and I gave the man back his paper and told Eliza all about it, but I am sure she was glad about the money for she says,

"Peter, I'm glad they failed!"

And I says to myself,

"Ridges," I says, "high finance is not for you!"

Being a plain serving man I make no especial pretensions to morality but do my duty in that state of life it has pleased God to call me simple as I see it, my genius lying more particular in the way of literature. In things spiritual I bow to my pastors and masters, but in the things of this world I claim to have both experience and observation and I believe if some day I could have a good talk with Mrs. Carter I could teach her something. I have pondered oft on the subjec of how much pleasure she and the people round her really get out of life

When you come down to it there are only three kinds of pleasure, as must appear to everybody. In the first place eating is one kind of pleasure, and sitting down arfter you have been standing up is another (and to go to bed arfter a hard day's work is the same sort), and to say a kind word

He Winks at Me as He Goes In

to a fellow servant or help him along is a third. Now these is all different kinds of pleasure. In the first you get something; in the last you give something; and in the second you just get relief. If you try you can put every kind of pleasure there is into one of these three classes, and by way of keeping cheerful I have often compared my own lot in life with Mr. and Mrs. Carter's on just this basis.

For example, rest. Now sleep is a pleasure and so is sitting down and doing nothing and I am glad enough to rest my back against the step ladder in the pantry arfter dinner, and I drop off to sleep as soon as I get into bed to say nothing of snoring which James accuses me of and which I say is a slander but cannot prove it. But Mr. and Mrs. Carter never want to sit down and if they set for any length of time is nervous and especial Miss Harriet. She is always figetting around and jumping up and down and hopping off somewhere just because she never does anything or takes any exercise, and so is her mother although more fat. And none of them can sleep, for they are always complaining about wot miserable nights they have had. And, although Mr. Carter lies out on his sofa arfter dinner and sighs contented as he smokes his big black Havana I know it is only because he thinks it is proper and the right time to smoke and sigh, and he doesn't begin to enjoy it as I do my pipe in the men's sitting room. And it is the same way with holidays and when one has any time off, for on such occasions a serving man is happy to do nothing

One of the chief things that strikes me about the way rich people in America try to enjoy themselves is the trouble they go to to do it. Now you would think if Mr. and Mrs. Carter really liked music they would go to concerts and the opera when they felt like it, but instead they buy a box for an enormous amount of money and go to all the operas that come on fashionable nights whether they like them or not. They do not enjoy music and it is very hard for both of them to pronounce the names of the singers with the right accent, and they are always taking Scotty for Caruso, and for a long time Mrs. Carter thought Cavalery was a man. I have heard Mr. Amos when they were alone for dinner go on talking a whole lot of rubbish and making up all sorts of queer names and pretending they was singers and Mrs. Carter taking it all in serious until he told her, and then she laughed as hard as anybody. That is one thing I like about her and that is she enjoys a joke on herself as much as anybody.

It is the great cross of Mrs. Carter's life trying to dispose of her box the nights she can't go, for of course she wants fashionable people to sit in it when she isn't there and the fashionable people almost always are engaged. I have known her to send the tickets to her box to seventeen different families before she could get anyone to take it, and each time when it came back with a polite note you could have thought she would die, and she can never get anybody to take it on Saturday nights.

From all I can see the opera is a pretty sad affair anyway. Mr. Amos goes almost every night but he loves music and knows almost all of the operas by heart, so he is always glad to sit with Mrs. Carter and she gets him to tell her wot it is all about. Wot Mr. and Mrs. Carter really like are the comic operas, and they are glad when the spring comes and it is proper for them to go. Mrs. Carter is always repeating the jokes she hears there and she thinks Mr. Weber and Mr. Fields are the funniest men she ever saw. She says it makes her "full of laugh." So I think it is perfectly fair to count out entirely owning a opera box as a method of enjoying one's self excep in so far as it is a satisfaction to have your name printed on the program.

Now as for dinner parties I know for a fac that Mrs. Carter gets no fun out of them at all. It is one thing to have a big party of distinguished and jolly people like Lord Craven used to have who all know one another and make a lark of it and it is quite another to ask a whole lot of people you only know a very little and are trying to know better than they want you to. All of Mrs. Carter's dinners cost a heap of money and the table is always banked up with orchids and the service is all gold plate, but they are always solemn like a funeral and if anyone laughed out loud everybody would be shocked. Those are the times Mrs. Carter is so stiff and correct that she acts as if it was a sin to cough and Mr. Amos is the only one who is not afraid of her. I remember one time we had *ouvrers o pom* which is eggs poached inside of baked potatoes which has had the inside taken out and fixed up again and put back, and one young gentleman thought he would be funny and says to Mrs. Carter:

"Mrs. Carter, it looks as if your chickens had gotten into the potato patch," he says.

And everybody sort of looked horrified and Mrs. Carter seemed very much embarrassed and says: "Dear me," she says, "I really do not bother myself with such matters," she says, "but my impression is that at The Beeches the hen house is a long way from the garden."

So the young man felt very much humiliated. Now the hideous mockery of the dinners is that Mrs. Carter has such a bad digestion that she cannot eat any of them, so it is all lost so far as she is concerned and Miss Harriet as well, for most wot they eat is hot water and pepsin pills, and both of em always have a headache next day on account of the strain of having to be agreeable and talk so loud and the light shining in their eyes. And when they go out to dinner it is exactly the same way, and of course an afternoon tea or reception is a thousand times worse. Sometimes Mrs. Carter says she wishes she was back in Brooklyn, and Miss Harriet will shudder and exclaim "O mother I wish you wouldn't say such things."

(Continued on Page 44)

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PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER 26, 1908

Bucking the Laws of Nature

BRAZIL'S valiant effort to be a trust is evidently attended with difficulties. It proposed to control the price of coffee—not so rigidly as the Steel Trust controls the price of rails, but somewhat to the extent that the Oil Trust controls the price of oil. It had the advantage of any trust in that it could lawfully both restrict production — by placing a limit on planting—and tax the product. It had also a large command of capital.

The Government's enterprise now holds nearly eight and a half million bags of coffee, or about sixty per cent. of the world's visible stock; yet prices have hardly been maintained at the expected level, and the load proves heavy. The State of São Paulo proposes a loan of fifteen million pounds sterling to continue the undertaking and to fund loans previously made in that behalf. The visible stock is larger by half than it was two years ago.

We wish Brazil good luck. It has long been declared by an influential and very practical school of political economists that the law of supply and demand will inevitably govern prices, except when that law is suspended by a New Jersey charter. It seems doubtful to us that any such immutable principle exists in Nature. Our doubt is not supported by much positive evidence, but by the general consideration that the laws of Nature were settled before New Jersey was thought of. If Brazil should succeed in being a coffee trust we should, of course, know that our doubt was well founded.

Helter-Skelter Justice

IN THE utterly mistaken idea that mob rule tends to prevent crime, a good many well-meaning people find an excuse for lynching. The better-supported opinion is that, on the contrary, mob rule tends to encourage crime.

It now appears from press reports that the negro whom the Springfield mob set out to lynch was not the one who committed the crime that stirred the mob to action. If we grant a community's inherent right to take whatever steps may be necessary to stop an intolerable crime, it is yet obvious that killing the wrong man is a mighty poor expedient—or even killing the right one under conditions which make it a mere matter of chance whether it will be the right or the wrong man that is killed.

Those conditions are characteristic of mob action. In excitement mounting to frenzy, even a seeming identification cannot be conclusive. In proportion as lynch law is terrible to the innocent, it is less terrible to the guilty. At vast social cost, it fails to accomplish the only object that could possibly excuse it.

Everybody, it may be said as a matter of course, abhors crime. But only from that abhorrence which is controlled by intelligence can any effective headway against crime be expected.

Hypocrisy About Literature

WE ARE familiar with the charge—confessed by many educators—that instruction in English Literature in high school and college is painfully barren. The pupils get the lessons, but do not read the books; they laboriously do their stunts in the Elizabethan drama and Victorian novel, but by no means turn athirst to the pages of Shakespeare and Marlowe, Thackeray and Dickens.

Now comes the charge that the professors don't read the books either; they no more turn athirst than the student does. Like him, they dully perform the allotted grind on Hamlet or Copperfield; then hurry off to do something that interests them—perhaps, to read Meredith or Anatole France, or to prepare an essay upon the imperviousness of the young modern mind to the charm of the classics. We recall a high-school instructor who remarked that he never gave a class the prescribed address upon the importance of reading Burke's great "Conciliation" speech without a vexatious sense that he was lying, and another who was quite blue over the necessity of having to wade half through Dickens again—in the van of his devoted pupils.

Unless instruction in literature brings interest in and enthusiasm for good books it is obviously of precious little worth. That an instructor to whom Milton or Scott is a bore can arouse enthusiasm for those authors seems rather doubtful. We should like to see the instructor in every case, whether in high school or college, given complete latitude to select those books which he personally felt enthusiasm for. Then at least one party to the transaction would be interested.

Who Pays the Taxes?

WASHINGTON, although a farming State, has exempted much personal property from taxes. A law, recently sustained by the Supreme Court, says that mortgages, notes, accounts, money deposited in bank, State, county and municipal bonds shall not be considered property for the purpose of taxation.

The things mentioned are, of course, not wealth, but merely evidences of wealth—like stocks and bonds and all paper money. That academic fact, however, was hardly the reason for the exemption. The real motive, as we understand it, was to invite capital; in fine, that, as a net result, the State would get capital cheaper by not taxing it than by taxing it. Probably that expectation will be realized.

If money that is untaxed loans at eight per cent., and a tax equal to one per cent. be added, money will then loan at nine per cent. The borrower pays the tax. If the lender is successful in dodging the assessor, the borrower pays the tax and the State does not get it. Capital flows where the attraction is greatest.

Probably the borrowers in Washington will gain by paying all the taxes themselves and securing a more abundant supply of loanable capital, with consequent lower interest rates.

This whole difficult tax question would be somewhat less difficult if it were clearly understood that the man who seems to be paying the tax very often isn't paying it.

Poor Paraguay!

THE melancholy situation of Paraguay excites sympathy in all humane breasts.

While Brazil and Argentina are engaging in a naval rivalry as spirited and admirable, considering their resources, as that between England and Germany, the unhappy country of the great Francia has no sea in which to float a battleship. She has over six hundred thousand inhabitants and a yearly revenue of two million dollars, partly unmortgaged. Her total foreign trade amounts to almost seven million dollars a year, on which, perhaps, heavier imposts could be laid.

Such resources are not, of course, equal to a Dreadnaught; but with clever management something very nobby in the submarine or torpedo-boat line might be achieved. Without a seacoast, however, Paraguay might as well be a one-legged girl in a shoe store, or a boy with the mumps in a cider press.

Like an unportioned orphan, she sits aside while the sister nations eagerly discuss the latest style in turrets, armor-belts and hoisting gear, and whether secondary batteries are going to be much worn this season. The grand controversy over armored cruisers has for her only that painful interest which flounces possessed for poor Cinderella.

It seems a shame, when there is so much ocean to spare, that a nation should be prevented from blowing herself for a few ships by the lack of a little salt water.

Making Free of Other People's Money

WITH all the facts that are easily obtainable concerning Government expenditures it seems rather superfluous to call in the aid of imagination—unless it be true that facts are not palatable in a Presidential year except when liberally seasoned with fancy.

The mere facts are impressive. To run the General Government during the last five years cost almost three billion dollars, or nearly as much as it cost during the ten years prior to 1896. War and navy expenditures in the five years exceeded a billion dollars, being over a third of total Government cost, and more by one-half than the total expenditures under those two heads in the ten years before 1896. In the five-year period the average annual war and navy cost exceeded two hundred and twenty millions; in the ten-year period it was under seventy millions. Both periods are well away from the Spanish-American War, and the cost of the Panama Canal is not included in the latter period.

Many items of Government expense have legitimately and profitably increased in the last five years. That there has been a big waste, especially in the war and navy departments, we do not doubt.

A dozen or a score of million dollars makes only an inconsiderable point in the Government's accounts. The country is rich and the money comes easily—to the Government.

All the same, somebody has to sweat to create even a dozen millions. In spending other people's money there is a constant temptation to extravagance. The Government has not been resisting the temptation.

Oklahoma's Experiment

NEW YORK does not permit a savings-bank to be started merely for the purpose of competing with established institutions. It must be shown that the new bank will afford greater convenience of access to a considerable number of depositors; that, in short, additional savings-bank facilities are needed in the neighborhood. Oklahoma, under its system of insuring deposits, very properly adopts the same policy. Two recent applications to start banks in places where there seemed no need of additional banking facilities were refused by the State board. This is a necessary effect of State insurance of deposits, but it proves nothing as to the merits of that system.

The banking business is a source of profit to certain individuals who are engaged in it; also, it is a public utility.

The latter aspect is by far the more important; but the arguments against State insurance of deposits deal only with the former.

The main business of a bank is to lend people their own money. The national banks have, roughly, four and a half billion of deposits and four and a half billion of outstanding loans. These are the two big items in the statement, and correctly represent the banks' chief function. From this function a profit arises.

The object of Oklahoma is not to see how many individuals can get a chance at the profit, but how well the function can be performed. The question, How many banks can we have? is quite subordinate to the question, How good are the banks?

Insurance of bank deposits is admittedly a delicate question, presenting several difficulties. But the chief difficulty is rigidly to guard against speculative, reckless and dishonest banking.

To that end, the State banking board must, if the system succeeds, have very large power. But we doubt that any steps in the direction of suppressing speculative, reckless and dishonest banking will arouse sentiments of indignation in the breasts of depositors.

Senator Foraker's Froth

"EVER remembering," said Senator Foraker gravely the other day, "that what Washington and his associates framed and Lincoln and his associates perfected is good enough for you and me and for all who are coming after us."

We quote this merely as an interesting example of the extent to which political oratory consists of words without meaning.

What Washington and his associates framed was the best compromise they could arrange between the conflicting interests of the big States and the little States, those who wanted great power in the central Government and those who wanted little, Southern slave industry and New England carrying trade, Pennsylvania merchants and New Jersey farmers—but based upon a pretty unanimous sentiment that the chief danger of a republican Government lay in the liability that the poor would plunder the rich.

Every important provision was the result of a compromise, and the Constitution as adopted was not what any single legislator would have made it if he could have had his way.

The notion that it was an immutable embodiment of all political wisdom would have produced vast astonishment among the thirty-nine gentlemen who affixed their signatures to it that seventeenth of September. Just a week before, Madison—whom, no doubt, it represented as much as any one man—wrote:

"I hazard an opinion that the plan, should it be adopted, will neither effectually answer its national object nor prevent the local mischiefs which excite disgust against the State Governments."

It was better than he thought; but, as a matter of fact, from the day it was adopted to this it has been subject to constant amendment, either in letter or in spirit—as every human institution that is fit to live must be.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

Walloping the Octopus

SOAKING the Standard Oil Company has come to be a sort of a religion with the American people, and it has many high priests and prophets, ranging from Kenesaw Mountain Landis, the Chicago judge who handed out that twenty-nine-million-dollar fine that has not yet been paid, to the groceryman in the village who has to buy his kerosene of the Octopus. Mr. T. Roosevelt has also swatted the Standard a few times, by manner of diversion, when he had nothing pressing doing in the way of sanitizing the farmers or admonishing the mothers. Indeed, the Octopus must have black and blue spots all over it, albeit it continues octopusing at the old stand, No. 26 Broadway.

Still, including the Standard as among the worst in a Presidential communication or fining it a stage-money fine, while distressing to those higher, nay, highest financiers who, by common report, own all the oil, all the money and all the earth we have included in our boundaries, and while calculated to make those generals of finance feel that their efforts for the uplift are not appreciated, notwithstanding their beneficences to the cause of education, these things can be borne with reasonable equanimity. The effects of such procedures are largely mental and uncomfortable, but cause no diminution of business or capital.

When, on the preposterous other hand, there arises a situation wherein one of these numerous tilters against the Octopus costs the Octopus real money, gets business away from its all-embracing tentacles, that is something that hurts. That is tangible. That is real. That, too, is unparliamentary, unprecedented and verging on criminal trespass on vested rights. It causes some consternation to be fined twenty-nine million dollars and a few odd cents, although a feeling of elation must stir the owners of the Octopus when they think they have one big enough to be worth a twenty-nine-million-dollar penalty, a position of eminence few Octopus breeders have attained. But, with it all, there must be a protest, a crying out, a secret sorrow that such a fine has been imposed, and that such statements have been made in high quarters, as the Washington correspondents say when they are writing anonymous interviews with elevated authorities, the same being themselves, in many instances. It is difficult to analyze this feeling that must exist, this depression that must have fallen upon John D., the genial H. H. Rogers and others.

Whatever it may have been, however saddened at the lack of appreciation which the imposition of those strictures and that fine may have signified, no money was taken out of the till. Real anguish, real pain and woe only come after somebody has grabbed a chunk of business. The Octopus may sob a little over its sad fate when an attorney-general remarks, pleasantly, that its commercial name is a byword and a hissing, but the Octopus weeps oily tears when a competitor throws the harpoon into it far enough to decrease its revenues.

Starting Out for the Octopus

THE country is speckled with men who have, from time to time, sliced small steaks off the Octopus. Some of them have secured rib roasts, even, and, now and again, we find a man who has performed a major operation and taken away a piece for corning. Deprecating these assaults, the Standard has kept away from the abattoir except in a few instances, one of which is in New England, where it has been carved to a considerable extent by an open-faced person named Thomas L. Hisgen, he being the nominee for President of Mr. Hearst's Independence Party.

The Octopus suffers in silence and retaliates in gum shoes. Wherefore, the Octopus side of the battle between Hisgen and itself is not available, but, owing to circumstances not unconnected with his candidacy for President, we have full and free knowledge of Mr. Hisgen's adventures while engaged in leading the Octopus to the block. Deftly ripping off all campaign embroideries, the fact remains that Mr. Hisgen has cost the Octopus money, whereby he is an enemy to true progress and the highest principles as applied to business, or is one of the staunchest friends of the masses, the viewpoint depending on whether you own any Standard Oil stock or do not.

Hisgen, after being born in Indiana, where he also accumulated three brothers, thus making his father's stock of sons number four, moved to Albany, New York, when he was about sixteen. The father invented an axle grease, a good axle grease, and made it in small quantities. Hisgen formed a little company with his three brothers and began to manufacture the axle grease in larger lots. He was the salesman, while the father and brothers produced the grease. He traveled about the country, selling the stuff. He could fiddle some, and if a storekeeper would not buy his grease before music he generally would after Hisgen had played a few lively tunes.

The business grew until one day, while experimenting in the factory, father inadvertently set the place on fire, and the whole thing was a total loss, with no insurance, as the underwriters say. There wasn't much capital in the Hisgen outfit, but they scraped together a hundred dollars and began again. The business prospered, and in 1888 the company had the largest axle-grease factory in the world. Then the Octopus came into the game. It appears that one of the many subsidiary occupations of Mr. Rockefeller and Mr. Rogers and Mr. Archbold is the manufacture of axle grease. The Octopus didn't care to have the largest axle-grease factory in the world outside of its jurisdiction, and it offered the Hisgens $600,000 for the factory and good-will. The Hisgens refused.

Why the Octopus Grieves

AFTER that, the Hisgens say, the Octopus began a campaign to get the factory. It notified all grocers and others who sold the Hisgen grease that if they continued to sell it they could get no kerosene to sell. Whereupon, the Hisgens said they would sell oil to any grocer who wanted it at prices as low, or lower, than the Standard demanded, and most of the grocers stuck with the Hisgens.

At first the Hisgens, with Thomas L. as their leader, supplied only the retail trade, but after the fight got good and exciting they organized a wholesale oil company, and Albany wholesalers received the news with joy and hopped in with the Hisgens, much to the disgust of the Octopus. The fight continued. Thomas L. was the directing head. He soon branched out into New England and built tanks at Springfield, which he made his base of operations. The Octopus almost gave oil away, but the people stayed with Hisgen. Finally, two years ago, Hisgen announced that he could not supply oil at less than eight cents a gallon, and if dealers wanted oil for less than that they must buy of the Standard, with the assurance that when his oil company went out of business the Standard would immediately advance the price of oil and get its money back. The people stuck by Hisgen again, and he expanded his business throughout New England and is still expanding it, to the great grief of the Octopus.

Naturally, Hisgen got into politics. He was a Democrat, and two years ago he was nominated for State Auditor by the Democrats and ran well ahead of his ticket. Last year he was offered the Democratic nomination for Lieutenant-Governor, Henry M. Whitney, the Brookline millionaire, being the candidate for Governor. Hisgen said he thought Whitney was a part of the Octopus and refused, and Hearst grabbed him and named him for Governor on the Independence League ticket. Hisgen told his story up and down the State. He ran far ahead of Whitney and next to Guild, the Republican, and was the logical candidate for President when Mr. Hearst wanted one for his party—next to Mr. Hearst, of course, who wouldn't run.

Hisgen is a stocky, smooth-shaven, tow-headed, two-hundred-pound man, who has a great faculty for making friends, and who never lets a day go by without handing the Standard Oil Company a few wallops just to keep his hand in. He sent President Roosevelt a great deal of information about Octopus methods during the beginning of the Government's crusade against the Standard.

The Octopus deprecates Hisgen. Ask anybody at Twenty-six Broadway and you will be told he is no gentleman. That is probably true. Any person who will arrange matters to cost the Standard money couldn't possibly be a gentleman. He is an enemy to progress and a pirate of commerce, or something like that, isn't he?

Lack of Versatility

WHEN James G. Blaine was Secretary of State and Lord Pauncefote was Minister from England—that was before the ambassadorial days—there was a delicate question in discussion between the two countries.

Mr. Blaine had the worst of the argument, and he decided to try a good American bluff on Lord Pauncefote. On the day set for a final interview, before Lord Pauncefote arrived at the State Department, Mr. Blaine had a clerk place about twenty lawbooks in a pile on his desk.

Pauncefote came in. They discussed the question. Mr. Blaine, apparently, grew very angry and delivered himself vehemently, with many gestures. At the climax of his remarks he shouted: "No! No! No!" threw his arm around and knocked the lawbooks to the floor, where they fell with a great crash. Lord Pauncefote, a gentle soul, was alarmed and rushed home to cable to his country of the tremendous anger of the United States over the proposition. He advised abeyance, which was what Blaine wanted.

Later, Mr. Blaine had to have a conference with Minister Mendoza, the Brazilian. The lawbook bluff had worked so well that he determined to try it on Mendoza. The Brazilian came. The discussion grew animated. Suddenly Blaine rose, shouted "No!" and swept the lawbooks to the floor.

Mendoza sat undisturbed. Blaine looked at him curiously. "Ah, Mr. Secretary," said Mendoza, "that is not worthy of your versatility. You should have thrown over a wardrobe for me. You worked the books on Pauncefote, you know."

Pauncefote had told.

The Hall of Fame

¶ Joseph Pulitzer, owner of the New York World, has built a new sea-going yacht which he calls The Liberty.

¶ Pomeroy Burton, who is at the head of Lord Northcliff's (the Harmsworth) publications in London, was born in Youngstown, Ohio.

¶ R. B. Hawley, one of the very few men who have been elected to Congress, as Republicans, from Texas, is now a large sugar planter in Cuba.

¶ The story that Representative James S. Davenport, of Oklahoma, ordered a stack of Washington telephone directories sent to his constituents, under the impression that they were public documents, is officially branded a canard.

SINCERITY TALKS
by Richard Hackett

THE CLOTHING CAMPAIGN

OUR platform is that the clothes should be made to fit the *man* and not the man the *clothes*.

The woods are full of candidates in the clothing campaign and after the fall clothing election most of them will continue to seek the tall timber.

It looks like a *landslide* for Sincerity Clothes.

We are for *woman's suffrage* on the clothes question. The man usually knows the style that is correct, and he knows when a pattern pleases him. This makes it *easy* for salesman. Then a man is always in a hurry when he buys his suit or overcoat. He wants to get back to work and make money. The woman takes her time in selecting goods because she has to *save* money, which is another way of making it.

Let your wife buy the fall suits and overcoats for your college boy, if you like, and she will get Sincerity Clothes.

Let her help you pick out your own suit or overcoat and she will vote for Sincerity Clothes.

This is a demonstrable fact.

A woman is just as jealous of the looks of her son or husband as she is of her own looks. She does not judge the appearance of her son or husband by the looks of other men; she judges other men by *them*. That's normal, natural and womanly.

And when she judges the goods she judges them by themselves.

Once she knows how Sincerity fabrics are shrunk and re-shrunk, are inspected and re-inspected, how even the canvas linings are shrunk and are cut by the same patterns as the outer fabric, how the hair cloth and the narrow tape that is so important to the interior excellence of a garment are shrunk so that they will never *give* or *take;* and once she knows the pains-taking, patient, precisely perfect way in which stitch after stitch and seam after seam is made *exactly* right—she will accept your judgment as to style and vote for Sincerity Clothes.

The best dressed nations are the most enlightened and progressive. Americans wear better clothing than anybody else. We hope to see the day when every American will wear Sincerity clothes. A big h pe, that, but out of big hopes come great realizations.

Think of this: We go on record time over time in our advertisements as to our abiding faith in our work. There hasn't been any *panic* in the Sincerity market. Think it over.

We wish every woman who reads this advertisement would drop us a postal and ask for our fall style book. We think every man should.

KUH, NATHAN & FISCHER CO.
Chicago

Our label in every garment is your guaranty

"Winsom"—An exclusive Sincerity style.

Sense and Nonsense

An Irish Elephant

A CIRCUS was in a small town where there was a large pond near the circus grounds. The keeper thought that it was a good chance to wash the elephant, but, while the animal was in the pond, his attention was distracted by something and the animal escaped.

In his search for it the keeper came across an old Irishman in the field.

"Hey!" cried the keeper, "did you see anything of an elephant?"

"No," says Pat, "but I saw a India-rubber baste eatin' carrots with his tail."

Reconsidered Confessions

One day when it was awful hot and we were coming back
From swimming, a big storm came up; the sky was awful black;
The great big oak trees swished and bent because the wind blew so,
And Billy Brink says he's afraid the world would end, you know.
It lightninged awful sharp and bright, and once it struck a tree
And split the bark right down the trunk, so close that we could see;
And we were half a mile from home and Billy Brink said then—
He's awful scared—we'd never see the folks at home again!

And then the rain came pouring down, and all the while it poured
It lightninged sharper than before, and then the thunder roared;
And Billy, he shook hands with me and said, if I was spared
And he was struck, to tell his folks he wasn't very scared;
Then Henry Potts he said that it was him that threw the stone
That broke the schoolhouse window and was blamed on Jimmy Doan,
And which the teacher whipped him for; and said he wished he knew
That Jimmy would forgive him and that I should ask him to.

And Eddie Blake 'most whispered then and said the way he won
The prize for spelling all the words was that, just all in fun,
He had them written on his sleeve, all copied from the book,
And when examination came he couldn't help but look;
And Tommy Gibbs thought awful hard and said that one time he
Had read a story-book in school behind his geog'aphy,
And always wanted to confess, but somehow when he made
His mind up to, the teacher's cross, and then he was afraid!

And after while the wind went down and then the sunlight shone;
So Henry Potts he said perhaps he'd better tell Jim Doan
About the broken glass himself, because if I should tell
He was afraid that I would not explain it quite as well;
And Eddie Blake said he would tell the teacher all about
The spelling prize, because he thought she'd better find it out
Direct from him; and Tommy Gibbs said now he's safe he'd see
The teacher, too, and never mind about the geog'aphy. —*J. W. Foley.*

What the Nice Gentleman Said

A CERTAIN lady in Philadelphia took her five-year-old son to a photographer. The little fellow could not be kept still. The camera man was pleasant and considerate as he could be, called the child all the sweet, endearing names he could think of, while using every device of gentle persuasion to make the wiggler keep quiet. Finally he turned to the mother, who by this time was almost in despair, and said: "Now, madam, if you will leave your darling with me just a minute or so I think I can take his beautiful face to perfection."

The mother withdrew for a short time. Soon the photographer summoned her and exhibited a successful negative.

"New Process" Gillette Blades

"New Process" GILLETTE blades will be on sale at all dealers after September 1, 1908.

These blades have been perfected after four years of research and experiment, and are the finest blades ever produced by anyone.

They are made by newly-invented automatic machines which make all blades exactly alike in their remarkable keenness, durability and all desirable shaving qualities.

With these blades you get the most delightful shaves you ever had, no matter how pleasant your previous experience with the GILLETTE has been, ***without stropping or honing.***

"New Process" blades have a high polish, rendering them easily cleaned and practically immune from rust. Twelve blades comprise a set and come packed in a handsome metal box. It is nickel-plated and seals itself hermetically every time it is closed. It is absolutely damp-proof in any climate, land or sea,—entirely sanitary and convenient. When empty it forms a convenient waterproof matchsafe. Retail price, ONE DOLLAR PER SET OF TWELVE BLADES.

If your shaving is accomplished in some other way, it cannot be so satisfactory as the "Gillette Way," and you will find it worth while to adopt the Gillette Razor with "New Process" blades instead.

Standard set consisting of triple silver-plated razor, 12 "New Process" blades in leather, velvet-lined case, $5.00. Combination sets containing shaving accessories ranging in price from $6.50 to $50.00.

At all hardware, cutlery, jewelry and sporting goods dealers.

GILLETTE SALES COMPANY

NEW YORK 206 Times Bldg. BOSTON 206 Kimball Bldg. CHICAGO 206 Stock Exchange Bldg.

Gillette Safety Razor
NO STROPPING NO HONING

Children's Outfitting

We transact the largest children's wear trade in the country. We are specialists in juvenile attire—make nothing else, sell nothing else. Outfitting exclusively for the young we offer—broadest assortments, finest materials, perfect adaptation of styles, original fashions of our own designing. We are the acknowledged leaders in everything for the complete outfitting of boys, girls and infants.

Illustrated Catalogue

describing the new fall and winter fashions in children's dresses, suits, hats, shoes, underwear and furnishings, and listing over 20,000 items, mailed upon receipt of 4 cts. (stamps) to cover postage

Long Distance Shopping

is simplified by our Mail Order System in charge of competent people. Distant buyers receive the same careful attention as those shopping in person. Our broad guarantee assures satisfaction to every customer

BEST & Co
LILIPUTIAN BAZAAR

Fine Piqué Dress

Box plaited with insertions of embroidery on each plait. Sizes 2 and 3 years $2.25

Address Dept. 13, 60-62 West 23d St., NEW YORK

Die in open air, seeking water

Rats and mice leave choicest food and grain for it. Dry, clean; never leaves a mark.

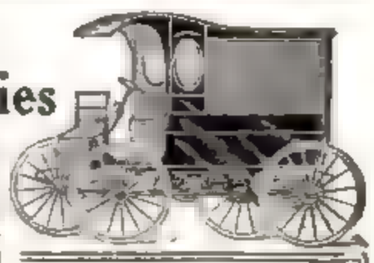
Rat Bis-Kit

No mixing. Ready for use

All Druggists—15 cts. a box. If yours hasn't it send us 25 cents for one box or 60 cents for three boxes, delivered prepaid

THE RAY BISCUIT CO

Quick Deliveries



mean money saved and satisfied customers. One Kiblinger will do quicker work than 3 horses and wagons—always ready—no laying up—go anywhere—reliable in all weather.

Kiblinger Motor Wagons

climb hills easier than horses—go through mud, snow or sand—16-horse-power—30 miles on one gallon of gasoline—low first cost—cheap to keep. Wagons and buggies etc. of all styles. Write us for catalog and book of facts.

W. H. KIBLINGER CO. Factory No. 52 Auburn Ind.

When they reached home the mother asked: "Harold, what did that nice gentleman say to you when I left you alone with him?"

"Well, he said," lisped Harold, "'If you don't thit still, you ugly, squint-eyed monkey, I'll thake the life out of your trembling carcath.' Then I that perfectly still, Mamma!"

Perseverance Jim

Misfortune seemed a-laying to ketch Jim Brown:
No matter how he dodged her she allers run him down.
The day he was born his mammy lost her life;
His daddy went to pieces a-thinkin' of his wife.
When Jim turned nine his daddy passed away;
The county had to take him the very next day.
When folks begun consolin', he says, the little cuss:
"It looks mighty bad, but it
Might
Be
Wuss!"

Ever git to notice how trouble's like the rain?
You think it's almost over—an' here she comes again!
He married Nell Luce—she up an' run away,
His barn burned down the very next day.
Jim worked along, but, the mortgage comin' due.
He didn't have the money—so he had to lose that, too.
But what did he say when his friends began to fuss?
"It looks mighty bad, but it
Might
Be
Wuss'"

Jim got a job on Silas Peters' place;
Si was so sharp he could cut you with his face.
He paid Jim in land where you couldn't graze a hoss,
And the ground was so rocky that you had to fly across.
Jim didn't kick; he tried to work the land.
But what wasn't rocks, why, it turned out to be sand.
We dropped down to Si's - Si grinned and says to us:
"It looks mighty rocky, but it
Might
Be
Wuss'"

Jim dug a well, an' it made ol' Peters boil—
For, durn my pertaters, if he didn't strike oil!
Then Jim turned round and he sold the land to Si—
Ten thousand dollars—and the well run dry!
Jim just smiled when Si begun to blaze,
And says: "Mr. Peters, it's perseverance pays.
The well's run dry, and the land ain't worth a cuss;
It looks mighty rocky, but it
Might
Be
Wuss'"

Trouble keeps a-trailin' the feller that's down;
She ain't satisfied till she's done him good and brown
But keep on a-workin'; don't holler till you're out—
And then don't you holler, for likely there's a doubt.
You'd never know Jim to see him nowadays.
Durn me, ain't it funny how perseverance pays?
Just workin' on and sayin', when things are in a muss,
"It looks mighty bad, but it
Might
Be
Wuss."

—Herman Da Costa

Poor Richard Junior's Philosophy

¶ Faint heart ne'er escaped fair lady.

¶ He who puts on airs only takes off dignity.

¶ Scandal travels fast, but a good deed goes without saying.

¶ If mankind depended on the milk of human kindness, half of us would starve.

¶ A soft answer turneth away wrath—sometimes. At other times it inviteth a licking.

The Fall Models
IN
Michaels-Stern Fine Clothing

are ready to be shown by the leading Clothiers in nearly every City in the United States.

$12 to $35
Suits and Overcoats

Write for booklet "Men's Styles from Life" giving Models, Correct Dress for Fall and Winter and Timely Hints on Clothing Buying

MICHAELS, STERN & CO.
Manufacturers
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Look for this Label

Buy a suit of Michaels Stern Fine Clothing and Identify it

Have an Even Heat All Winter—

—It means HEALTH
—It saves COAL
—It saves Time and Worry

Gas a thermatic regulator will actually keep your house at an even heat winter or summer the year round—at zero or above. You can easily attach it to any furnace, steam or hot water boiler. It goes in your fire-walls in any way.

You set the thermostat at the degree you want the heat for the day. Then all you've got to do is forget it—and forget it. It positively keeps an even temperature without variation. That means health.

At night fix the "Time Set," close the dampers—the "Time Set" will automatically open them at any desired time in the morning. No getting up early to make fire and warm up.

30 Days' FREE TRIAL 60 Days to Pay

Great Saving on Coal Bills

and will more than pay for itself in a short time. Prove this for yourself. We send it on 30 days' Free Trial. If you are not entirely satisfied, send it right back. Then keep it 60 days or take advantage of the 60 days' to pay.

Full instructions and illustrations in our free booklet explain how anyone can install it. Send for it today if you keep house.

"The Chicago" Heat Regulator Co.
Dept. 1, 40 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.
Or, Otterville Mfg. Co., Canadian Agts., Otterville, Ontario

REX FLINTKOTE ROOFING IS REX FLINTKOTE ROOFING
No Other Roofing is the Same

REX Flintkote Roofing is never sold under any other name, and no roofing sold under another name is the same as REX Flintkote Roofing. If there are other roofings that *look* like REX, their resemblance is only surface deep. The quality of REX Flintkote Roofing goes all through. Its body is high grade, long-fibre wool felt, heavy, dense and durable; the saturation or water proofing is slowly worked in until the body is thoroughly impregnated with it—REX saturation will never dry out; the coating is of special rubbery, gummy compounds that unite with the body and the saturation, and present a surface that is absolutely weather-proof, fire-resisting, and that will not crack in cold weather, nor blister, peel, scale or melt in hot weather.

The Boy trademark which appears on every roll of REX Flintkote Roofing is a guarantee with something back of it. Look for it when buying—take no roll that does not show it. If it isn't there the roofing is not REX, no matter what it may *look* like.

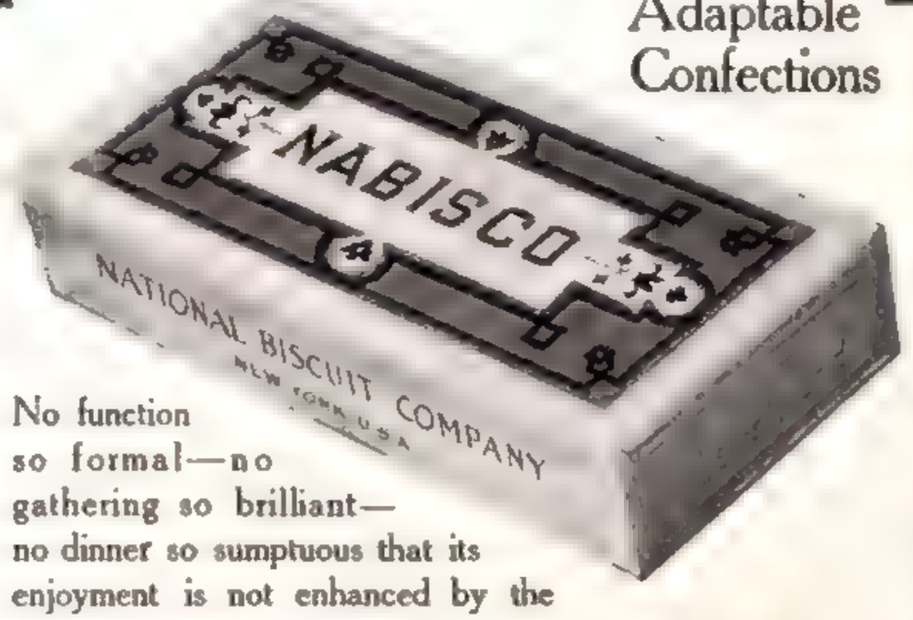
In REX Flintkote you get a roofing that will give you more kinds of protection than any other, a roofing that will last and a roofing that can be had easily and cheaply. Furthermore, you get a roofing that is guaranteed by a house of known standing, a house that for 71 years has stood for honest goods and honest dealing—for quality and at a fair price.

Write for Book and Samples

The book will tell you all about REX Flintkote Roofing and give photographs of buildings [illegible] what REX Roofing really is and enable you to test its properties. Write us to-day.

J. A. & W. BIRD & CO., 43 India Street, Boston, Mass.
AGENTS EVERYWHERE

Adaptable Confections



No function so formal—no gathering so brilliant—no dinner so sumptuous that its enjoyment is not enhanced by the delicate dessert confection.

NABISCO
SUGAR WAFERS

In ten cent tins
Also in twenty-five cent tins

Festino
Another dessert confection in the form of an almond enclosing a kernel of delicious cream.

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

ARROW COLLARS VALDORA POKELEY 4 DONARA CANTAB A

Collars may be right when you buy them, but they will always be right if they are

ARROW

Clupeco Shrunk, Quarter Size

COLLARS

15 cents each—2 for 25 cents

Sold only under the ARROW label.
"Proper Dress," a style book, sent on request.

CLUETT, PEABODY & CO., 459 River St., Troy, N. Y.

ARROW COLLARS: LUSITANIA ADDISON ALTEO AMOLEK

The shirt you wear may be good. You may be quite sure it is if it is a

Cluett

SHIRT

$1.50 and more

Sold only under the CLUETT label. An interesting booklet, "Today's Shirt," sent free.

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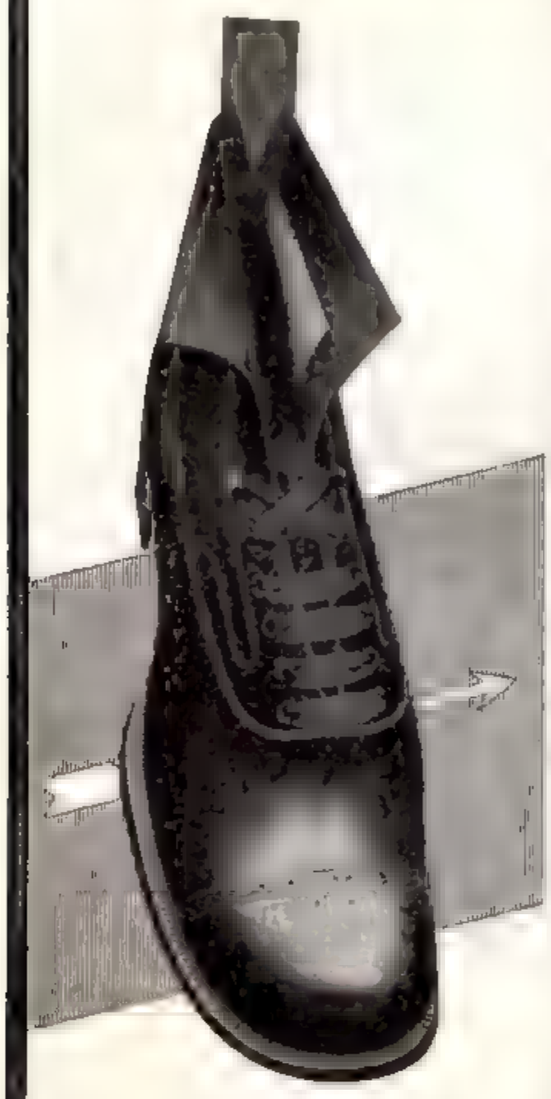
The one shoe
for the man who walks one mile or ten a day—

For the man who stands one hour or ten a day.



THE
STETSON
Corndodger

is the embodiment of foot comfort. It does not cramp a single muscle; it doesn't rub a single joint.

It just gives *comfort—comfort* every minute it's worn.

You can see the Corndodger—try it on and buy it only if you like it at any shoe store displaying

The Red Diamond Sign

THE STETSON SHOE

HOW TO BUY CUT GLASS

What to Look for and What to Avoid

By RICHARD H. KELLER

WHILE we most of us appreciate the beauties of cut glass, it seems to possess a special fascination for women. This may be due to the fact that it probably shows up to the best advantage when displayed with silver and china and dainty napery. To distinguish the good from the bad, aid in its intelligent selection and give a comprehensive resumé of the process of manufacture in simple language will be the scope of the present article.

The brilliancy and sparkle of all cut glass are due to the cuttings with which it is embellished. Like a diamond in the rough, there is very little to it before the cutting. The glass itself is ordinary lead glass. The cheap pressed-glass tumblers and table glassware that one finds in the shops, yellowish in color and yielding a clink rather than a ring when struck, are made of glass with a large proportion of lime in it, known in the trade as lime glass. This cannot be used for cutting because of its poor color, hardness and unsusceptibility to polish. In fine table glassware the glass employed is made with a large proportion of lead in its composition, is known as lead glass, takes a high polish, is softer than the lime glass and, therefore, more easily cut. When struck it emits a ringing tone. This is the glass used by glass-cutters.

The Raw Material

While American manufacturers have for some years been awarded the palm in glass-cutting, there are less than half a dozen who make their own glass. All the others, and they are many, buy the various pieces in the rough—blanks, as they are termed—from the glass-houses which make a specialty of their production. On these blanks the cutter then proceeds to put the embellishment which makes it the thing of beauty that tempts those who see it.

Blanks, as they reach the cutter, are in the many shapes decreed by fashion or demanded by buyers. Bowls, pitchers, tumblers, celery trays, nappies, bonbon dishes, vases and sugars and creams are the staples. Water bottles, until a year or so ago, came into this class, but the steadily decreasing price of pitchers has relegated the carafe to the background. After all, a carafe can be used only for water, while a pitcher serves equally well for water, lemonade, claret cup or iced tea. Imported blanks are still used in large quantities, and up to a few years ago the foreign factories were supreme in certain items, notably decanters, pitchers and vases. Today the American manufacturer gives imported blanks a close rub on at least two of the items, thanks to a duty of 45 per cent. on rough blanks and 60 per cent. on blanks which have had labor of any kind put on them, as, for example, a decanter on which the neck flutes have been cut.

In the Rough Stage

Let us take a blank from which an eight-inch berry bowl is to be cut. It reaches the cutter as a thick, heavy bowl, the rim rough and splintery, just as it has been cracked off at the glass-house, and it weighs about five pounds. An operative takes the bowl and holds its splintered rim against a revolving iron disk covered with wet sand, giving a rotary motion to the bowl at the same time. For the few seconds that the sand grains adhere to the iron they bite away the glass, and in a very few minutes this sand, renewed constantly from a convenient hopper overhead, has squared up the rim of the bowl in readiness for the next operation. This consists of marking on the outside of the bowl with a small brush and pen-compass and a mixture of red lead, turpentine and rosin the main lines of the pattern to be cut thereon. These markings hang on tenaciously through all the successive processes and require finally to be removed with pumice where, as guide marks, they may not have been removed by the cutting wheels.

Now comes the first stage of the actual cutting. The operative's tool is an iron disk three-eighths of an inch thick and anywhere from five inches to two feet in diameter. Through the centre of this disk runs a two-foot spindle, its pointed ends supported by wooden blocks which are part of a frame in which rests a trough. In operation the spindle is belted to the shafting, and the iron disk, or "wheel," revolves in front of the operative like a very thin grindstone, the motion being toward him.

Above the frame hangs a big hopper filled with sand and water, and from a small orifice at the bottom trickles a tiny stream. This, by means of a metal guide, is made to fall directly on the edge of the wheel, half-way between the top and the side toward the workman. When the disk was first received by the cutter it was nothing more nor less than a circle of boiler iron, threaded in the centre for a spindle. Before it was put into the frame the workman put in the spindle and then put the whole thing in a lathe. With a triangular piece of steel, while it slowly turned, he took off a shaving of iron from both sides of the disk's square edge until this assumed a proper mitre or V shape. It was then ready to cut with.

The tiny stream of wet sand strikes the point of the V in operation and adheres for a few seconds before the centrifugal action is strong enough to throw it off. For the few moments that the sand grains adhere to the soft iron and rush past the glass held against it they bite and grind into the glass. The operative holds the bowl firmly with both hands and presses it against the sand-covered V-shaped edge, meanwhile moving it slowly along the mark; there is, in a very few minutes, a deep V-shaped groove where the red line once was.

The entire pattern, with the exception of the finer "filling in," is now gone over in the same manner. Where the cuts are long and comparatively straight, wheels of large diameter are used. Where there are sharp turns it is necessary to use the smaller wheels, and it is usual to lay out a pattern which can be produced with as few wheel changes as possible, since each change of wheels in the cutting of an article means extra time and labor and an increased cost.

The Finer Details of Pattern

Our bowl now bears what looks like a rough and sketchy pattern deeply cut into it, though quite a large portion of the surface is still untouched and bears only cabalistic markings in red. The V-shaped cuts which have been made are splintery of edge and white, the two surfaces looking exactly like the ground glass that they are, and anything but beautiful. It now goes to an employee with practically the same appliances except that, instead of an iron wheel and sand, he uses a small wheel of close-grained stone or carborundum composition. While a trifle thicker than the iron wheels, its edge is also mitred and the mitre fits into the grooves already made and proceeds to grind away the rough surface left by the sand.

The rim of the stone wheel is kept constantly wet with water, and presently, instead of a scratchy cut in the glass, we have a clean, smooth groove, light gray in color. Every one of the sand cuts is gone over by the wet stone in the same manner, every portion of the sand-made cuts being carefully smoothed. When this is done the same workman, with the same wheel, puts in the finer details of the pattern, such as crossbars, checkering, small fans, etc. These do not require to be cut in as deeply as the main cuts, hence the stone wheel only is used and the workman is guided by the red markings.

It is this smoothing process just described which decides whether the article shall be full of life and sparkle or be a commonplace thing of no special merit. Cut glass, looked at from the outside of the article, has comparatively little silver or sparkle compared to the brilliancy which it exhibits when looked at from the inside. This is due to the fact that it owes its silver tints to refraction and that the

See the sole plan

Note the room the toes have—each one placed as nature intended.

The Corndodger dodges the corns till the corns disappear.

The Corndodger is but one of a full line of Fall and Winter Stetsons, suitable for every occasion. They're carried by your local dealer.

It will pay you to look up the line to-day.

Write for our new book, "The Right to Know." Every man should have a copy. It turns the X-ray on shoemaking. It tells why some shoes are better than others. It tells why they cost more to make, look better and wear longer. It illustrates twelve attractive Stetson models that sell for $5.50 to $9.00 the pair.

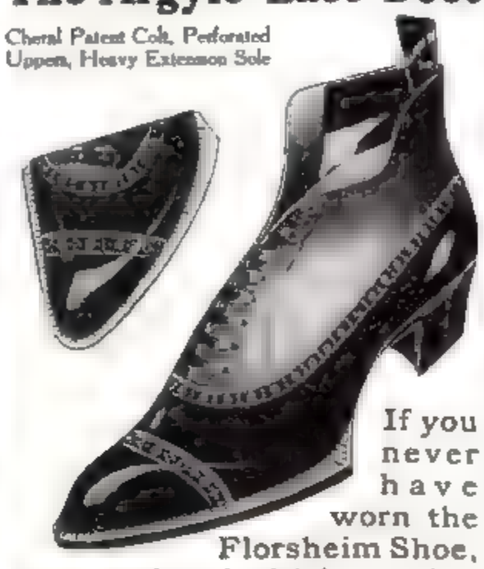
We will send it to you FREE

THE STETSON SHOE CO.
Dept. C
South Weymouth, Mass.
New York Shop, 7 Cortlandt Street

The Florsheim SHOE

The Argyle Lace Boot

Choral Patent Colt, Perforated Uppers, Heavy Extension Sole



If you never have worn the Florsheim Shoe, get acquainted with its merits.

Whether you consider style first—or comfort—or service—the Florsheim Shoe will meet each and every requirement.

Florsheim "natural shaped" lasts mean utmost comfort while Florsheim style is the kind that leads and never follows. Most styles $5 and $6.

Write for style book

The Florsheim Shoe Co.
Chicago, U. S. A.

Under The Hood That's Sealed

MOBILOIL insures the highest scores in exacting tests where the performance of the engine depends on the quality of the oil. It is a friction-proof, *trouble* proof oil, and can be relied upon under every condition.

VACUUM
MOBILOIL

is made in various grades—a special grade for every make of engine. It won't cause fouling of spark plugs and valves. Lubricates most at minimum feed.

Write for free booklet, telling the grade for your car. An invaluable book for motorists.

MOBILOIL, in barrels, and in cans with patent pouring-spout, is sold by all dealers.

Manufactured by

VACUUM OIL COMPANY
Rochester, N. Y.

GOKEY'S HAND MADE
STORM SHOE

Sporting and Surveyor's Boots

If you want a good waterproof storm shoe get Gokey's

Write for "Gokey's Shoe Book"

WM. N. GOKEY SHOE CO.
10th Street
Jamestown, N. Y.

pattern on all open pieces has been designed to show its greatest beauties only when looked at from the inside.

Looked at in this way, every cut of the correct mitre—that is, having its two sides at the proper angle—looks like nothing so much as a silver streak. The same effect is obtained by having the angles correct in any of the standard designs, such as the Russian, the Dutch diamond, strawberry, diamond and fan, chair bottom, checkers and crossbars, split star, hob star, spinning star, chrysanthemum, etc., and all their variations. Due attention to the angles gives the brilliancy and the silver. Without these it may be cut glass, truly, but perhaps not the equal in value or artistic worth of the honest piece of pressed glassware, made of equally good glass and in some of the plain patterns which do not ape the cut designs. With the mitre on his stone too flat, the operative may work ever so conscientiously to smooth out the sand cuts, but the result is a disappointment.

After the smoothing comes the final operation of polishing the glass, or, more properly, the cuts in it, since that portion of the glass which has not been touched by the wheels requires but little going over. Not so very many years ago every piece of cut glass was hand-polished—that is, every single one of the cuts was carefully gone over with mitre-edged wooden wheels, these being properly anointed with various polishing substances. In this way a fine polish was given to the gray surfaces of the cuts as the smoothing wheel left them. It was laborious and expensive and had its drawbacks. Occasionally one still hears a lament because hand-polishing is practically a thing of the past, coupled with panegyrics about the beautiful qualities of hand-polished glass as compared with the modern acid polish.

Triumphs of Modern Science

As a matter of fact, modern acid-polished glass is far superior to the old hand-polished product. With hand-polishing there is always more or less effacement of the angles as left by the smoothing wheel, since a wooden wheel cannot hold an angle for any length of time. Its tendency is to flatten out, and with the flattening of the mitre comes the inevitable loss in brilliancy. A careful and first-class workman can produce a result the equal of the acid polish, but no better; and the cost is always considerably more. Very few indeed are the pieces which to-day are polished by hand.

The first stage of the polishing process is to go over the article, where necessary, with flat-edged wooden wheels, removing surface blemishes, and with mitre-edged wooden wheels where the cuts need it. A rapidly revolving brush liberally coated with pumice takes off such of the red markings as may still be in evidence. The article is now washed clean, dried, and in the case of the bowl has its interior covered with paraffin wax.

This latter is done to protect the inner surface, already highly polished, from the acid into which it is about to be dipped. The same thing is done with any portion of any article where it is desired that it shall resist the acid.

When the wax has hardened the bowl is placed in a leaden support and completely immersed in a leaden tank filled with a mixture of warm hydrofluoric and sulphuric acids. The exact length of the immersion is a matter of experience, and depends upon the quality of the glass and the number of pieces already dipped in the acid, which grows weak with use. Usually it is a matter of seconds only. The bowl, as it comes out of its acid bath, is snow-white in color, being covered with a silicate due to the action of the acids. It is immediately rinsed in warm water to take off the acid and to remove the deposit, and is then put in a tank of warm water to loosen the paraffin coating. From this bath it emerges bright and sparkling. The cuts which looked like ground glass are now as bright as any portion of the surface, and, if the acid has been properly mixed and the article was clean when it went in the acid bath, there is now but little left to do. Sometimes an article will require to be dipped several times, but the cheap product is dipped only once and goes to the consumer direct from the acid.

In the better grades the article, having gone through the acid room, goes once again to the polisher with his wooden

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Edward Howard made the *first American watch*, changed the methods and revolutionized the watch industry of the world. Foreign watches are made today with *American Tools*, invented by Howard in 1842. Years ago it was the thing for each fashionable jeweler to recommend a special watch of his own *(usually made for him in Switzerland)*. Today when a jeweler talks his own "special watch" you suspect a special reason for his doing so.

A HOWARD WATCH is always worth what you pay for it. The price of each watch—from the 17-jewel in a fine gold-filled case (guaranteed for 25 years) at $35; to the 23-jewel in a 14-K solid gold case at $150—is fixed at the factory, and a printed ticket attached.

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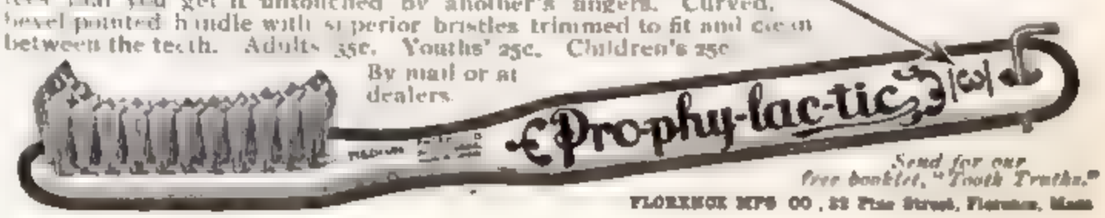

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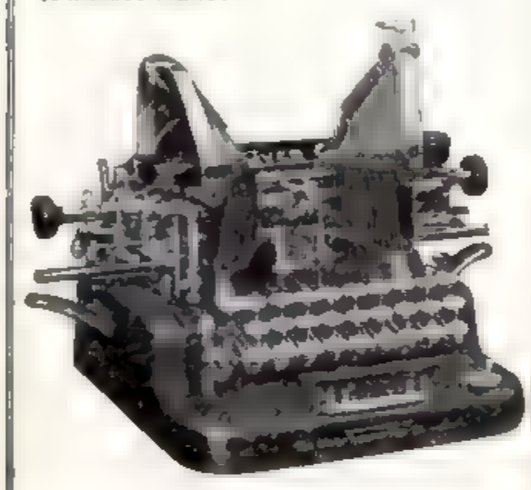

Save Your Pennies and Own an Oliver

This "*17-Cents-a-Day*" selling plan makes the Oliver as easy to *own* as to *rent*. It places the machine within easy reach of every *home*—every *individual*. A man's "cigar money"—a woman's "pin money"—will buy it.

Clerks on small salaries can now afford to own Olivers. By utilizing spare moments for practice they may fit themselves for more important positions

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You can buy an Oliver on this plan at the regular catalog price—$100. A small first payment brings the machine. Then you save 17 cents a day and pay monthly.

And the possession of an Oliver Typewriter enables you to *earn money to finish paying for the machine*.

Mechanical Advantages

The Oliver is the most highly perfected typewriter on the market—hence its *100 per cent efficiency*.

Among its scores of conveniences are:

- the Balance Shift
- the Ruling Device
- the Double Release
- the Locomotive Base
- the Automatic Spacer
- the Automatic Tabulator
- the Disappearing Indicator
- the Adjustable Paper Fingers
- the Scientific Condensed Keyboard

Service Possibilities

The Oliver Typewriter turns out more work—of better quality and greater variety—than any other writing machine. Simplicity, strength, ease of operation and visibility are the corner stones of its towering supremacy in

- Correspondence
- Card Index Work
- Tabulated Reports
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- Working on Ruled Forms
- Cutting Mimeograph Stencils

Can you spend 17 Cents a Day to better advantage than in the purchase of this wonderful machine?

Write for Special Easy Payment Proposition or see the nearest Oliver Agent

The Oliver Typewriter Co.

43 Oliver Building, Chicago

wheels, but this time he uses wheels of hard and soft felt as well, and putty powder, which will polish a glass surface as nothing else will. When he finally finishes with it this time it is ready to take its place in any market with honor to itself and to the manufacturer.

On cheap cut glass there is practically no finish worth the name. Take up one of the very cheap pieces and look into any of the deep mitre cuts from the outside. You will see a streaky, oily-looking film on the sides of the cut, instead of clean, silver sides. Examine the uncut portions of the surface and you will find what seem to be blisters and finger-marks, except that they will not rub off. These are due to poor and unskillful acid polishing. Now look at the different meeting points of the lines and angles composing the design and the rays of the stars, if there be any in the pattern. Do they meet? Or does one line run too far in one case and is there an open space between the two lines that should make a star-point in the other? If there is chair-bottom work in the pattern are the angles true? If the pattern is the strawberry, diamond and fan design, which has held its popularity for years and deserves it, see if the strawberries are properly cut and evenly cleft

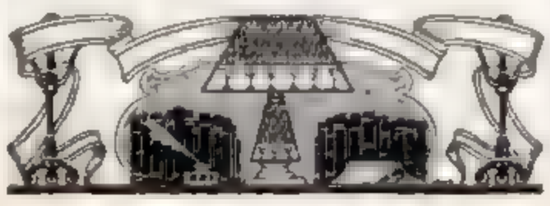
It is by these signs that you will know the good workman and the quality factory. Do not buy as a piece of cut glass an article which is simply a piece of glass that has been cut. Some of the ware in the shops to-day, while it is cut glass truly enough, has about as much brilliancy as a piece of putty. It is just about as valuable.

Why Good Cut Glass is Cheaper

One of the bugbears which frighten the unsophisticated buyer is the fear of getting an article that has been half cut and half pressed. It is true that some years ago the market was full of small articles, such as cologne bottles, atomizers, puff-boxes, etc., with practically all the design moulded in originally and then the deeper and more prominent lines gone over with a smoothing wheel. These were imported, and have had their day. It would be a very careless buyer indeed who could be imposed upon by wares of this character in the present year of grace.

The ingenuity of the American glass manufacturer has, however, given us a new thing in the blanks on which cutters put their labor. To it is due to a great degree the fact that cut glass was never cheaper than at the present time. It consists in supplying the blank for a bowl, for example, with the main lines of some pattern previously decided upon, already deeply sunken or moulded into the surface. Since the blank is made in a mould, this is comparatively a simple matter. To the cutter it means that he can practically dispense altogether with the employee who put in the first heavy cuts with the sand, and as a matter of fact the average moulded blank goes direct into the hands of the workman with the stone wheel, who treats it in all respects as if it had come to him in the old manner. A slight defect of these moulded blanks exists in the fact that the inner surfaces of bowls, nappies, celery trays, etc., are not quite as even as are those of the plain blanks.

This unevenness is readily perceptible to the fingers. An advantage offsetting this defect in a degree is possessed by the moulded blank in that the cutting is usually deeper and is necessarily more brilliant. None of the indentations in a moulded blank as it comes from the glass factory is ever good enough to deceive any one at all familiar with cut glass. It is necessary that the cutter grinds into each groove with his stone wheel, just the same The product is, perhaps, more machine-like in its regularity of design, but it is good, nevertheless. When the moulded blanks were first put on the market the cutters viewed them with great suspicion. To-day they are employing moulded blanks for footed punch-bowls fourteen inches in diameter—the most ambitious piece made by the average manufacturer.



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BHS

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1. Of our own authorized OSTERMOOR dealer in your locality.

2. Where we have no dealer, we sell by mail at the same price as charged by the dealer, express charges paid in advance by us.

So, you see, there is no excuse for you not getting the genuine if you ***really*** want it.

And if you are reading this advertisement and want a mattress you must be willing at least to try the OSTERMOOR.

For, if you sleep on it 30 nights and don't believe it the best bed ever made in comfort, cleanliness and economy, you can get your money back—and ***quick***.

It is always the most wide-awake merchant in every place who holds the OSTERMOOR agency—he knows a good article and realizes the power of good advertising backed by an article of merit

When you ask a dealer for an OSTERMOOR and he says he does not sell it—it means, nine times out of ten, that his competitor around the corner or across the street secured the agency before he woke up.

Consequently, he will abuse it and offer another "just as good"—and he is not to be blamed for this, ***if he can't get the OSTERMOOR.***

But, if you want the OSTERMOOR (which you know), you ***don't*** want the "just-as-good" (which you don't know)

Please remember for your good as well as ours that no OSTERMOOR is made, or ***ever was*** made, that does not bear the name OSTERMOOR and this trade-mark (in red and black) sewn on one end of the mattress—***if it does not appear that mattress is not an*** OSTERMOOR—no matter what the salesman says. Our name and guarantee have backed the OSTERMOOR for over fifty years—***who backs the "just-as-goods"?***

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It is built of clean springy OSTERMOOR-SHEETS, hand-laid in the tick and will hold its shape forever.

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If you want this book "The Test of Time" simply write your name on a postal and send to us—we will know what you mean. With it we will send the name of your OSTERMOOR dealer if one is near you—if not, you can buy by mail without a fear of disappointment. The Ostermoor Mattress costs $15., full size, weighing 45 lbs. Buy from your Ostermoor dealer, or, if he has none in stock, we will ship direct—express charges prepaid—same day your check is received by us

Don't delay—tomorrow never comes. Send the postal or tear off this coupon and mail it as soon as you can get to a stamp

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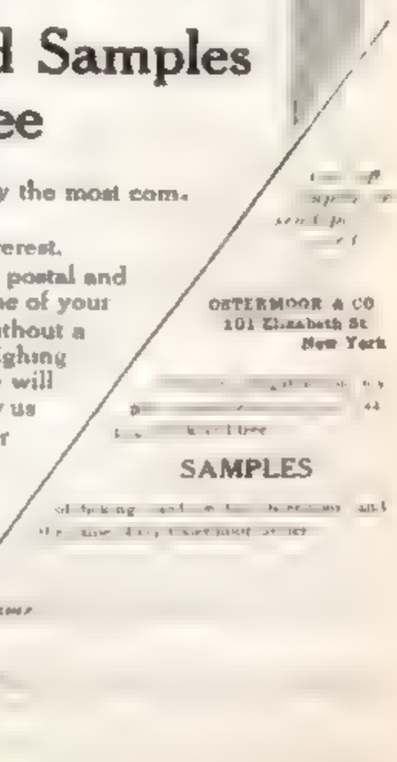

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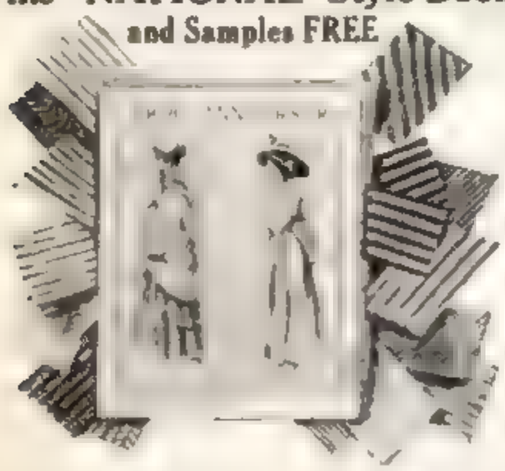

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AN AIR-LINE

(Continued from Page 7)

"Yes—God help us both!"

The silence was terrible

"It scarcely surprises me," murmured Miss Carryl with a steady smile. "I saw only your eyes before, but they seemed too beautiful for a boy's."

Then she bent her delicately-moulded head and studied the passport. The Messenger, still blushing, drew her hat firmly over her forehead and fastened a loosened braid. Presently she took up her bridle.

"I will ask Colonel Kay's protection for Waycross House," she said in a low voice. "I am so dreadfully sorry that this has happened."

"You need not be; I have only tried to do for my people what you are doing for yours—but I should be glad of a guard for Waycross. *His* grave is in the orchard there." And with a quiet inclination of the head she turned away into the oak-bordered avenue, walking slowly toward the house which, in a few moments, she must leave forever.

In the late sunshine her bees flashed by, seeking the fragrant home-hives; long, ruddy bars of sunlight lay across grass and tree-trunk; on the lawn the old servant still chopped at the unkempt grass, and the music of his sickle sounded pleasantly under the trees.

On these things the fair-haired Southern woman looked, and if her eye dimmed and her pale lip quivered there was nobody to see. And after a little while she went into the house, slowly, head held high, black skirt lifted, just clearing the threshold of her ancestors.

Then the Special Messenger, head hanging, wheeled her horse and rode slowly back to Osage Court House.

She passed the Colonel, who was dismounting just outside his tent, and saluted him without enthusiasm:

"The leak is stopped, sir. Miss Carryl is going to Sandy River; John Deal is on his way. They won't come back—and, Colonel, won't you give special orders that her house is not to be disturbed? She is an old school-friend."

The Colonel stared at her incredulously.

"I'm afraid you still have your doubts about that leak, sir."

"Yes, I have."

She dismounted wearily; an orderly took her horse, and without a word she and the Colonel entered the tent.

"They used bees for messengers," she said "that was the leak."

"Bees?"

"Honey bees, Colonel."

For a whole minute he was silent, then burst out:

"*Bees!* And if such a—an extraordinary performance were possible, how did you guess it?"

"Oh," she said patiently, "I used them that way when I was a little girl. Bees, like pigeons, go back to their homes. Look at these, sir! Here, in regular order, are the dispatches, each traced in cipher on a tiny roll of tissue. They were tied to the bees' thighs."

And she spread them out in order under his amazed eyes; and this is what he saw when she pieced them together for him:

EIO2W2 x I8W3卐NI7W3x
OII615W3 x ENI7I7I4I8I5O2
N x I7IE x I4O2I2x
N x HI5 x I02Ex
N x O x E x WNW3x
W x I8E3 x HN⊂x
L x I:卐O2 x W3I5W3NW2x

I4I2 x I8W3I7I4LI x NW3x
I5O2HI x O2I4EI3W3x
HNI7I7⊕W2

"That's all very well," he said, "but how about this hieroglyphic? Do you think anybody on earth is capable of reading such a thing?"

"Why not?"

"Can you?"

"All such ciphers are solved by the same method. . . . Yes, Colonel, I can read it very easily."

"Well, would you mind doing so?"

"Not in the slightest, sir. The key is extremely simple. I will show you." And she picked up pencil and paper and wrote in a vertical column the numbers from one to twenty.

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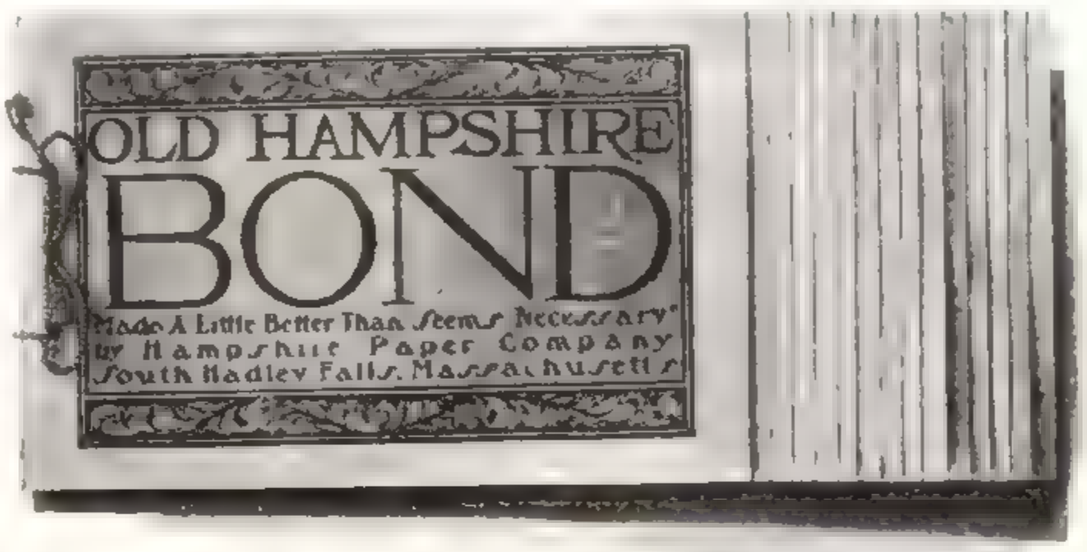

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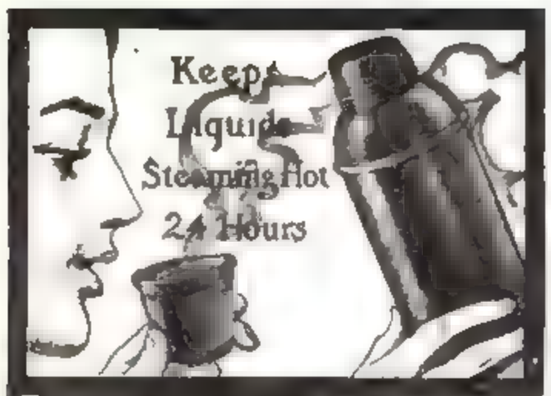

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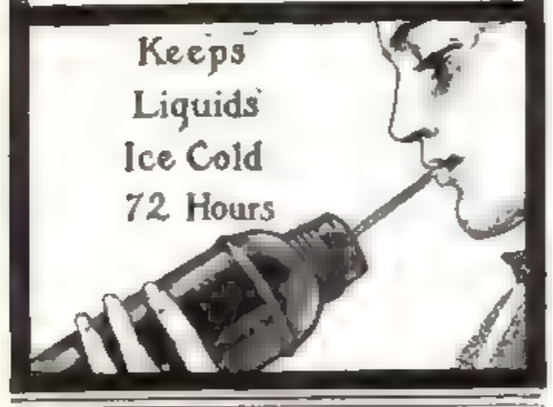

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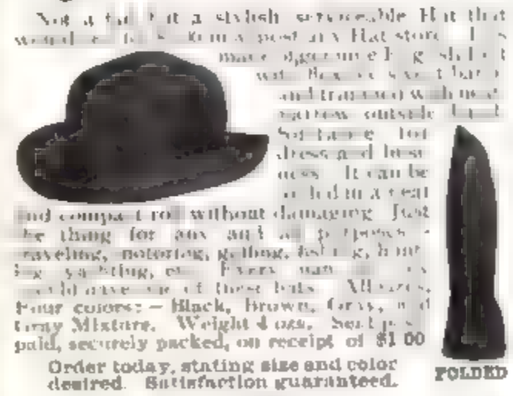

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"Now," she said, "taking the second letter in each word, we can parallel that column thus:

N equals the letter A
W equals the letter B
H equals the letter C
O equals the letter D
I equals the letter E

"Then, in the word *six* we have the letter *I* again as the second letter, so we call it I2. And, continuing, we have:

I2 equals the letter F
E equals the letter G
I3 equals the letter H
I1 equals the letter I
E2 equals the letter J
L equals the letter K
W2 equals the letter L
H2 equals the letter M
O2 equals the letter N
I5 equals the letter O
I6 equals the letter P
E3 equals the letter Q
I7 equals the letter R
I8 equals the letter S
W3 equals the letter T

"Now, using these letters for the symbols in the cipher, we translate it freely thus, and I'll underline only the words in the cipher:

Gen'l Stuart:
(Sandy River?)
(The present) Depot Garrison (of Osage Court House is)
One Reg(iment) (of) Inf(antry)
One Co(mpany of) Eng(ineers)
One Four G(un) Bat(tery)
Two Sq uadrons) (of) Cav(alry)
Eleven Hun(dred men) Total
If (you) strike (strike) at once (and at) night!

(Signed) CARRYL.

"Do you see, Colonel, how very simple it is, after all?"

The Colonel, red and astounded, hung over the paper, laboriously verifying the cipher and checking off each symbol with its alphabetical equivalent.

"What's that mark?" he demanded; "this symbol ——"

"It stands for the letter U, sir

"How do you know?"

The Messenger, seated sideways on the camp table, one small foot swinging, looked down and bit her lip

"Must I tell you, sir?"

"As you please. And I'll say now that your solving this intricate and devilish cipher is, to me, a more utterly amazing performance than the rebel use of bees as messengers."

She shook her head slowly:

"It need not amaze you. . . . I was born in Sandy River. . . . And in happier times—when my parents were living—I spent the school vacations there. . . . We had always kept bees. There was—in those days—a boy, sir. We were very young and—romantic. We exchanged vows—and bees—and messages in cipher. . . . I knew this cipher as soon as I saw it. I invented it long ago—for him and me"

"W-well," stammered the bewildered Colonel. "I don't see how ——"

"I do, sir. Our girl-and-boy romance was a summer dream. One day he dreamed truer. So did the beautiful Miss Carryl . . . . And the pretty game I invented for him he taught in turn to his fiancée. . . . Well, he died at Chancellorsville . . . . And I have just given his fiancée her passport. It would be very kind of you to set a guard at the Carryl place for its protection. Would you mind giving the order, sir? *He* is buried there."

The Colonel, hands clasped behind him, walked to the tent door.

"Yes," he said, "and I'll give the order myself"

A few moments later the drums of the Bucktails began beating the assembly.

Editor's Note.—This is the third of Mr. Chambers' Special Messenger stories. The fourth will appear in an early number.

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[illegible] a screwdriver. Remove the [illegible] of the Lefever Shotgun and take a look *into the lock*. The Future is there [illegible] Its simple, substantial [illegible] lock system speeds [illegible]

[illegible] to know the [illegible] and sacrifices [illegible]

[illegible] Lefever. A [illegible] the [illegible]

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The Autobiography of an Obscure Author

Continued from Page 5

most of us it was merely a meteorological phenomenon. To Uncle Billy it was the thrust of the sword. I stayed up all night and was thankful that I did not have to go into the parlor bedroom. Cousin Sarah's sitting-room was as good a place as one need have, with a nice rag carpet on the floor, a cheerful "base-burner" stove and furniture which, while cheap and not matching, was evidently to be used. But the small parlor had a violent red ingrain carpet with a fat green vine in it; a stiff "parlor set" of horsehair furniture. The walls were adorned with pious mottoes worked with green and black worsted on cardboard, and framed. Three large family photographs in oval walnut frames hung in an exact triangle. It was not a genial room. I stayed mostly in the sitting-room and kitchen, very heavy-hearted; somehow, vastly alone; mutely questioning those who came from the sick-room. At early dawn I went outside, and walked all around the schoolhouse square. The sleeping little town seemed quite dead and forsaken.

I came in through the kitchen; tiptoed into the sitting-room. The professional nurse, who had been summoned by wire from Lincoln, stood in front of the combination bookcase and writing-desk, which had a little mirror in the top. She looked tired, and was fixing her hair. Some hairpins lay on the writing-desk; some others were in her mouth. She turned wearily, her hands up to her hair, and met my straining gaze. "He's dead," she said through the hairpins, and went on with her toilet. Then I heard Cousin Sarah's low sob from the parlor bedroom. I felt no mixed motive then; only pure pity and terror. The interest in the bank seemed infinitely trivial

The next day was Thanksgiving. Captain Harney read the will in the closed bank. Uncle Billy had made a new one three weeks before. He left Cousin Sarah the house in which she lived, and me five hundred dollars. The remainder of his estate he bequeathed to the town of Catlin the interest to be used in paving Main Street with asphalt and erecting a memorial arch in front of the railroad station

I guess now that Uncle Billy was joking Certainly the idea of paving Main Street with asphalt was purely humorous. Captain Harney at once put in a claim against the estate for one thousand dollars. Its basis was quite nebulous, aside from the patent fact that for four years he had done all the legal work of the firm and Uncle Billy had got all the money. But nobody in particular had any object in contesting the claim, so it was allowed. Tom Mercer, who had been Uncle Billy's man Friday, bobbed up with a claim of five hundred dollars. Altogether, the estate amounted to seven thousand dollars, and ducks and drakes were made of it. I guess Uncle Billy was just as well satisfied. There never was any paving or memorial arch.

Afterward, Captain Harney told me that Uncle Billy noticed how I avoided him—when that struggle to escape baseness was going on in my mind. He said nothing to me, but grimly changed his will—which was just, for I might have known him better and been a better friend to him that last bitter summer.

Nearly everybody attended the funeral. Captain Harney delivered the funeral oration, which was said to be a masterpiece. That is a matter of taste, and you can judge for yourself—because, barring a few introductory remarks, Captain Harney took it, word for word, from Bob Ingersoll's funeral oration over his brother.

A number of people in Catlin had read Bob Ingersoll's oration, and knew that Captain Harney stole it. I was one of them

Editor's Note—This story will be complete in six parts, of which this is the first part

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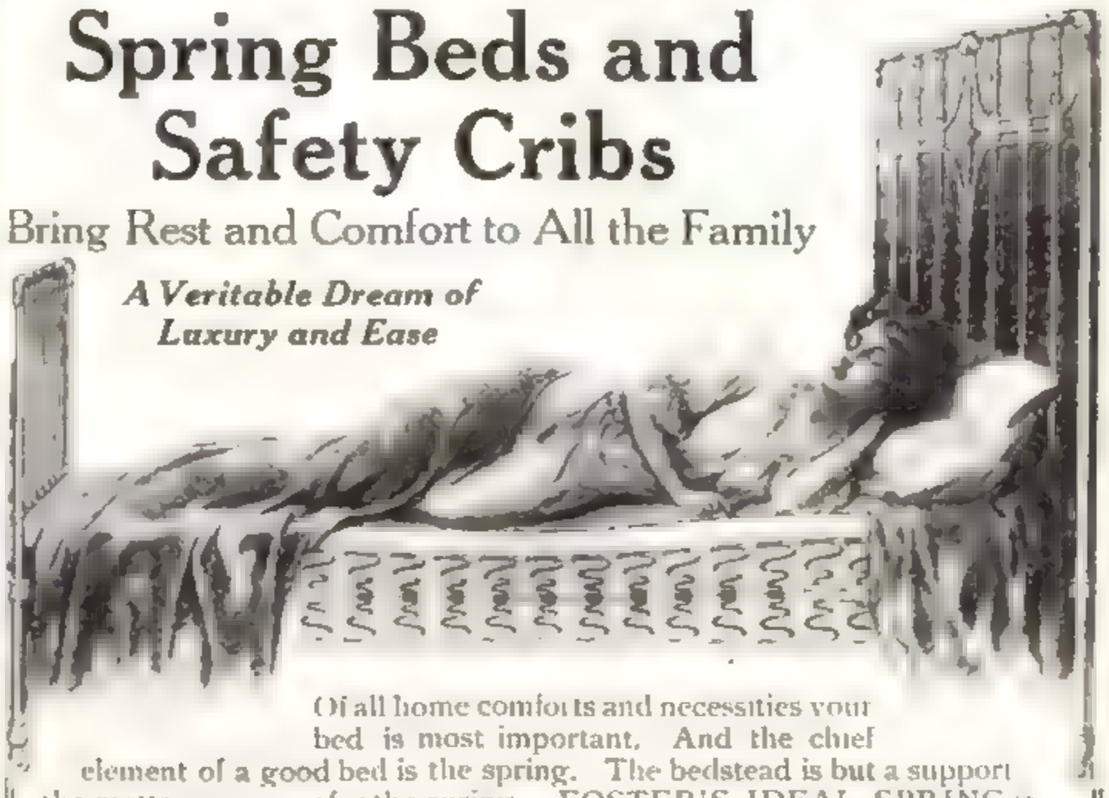

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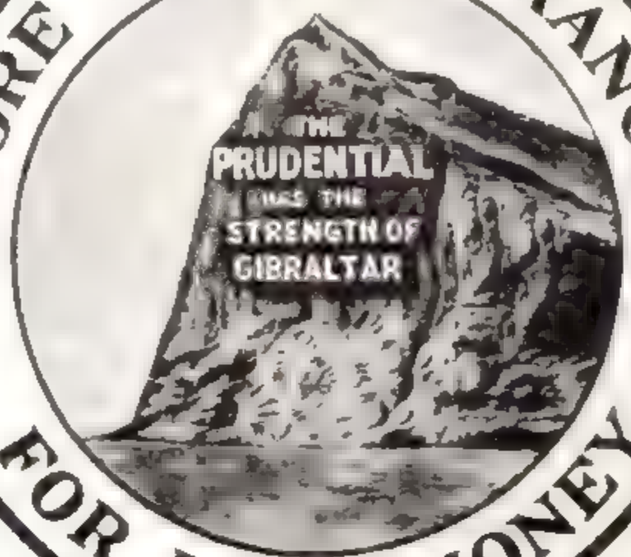

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Your Savings

Guaranteed Bank Deposits

NO ISSUE of the present political campaign has aroused so wide or so popular an interest as guaranteed bank deposits. It is not only a live political subject, but is likewise a matter of supreme significance for every man or woman with savings. The importance of safeguarding bank deposits cannot be overestimated. All investment really begins with saving, and practically all organized saving starts with a bank account. The bank account, therefore, is the very keystone of wealth. In the long record of world panics, bank failures, with their attendant sorrow and often loss, loom large. Naturally, any movement to protect the depositor, and eliminate if possible the much-dreaded "run," has a quick and universal appeal.

In view of the keen interest in guaranteed bank deposits and the fact that they will be much discussed and written about until the election, this week's article will be given up to some explanation of them without regard to politics.

The subject is not, of course, new. Every panic is followed by some talk of insuring deposits, because panics often follow "runs" on banks and bank collapses. Out of seventy-nine financial bills introduced during the last session of Congress, twenty-seven provided for guarantees of bank deposits.

The lesson of last October has not been forgotten. Mr. Bryan's declaration, followed by the incorporation of a plank in the Democratic national platform pledging the party to legislation establishing a guarantee fund for the prompt payment of depositors in insolvent banks, helped to focus attention on the plan.

A Success in Germany

It might be interesting to point out the historical approach to the present agitation. On April 2, 1829, a Safety Fund Act was passed by the New York Legislature. It protected circulating notes and deposits. A tax of one-half of one per cent. of the capital stock of each bank was imposed until a fund equal to three per cent. of the capital was raised. This fund was used to pay the circulation of insolvent banks. If the payment of these notes reduced the fund below the required three per cent. each solvent bank was required to renew its contribution. The fund proved to be inadequate indemnity, because no limit was placed on the loans and discounts of the banks. The Safety Fund plan failed when a real panic test was applied, because the amount available prior to 1848 was hardly seventy-five per cent. of the debts of eleven failed banks. The State was forced to make up the deficit by the issue of securities. The law was soon repealed. This episode could not apply to conditions now, because the whole system of banking has changed; but it is suggestive.

On the other hand, State guarantee of deposits has succeeded, as, for example, in the case of the German municipalities which have guaranteed savings deposits for some years. As a result of this protection there are now outstanding in Germany approximately nineteen million passbooks, representing deposits of $3,213,000,000. Under this system not a penny has been lost by depositors or guarantors.

Canada has a sort of guarantee system, but it applies only to the circulation of chartered banks. Five per cent. of the bank's average circulation is deposited with the Government, and, in the event of failure, this circulation is charged against the assets of the issuing bank. The circulation is further secured by a guaranty on the part of all the other banks. Should the assets of the failed bank not be sufficient to redeem the circulation, the guaranty fund in the hands of the Government is available.

The experiment is being tried in the United States in Oklahoma, although the State has not had a full year in which to make a thorough test. More than five hundred banks, including fifty-four national banks, have taken advantage of its provisions. Mr. Bryan stated the other day that the secured banks (those contributing to the guarantee fund) had gained $4,237,265 in deposits, while the unsecured banks (those not contributing) had lost $1,101,807. It should be added that some of the

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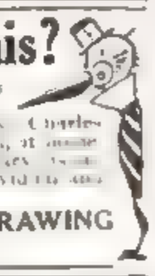

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State funds have been transferred from unsecured to secured banks. One result obtained by the Oklahoma fund is this: the guaranty has drawn to the banks many thousands of dollars from hoards and from stockings, thus putting hitherto inactive money out to work. The guaranty fund is made up from contributions from State banks, which pay the State Treasurer one per cent. of their average daily deposits. If the fund is reduced on account of payment to depositors in a failed bank the Treasurer makes another assessment to keep the guaranty up to the required amount. National banks may also avail themselves of the law.

The banking situation in Oklahoma, however, has been complicated by a decision of Attorney-General Bonaparte, which said in effect that it was illegal for national banks to become parties to the guaranty fund agreement. The constitutionality of the question will be tested in court.

Safeguarding Savings

To enter upon a discussion of guaranteed bank deposits is to start an endless chain of argument on both sides. Various plans, calling for optional or compulsory contributions by banks to guarantee funds ranging from $15,000,000 to $50,000,000, have been suggested. Since this department is mainly concerned with the savings of the people let us see just how they would fare in such a plan.

In all the haphazard campaign discussion of deposit insurance a very important fact bearing on it has been overlooked. It is the difference between savings deposits and commercial deposits. Since they are very different in character, it follows that the protection of one should be different from the protection of the other, and any plan for guaranty should carefully consider these very essential facts.

A deposit ordinarily is a loan to a bank, and the depositor becomes a creditor of the institution. Although the total deposits of our banks aggregate $13,000,000,000, less than one-fifth of it is actual cash. Many deposits consist of credits. Savings deposits are cash and not credit. Again, the assets of savings and commercial banks are totally different. The money of savings-banks is invested carefully, or should be, while the money of commercial banks is loaned out in the hazard of business. Thus it is evident that it would be easier to guarantee a tangible thing like a savings deposit, which is cash, than a commercial account, which is often not so tangible.

There are many reasons why a savings-bank account should either be guaranteed or so strongly safeguarded as to be immune from panic or theft. Savings not only represent hard labor, but also they often stand for a home or an education. To have this money tied up by reason of a bank suspension means agony of mind and the possible postponement of some cherished plan. It is usually the long wait, not an actual loss, that works the hardship with the savings depositor. On the other hand, the depositor in a big State or National bank or a trust company can usually better afford to wait until the affairs of the institution are wound up.

In States like New York, Massachusetts and Connecticut the rigid laws governing the investment of savings-bank funds are a substitute for a guaranty, but there are many States without such restriction, where a guaranty of savings would not only make for security of mind but also would help to promote the thrift idea.

But it behooves the savings-bank depositor to look carefully into any guaranty plan, for there is always the danger that he might be made a partner in an unknown and unlimited liability. Take, for example, the case of the Connecticut savings-banks. The thirteenth section of the Williams-Bryan guaranty bill provides that the Treasury of the United States draw on *all* banking institutions for one-eighth of one per cent. of their deposits until a fund of $15,000,000 is created. This fund is to be the depositors' guaranty. Now, how would the Connecticut savings depositors fare under such a plan? Their total deposits now aggregate $256,372,061, and their assessment would be $320,465. Since the savings-banks are mutual, this would be paid by the depositors, who would not benefit by it in the least. There has only been one bank failure in the State in ten years, and the loss was about $30,000. Yet the savings of the Connecticut depositors would be at the mercy of reckless

I know the troubles of a Salesman

My knowledge has been gained by experience. I have toed the mark with those troubles every day for nearly twenty years, as salesman, sales manager and employer.

As a salesman I have worked in nearly every section of the United States, and I have sold the goods.

I am still a salesman. I always expect to be one. Salesmanship is the greatest profession there is, and to be a good salesman is to be always sure of a good job, and a fair share of the best things of earth.

I know the peculiar troubles that salesmen have; I know the prejudices they have to contend with, the unreasonable objections they have to overcome, the clever competition they must meet, the fits of the blues they must dispel, all the vastly differing types of men they must meet and reach.

I studied the problems of selling for many years, and I analyzed my own attempts and the attempts of other salesmen—successful and unsuccessful—to solve those problems.

Out of years of experience, observation and study, I was able to formulate the Science of Salesmanship.

It has been my observation that the best salesmen are those who are trying to be better salesmen.

This probably explains why so large a percentage of the students of the Science of Salesmanship are recruited from among veteran salesmen and business executives.

The Science of Salesmanship appeals to live ones.

Having satisfied myself that underlying the art of selling there are certain fundamental, scientific principles, I decided to attempt two things: *first*, to formulate the Science of Salesmanship; *second*, to sell it as a course of correspondence study to other salesmen.

I feel that I have succeeded fairly well. More than 32,000 men have subscribed for the Science of Salesmanship in five years. New students are coming to us faster and faster all the time.

The results accomplished prove my case.

Now my claims are modest. All I claim is that the Science of Salesmanship will help any salesman who masters and uses its principles to become a better salesman—hence capable of making more money for his house and for himself.

The Science of Salesmanship provides at once a foundation for the man just entering the profession which he could not lay for himself except through years of hard knocks.

Does the scientific worker of today begin where the scientific worker of yesterday began? No: he begins where the man of yesterday left off.

Progress in the present comes by profiting from the progress of the past.

If you think of entering salesmanship, or if you are in salesmanship already, why not profit by all the knowledge that others can give you?

I know that no matter what your position, or your line, I can help you, through the Science of Salesmanship, to sell more and to have more.

I want to prove this to you.

I want you to understand just what we have been doing for the 32,000; just what we can do for you.

I want you to know all about our work, whether you want to become a student now or not, so kindly fill in the coupon and mail it to me TODAY.

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banks in Kansas and Washington or any other State. The proper guarantee of savings-bank deposits, aside from judicious investment, would be in a guaranty fund raised locally and applied locally.

The largest benefit claimed for guaranteed bank deposits is that they inspire confidence and act as an antidote for panic. One of the greatest New York bankers when asked about this replied:

"Panics do not begin with bank failures. They usually come after failures. A panic is a fright, a state of mind. Creating confidence does not solve the problem. If you travel over a railroad you cannot sit calmly in your seat and avoid accidents by having confidence. To prevent accidents there must be efficient conduct of that railroad. To prevent panic and financial disaster there must be sound and economic administration of banking. The best antidote that I know of is good assets. Guaranteed bank deposits would mean the substitution of speculative banking for character banking."

Yet, on the other hand, Mr. Alexander H. Revell, of Chicago, says:

"The protection of depositors and the reduction of bank failures do not represent the principal benefits that would result from the application of the bank guaranty fund. The loss to depositors by bank failures is the basic and moving element in the situation, but this direct loss is not in any way to be compared to the incalculable loss to commerce, to manufacture, to business and working-men resulting from panic precipitated by deposit losses and the fear of still greater losses to come. Hence the great value of the operation of a guaranty fund would be in the sense of security developed on the part of the public and depositors. It would prevent runs on banks and prevent failures which, under normal conditions, would never occur."

Since a loan is often a protection against ruin, the point is made by bankers that guaranteed bank deposits would not increase the ability of a bank to lend in time of panic. Yet the whole subject of loans is one that might well come within the guarantee range. Bad loans have caused many bank failures and more than one crisis. A substitute, therefore, for guaranteed deposits would be a uniform and rigid censorship of loans. Here would be an opportunity to put the Government stamp on a very vulnerable and important feature of banking. That conservative bankers are alive to the value of this kind of inspection is evidenced by the work of the Chicago Clearing House Association, which has established bank examination agencies independent of the Government. The object is to prevent reckless banking of the Walsh kind, which precipitated several failures, and to insure safety for the depositors. The Chicago plan is being taken up elsewhere.

The situation has been aptly summarized by Professor J. Laurence Laughlin, who recently declared: "The whole object intended by a guaranty of bank deposits could be gained by a safe and properly elastic note-issue such as is proposed in the Fowler and other bills. It would enable the immediate exchange of a deposit liability into a note liability without altering the relation of reserves to demand liabilities, and yet retaining for the notes the same assets as security which previously were regarded as safe for the deposits. Not only would this plan not diminish the power of the bank to lend, but also it would save its reserves of lawful money from being drawn on and thus even increase the ability to lend to needy borrowers."

To sum up the arguments in favor of a guarantee fund. It would create confidence in banks and eliminate panics; it would practically prevent losses and hardships to depositors; it would reduce the number of bank failures and protect the assets of failed banks from forced sale; it would raise state and national banks to the same high level; would attract hoarded wealth to banks and would promote sound banking generally.

The arguments against a guarantee are: it would encourage and put a premium on wild-cat and speculative banking; cause conservative banks to be responsible for the loss of reckless banks; reduce the prestige and power of strong, well-managed institutions; destroy individuality in banking; cause depositors and bankers in one part of the country to pay losses incurred in other parts; and tend to cheapen the whole banking business.

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That one word, digestion, is the cause of many a child being nervous—irritable—puny—and anaemic.

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To mal-nutrition in childhood, especially during school days, when the child's brain is being exercised and developed—may be traced nearly all of the ills and weaknesses of after life. If you would have your children strong—and healthy—if you want them to grow strong and sturdy men and women—watch their food most carefully during school days, while the Brain—the Governor of the Nervous System—is being used and developed.

Ralston Health Food is made from tiny almond-colored wheat hearts—or seed centers of ripe, selected wheat. These wheat hearts are full of phosphorus and gluten—known to be the greatest brain and body building—blood and muscle making elements in the human diet.

"*Ralston* Kids" are everywhere—keen, active, bright-eyed, clear skinned, full of life and energy.

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Trade Mark Stamped on Sole.

The Opportunity of Petitjean

(Concluded from Page 13)

his book like one who has a void to fill. "The fact is," he confided to the group, "I was about to pass the night on a bench there. That insolent landlord of mine has kicked me out."

"Yes," said Tricotrin; "I had the privilege of conversing with your concierge earlier in the evening."

"Oh, then you know all about it. Well, now that I have run across you, you can give me a shakedown in your attic."

"I discern only one drawback to the scheme," said Pitou: "we haven't any attic! It must be in the air: all the landlords seem to have the same complaint."

"But if you decide in the bench's favor after all, you may pillow your curls on Miranda," put in Tricotrin. "She would be exhilarating company for him, Adolphe. *Hein?* What do you think?" He murmured aside: "Give him a dig in the ribs and say, '*I* can fix you up all right.' That's the way we issue invitations in Montmartre."

The clerk's countenance was livid. At last, wrenching the words out, he groaned: "If Monsieur Goujaud will accept my hospitality I shall be charmed." He was not without a hope that his frigid bearing would beget a refusal.

"Oh, my dear old chap!" shouted Goujaud without an instant's hesitation; "consider it done." And now there were to be three suppers, beds and breakfasts.

Petitjean sipped his bock faintly, affecting not to notice that his guests' glasses had been emptied. With all his soul he repented the impulse that had led to his predicament. Amid the throes of his mental arithmetic he recognized that he had been deceived in himself, that he had no abiding passion for Bohemia. How much more pleasing than to board and lodge this disreputable collection would have been the daily round of amusements that he had planned. Even now—and he caught his breath—even now it was not too late; he might pay for the drinks and escape!

"Gentlemen," cried Petitjean, "I shall go and fetch a cab for us all. Make yourselves comfortable till I come back."

When the café closed MM. Tricotrin, Goujaud and Pitou crept forlornly across the square, and disposed themselves for slumber on the bench.

"Well, there is this to be said," yawned the poet: "if the little bounder had kept his word it would have been an extraordinary conclusion to our adventures; as persons of literary taste we can hardly regret that a story did not end so improbably. My children, Miranda, good-night—and a Merry Christmas!"

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—O. H. L. Wernicke, President of The Macey Co., Grand Rapids, Mich

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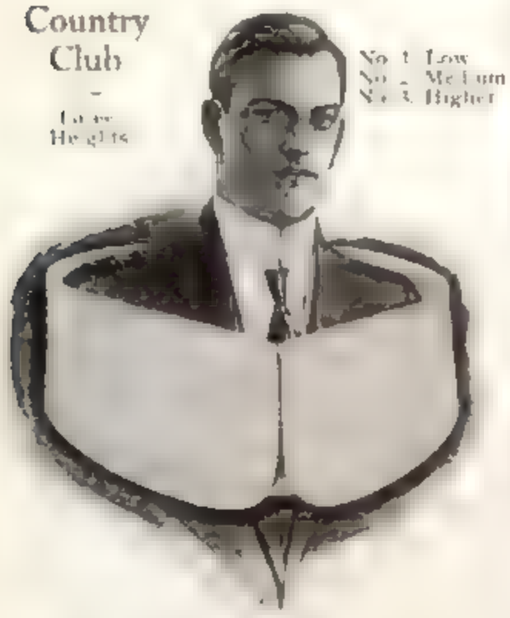

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THE BUTLER'S STORY

(Continued from Page 23)

The steam yacht is worst of all, for everybody but Miss Patricia and Master Willie are always seasick, and if they go abroad they always take one of the big ocean liners and send the "Leviathian" across to meet them. But they only stay a little while and come right back so as to be on hand for the season at Newport. Most of the time the yacht is just lying around in the harbor and Mr. Carter is always worrying hisself to death over the expense

Now I have no prospect of owning a big house or a yacht or a box at the opera or having servants to wait on me, so that I am not discontented because I have not got them, and all I want is to lay aside enough so I can buy a public-house somewhere near Craven Hall and settle down for my old age with Aunt Jane. So I am very happy because I have saved enough already so that I can do so in five or six years more. Mr. Amos and I are agreed on this for we have talked it over that a man's happyness depends on how far he has wot he wants. Now the less you want the more chance there is of having it and so the more likely you are to be happy.

There is a little cripple boy who lives in the opposite house and he has never been able to set his foot on the ground, but when he goes out to drive the footman has to carry him out. All the rest of the time he sits by the window in his father's library and watches the people passing up and down, and he is so thin and pale it is enough to make your heart ache. Well, Miss Patricia never goes out of the house that she does not wave her hand to him (although she has never met him) and he watches for her every day and smiles and waves back and is always looking for her. And one day I was at the window and I felt so sorry for him I sort of waved too and he nodded right back and smiled, and now I know him very well. It does not cost anything to smile at a little sick boy but every time I do when I go back to work I feel like singing. And he is such a patient little chap that it does you good just to see him sitting there, for if he can be cheerful when he is all hunched up like that you would think anybody else would be ashamed not to be when they have everything in the world like Miss Harriet.

Most of the folks who is dissatisfied is fools or worse, and there was a fellow once who got a job as a second-man in our house and stayed on for a while that had all kinds of strange ideas He was all right until he got talking and then he was enough to drive you to drink. Well, one day he didn't polish the teapot to suit and I says to him:

"How do you expec to keep a place if you don't do your work any better than that?" I says.

So he sets down the teapot and smiles quite superior and says:

"I should have told you before, Ridges," he says, "but this is as good a time as any I am not wot I seem," he says, "I am not a servant, but a student of social conditions making a independent investigation," and he gave me a look as if he expected me to fall flat.

Well, I didn't know who or wot he was and I cared less, so I says:

"Wot has that got to do with your leaving finger marks on the teapot?" I says. "That is wot you are paid for."

And he smiles and says:

"You do not understand," he says, "I'm a socialist," he says, says he, "And I am going to write this all up in a book and expose this orful condition of things," he says.

"Wot rot are you talking?" I says. "Wot orful condition have you found?" I says.

"Why, mine and yours and everybody else," he says. "Here we are obliged to slave for a living wage amid unsanitary and immoral surroundings, while those who enjoy the fruits of our labor are rioting in lugsury, dissipation and drunkenness." He waved his hand and stood up while I backed over toward the sink.

"The rich is getting richer," he says, "and the poor is getting poorer," he says.

"Do you think so?" I interrupts. "Well my wages is four sov. a month more than they were ten years ago and three times wot they was in England," I says.

"You don't understand," he says, getting all upset in his speech. "Why should

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one man ride in his coach," he says, "and have his box at the opera and his yacht," he says, "and another have to clean the dishes?" he says. "It is a fundamental error in the constitution of society," he says.

"I fancy it's because that other man is clever enough or lucky enough to make the money," I says.

"Nonsense," he replies. "Look at these people for whom you work—observe how happy they are! How they eat, drink and make merry, while you are bound down to days of misery. Their time is filled with feasting and pleasure while you are mingling your tears with those of your fellow bondsmen."

"Well," I says. "The tears I shed wouldn't wet a postage stamp, and I haven't seen anyone else shedding tears lately," I says. "Everybody seems pretty contented here. The only miserable people in the house," I says, "are the people we are working for and that is their own fault," I says. "I'm perfec'ly satisfied," I says.

He gave me a look of disgust.

"Satisfied!" he cries. "Satisfied like the dumb brute that does not know his own wretched lot," he says. "Rise up! Be a man! Cast off your shackles and ——"

"Look here," I says, trying to calm him, "Wot is the matter with you? Wot is it you want?" I says.

"Want!" he says, "I want to remove the inequality and injustice in the world. I want the happyness fairly distributed," he says.

"But I am happier than Mrs. Carter now," I says, "I don't want her money."

"O," he says, "you are a yokel," he says. "It is their power," he says. "It should be wrenched from them."

"I don't want any of their power," I says.

"You are a bond slave to these rich," he cries.

"Well," I says, losing patience, "If you don't like your job go and get one at the same wages elsewhere that you like any better."

"That is not the point," he says. "The good things of life are not equally divided," he says.

"Why not?" I says. "Wot are they? Good health, wholesome food, peaceful rest, and enough work to keep you out of mischief. I admit you haven't got your share of that," I says. "I wouldn't change with any man least of all a miserable millionaire."

"Ah!" he says, ignoring my argumentum. "The millionaires! These people for whom you slave are vulgar upstarts, cheap parvenoos, unworthy to eat at the same table with honest men!"

"Now see here," I says, getting hot. "Keep your hair on," I says, "and don't call names, for while you are taking their money and eating their bread you had better keep a civil tongue in your head!"

"You don't understand," he says, quite red, "I'm not a servant. I am Random Winkler, the sociologist and novelist wot disclosed the frightful conditions existing in the candy trade," he says.

"I don't care who you are when you are at home or in quod," I says. "Or how many books you have written. If you can't clean a teapot any better than that," I says, "you had better go back to writing," I says, and I sticks it into his hands. "Now you can sit down and rub orf those finger marks or you can go to the housekeeper and get your time and clear out," I says.

Well, he was that shirty he threw the cloth on the floor and went upstairs and got his bag and left, and that was the last time I ever saw him, but I heard arterwards he wrote a story telling how badly underpaid servants was, and in wot orful unhealthy conditions they had to work, and how stoopid and immoral they all were. But the truth is they are better paid and keep in better health than any other working people I know, and as for their being stoopid—well—of course there are exceptions.

Now as far as I can make out giving a ball is the *tomatum bonum* of being rich and is accepted as being the greatest pleasure one can give onesself or others in society. So if you want to know just how much real pleasure or happyness money gives to people the way to do is to take one of the things riches can bring and annielize it and find out. A ball costs more, takes more getting ready and is more talked about than anything, so it is fair to take it as a sample. Now how much real pleasure does it give to anybody?

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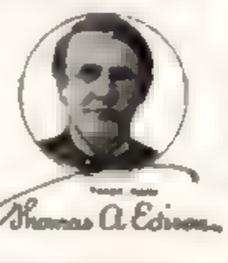

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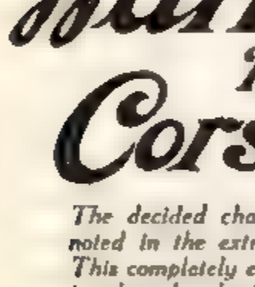

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The last ball Mrs. Carter gave cost over $5000 for flowers and the walls was entirely covered with roses and there were summer houses in each corner of the room, and I opened personal nineteen cases of champagne. Wot the favors cost I hate to think of, and when it is all over wot is there left but Mrs. Carter and Miss Harriet wondering whether Mrs. So and So really was sick and couldn't come or just nasty and whether it really was a success or not. Generally the best Miss Harriet can say is that she had plenty of partners (which ought to be the case in her own house) and to ask wot any man can see in that Benson girl anyhow. She is always comparing the time she has just had with the time some other girl has had and criticising people, and I don't see why if she does not like them she pays out her mother's money to entertain them. And next day everybody is cross excep Miss Patricia who is out in the Park riding her horse just as early as usual as if nothing had happened.

Now Mrs. Carter's balls is the principal thing she does to have a good time. But if anything is certain in this life it is that she has a miserable time at her own balls. So far as I can see out of the five or six hundred people who come about twenty really enjoy theirselves and it costs I have heard Mr. Carter say between 12 and $15,000 before it is over, and I should say that the average woman who goes to a ball in New York has a pretty anxious and unpleasant time and a headache next day. But if they want to go it is none of my business. Giving balls may be a recognized form of pleasure but it is in most cases a good deal more like agony. The only ones who are sure to have a good time are the young men who don't dance unless they feel like it and who spend the rest of the time drinking champagne and smoking in the dressing room. And how they roast Mrs. Carter and Miss Harriet! My eye! It would make them go into a monastery if they heard it! The moral of which all is that there are a lot of kinds of pleasure that are really not pleasure at all but only expense and worry. I fancy the only reason Mrs. Carter wants to give balls is because other swell ladies give them and not because she really likes to. One of the first rules of having a good time is not to try to enjoy yourself doing something you don't like or are not cut out for. Mrs. Carter is more cut out for wearing a gingham apron and making jam.

Whenever I go to a ball, which is but seldom, I and the men and girls go to dance and we pay the small price of a ticket and dance until we are tired of it and go home and that is the end of it, but when Mrs. Carter gives a ball there is no end to it at all, for some people decline the invitation and then you would think Mrs. Carter would like to commit murder and Miss Harriet arson. Then there is the greatest excitement trying to get the right gentleman to lead the cotillion, for if you do not get the right one in New York it is terrible *fo par*, and maybe he is sick and don't want to and anyhow the anxiety is orful. Well, then arfter all the money is spent and everything is ready there is the fear lest it will not go off with just the right kind of a swing and Mrs. Carter is driving everybody to death till past twelve o'clock until it gets fully started.

If you have the idea that people go to balls in New York to have a good time you would only have to go once to change your mind. In the first place nothing in the world is dismaller than a house just before a ball is going to be given in it All the lights has been lit ever since eight o'clock and the carpet has been laying out across the sidewalk and the wind roaring up through the shaking old awning every time you go to answer the front door. The family scuttles through their dinner to have a hair dresser do their hair and the florists men are finishing up the last touches in the ball room. There are flowers everywhere but everybody looks so doleful it might as well be a funeral if you did not know different. Then about ten o'clock the band arrives and sits around and acts bored and as if they wanted to smoke, and the extra hired footmen comes and loiters in the front hall. Everybody has been asked for ten o'clock and no one is expected until twelve but you have to be ready in case they make a mistake. By ten o'clock you and the other men are all lined up in the front hall, and the bobby from the station house and the carriage men are hanging around the end of the awning chaffing the people that want to peek in. The band tunes up and gives a

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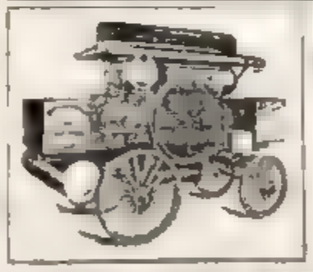

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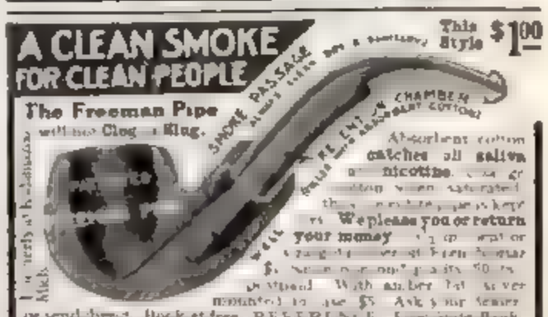

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sample bar or two and then relapsea. The maids and valets are dawdling on the staircases, and the caterer and his men have been there since six o'clock raising an orful mess. Well, we crack a few jokes among ourselves for the first harf hour or so and then there is a rustle on the stairs and down comes Mrs. Carter and we all slips up on our feet and act respectful.

Usually she is dressed to kill with her hair bulged out behind and in front like a sofa pillow and a white plume with a diamond dandling on top of it in the middle of her head, and she comes strutting along like she was afraid she would break and takes a look around to see everything is all right.

"Is everything prepared?" she says to me. (She always says is things "prepared" on state occasions.)

"Yes, madam," I says.

"Well," she says, "Open that window. I am afraid it is going to be too hot! See to it, Ridges, that the rooms do not get too hot!" she says.

"Very good, Madam," I says.

Then she takes a peek at the ball room and says:

"I hope you did not put too much wax on the floor," she says.

"No, Madam."

"What is the matter with that orchestra?" she says. "Why don't it play?"

"I suppose, Madam, they do not think you wish them to play before the people arrive," I says.

"Nonsense," she says, "Tell them to play. Wot would anybody think if they came and there wasn't any music?" she says.

So I has to go and tell the band to begin.

Then Miss Harriet comes down and her mother says:

"Harriet, how is my hair?"

"All right," says Harriet. "How is my skirt hanging?"

"All right," says her mother. "Do you think Peleas has got it too far up behind?" she says.

"No," answers Miss Harriet, "It is good enough. Does that place show on my neck?" she says.

So they keep at it for about harf an hour wondering if they are all right while the band plays and all the men and maids in the halls get sleepy, and about eleven o'clock the first carriage drives up and there is the greatest excitement. Everybody goes ascurrying round and we men all get in line and when I open the door it is only a note from some one who is sorry she can't come.

Well, things begin to get slow again. The band keeps on sort of sleepy and all the men is yawning and the family is sitting round looking bored to death in the drawring room. Every once in a while Mrs. Carter will go to a mirror and fix something and then she will get up and change it back again. It gets to be eleven, and a harf arfter, and five and forty minutes arfter and we are about ready to fall asleep when before you know it someone is standing at the front door trying to get in and there is nobody there to open it. I says "S-sh-sh!" and they all jump into their places and James he scurries up and opens the door and in waddles old lady Gresham—leastwise that is wot Miss Harriet calls her—and she sails along by us looking very haughty and so on upstairs before she finds out she is the first one, and then she hangs around in the dressing room feeling of the stuff the hangings is made of and wondering how much it cost a yard—anyhow that is wot Evelyn says and she knows her of old. In a few minutes more everybody begins streaming in together and the band hits it up lively and the young fellows collect on the landing to see if the girls they is sweet on has got there yet, and one by one the people begin to come down buttoning their gloves and trying to look unconscious.

Of course I am standing by the drawring room door and as fast as they reach the threshold I asks their names and announce them proper and it would make you laugh to see how many of them will blush when their names is called out, but most of them put on plenty of side and sail along quite natural, and the dresses beats anything I ever saw in England. Well, there is a great todo in the room where Mrs. Carter is receiving her guests but it is orful quiet everywhere else because they are all afraid to go into the ball room and sit there lest no one will ask them to dance, and all the daybutantes get in a clump by one door and keep everybody else out, and the people who do not know anybody go walking around in a circle as if they were particular anxious to find somebody, and now is the time for all the bores to anchor on to other

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people because there is no chance to get away from them. The crowd in the drawring room gets bigger and bigger and the noise is orful and there is the band playing away like mad and no one dancing and Miss Harriet is nearly crazy and answering "Yes, yes! Indeed! Is it possible!" to the old codger who is talking to her although she does not hear a word he says. Well, the young men are all up on the landing waiting for things to liven up before they come down, and it looks as if no one was ever going to begin to dance, and just as Miss Harriet is beckening to me frantic to do something down comes Mr. Amos and I shouts his name and he winks at me as he goes in and says,

"Ridges, General Sherman said war was hell, but he should have seen this!"

And before you can say Jack Robinson Mr. Amos has Miss Harriet out swinging her around the hall and most of the young girls has squeezed in and begin to take seats and in five minutes more the floor is full of couples, and when Mr. Amos stops another young man wants a chance at Miss Harriet and so he goes and talks to Mrs. Carter and she says,

"I don't know how we should get on without you!"

And this is where I get a chance to see wot kind of chaps some of the young men are who come to our house, for most of them only dance with the girls whose mothers have big houses and can entertain them, and they will walk right by others that they know very well and never look at them. So that some few girls are dancing every few minutes and others are not asked to dance at all. Evelyn says she has seen lots of pretty young girls slip out of the ball room and go upstairs and sit in the dressing room until it is time for the carriages, and she says she knows some of 'em are crying although they pretend to be looking at the photographs. Now Mr. Amos makes a business of being nice to everybody and if all the young men were like him every girl would have a good time, but they are not, so a lot of mothers rise up and call him blessed when it is time to go home.

But usually by the time the cotillion begins the girls who are not having a good time have sense enough to go home and the crowd thins out and the people that are left really begin to enjoy themselves. And then Mr. Amos dances all he wants with Miss Patricia and gives her all his favors. Wot a couple they make to be sure! How I wish they could hit it off together, but I see no signs of it although they are the very best of friends.

You should see the favors that Mrs. Carter gives at her ball! It really is a sin with all the poverty there is in the world, and yet as Mr. Amos says it makes no difference because if she didn't spend it that way she would leave it to lie in the bank. She has gold cigarette cases and opera glasses and gold pencils and jewelled watch fobs and gold headed canes for the men and parasols and real lace fans and chatylanes and jewelled dog collars for the ladies. Most of them cost twenty-five dollars or more apiece and some of them go off with as many as twenty which is ekal to three months of my wages. Well they keep it up until three o'clock or later and then gradually everybody goes except about six who are bound to stay until the last minute. And then they comes tumbling out of the drawring-room and shakes hands with Mrs. Carter and tell her wot a fine time they have had and the band begins to pack up and wonder if they could have a sandwich and a glass of champagne before they go. The hired footmen hang around hoping that Mr. Carter will do the handsome thing by them, which he always does and the maids come down into the pantry to see if they can get some *patty foy gras*, and there is a horrid smell of tobacco smoke all up the front stairs and on the landings and in the hall, and pieces of tissue-paper and withered flowers everywhere to say nothing of broken favors and the young lady whose carriage has not come or got tired of waiting and has to be sent home in a cab. Mrs. Carter and Miss Harriet flops down on the sofas and puts their feet up and loosens their dresses. Then when the last carriage has gone and only Mr. Amos is left Mr. Carter sends me for cigars and he lights a big one and says,

"Thank God *that* is over!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Editor's Note—This is the third of six chapters as selected by Mr. Train from the diary of a butler in the employ of a wealthy family.

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October Fiction Number

Issued September 26th

ROMANCE—By Robert W. Chambers. A thoroughly dramatic war story, in which a captured spy is a woman and her captor is her lover. Full of excitement and nervous tension, it is handled with all the crispness of the author's "Iole" and his New York society sketches

THE ROAD AGENT—By Stewart Edward White. The solution of a series of mysterious robberies that amazed and impoverished a California mining camp is so clean-cut and obvious, when you reach the last page of this story, that the reader is chagrined at not having leaped to it while the plot was still uncoiling

THE VENTURE OF THE FLYING HIND—By James B. Connolly. A love story, filled with adventures on the sea, including a thrilling double rescue made by a girl with a clever swing of the lead. All through the story a band of Chinamen are in the background smoking their opium or grunting their appreciation of the hero's bravery in the story.

Stories for the November Fiction Number, by Rex E. Beach, Rowland Thomas, and O. Henry, will be announced next month.

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CLEANING UP

(Continued from Page 20)

yet bought up. It is in the hands of J. W Williams, one of the old Stone crowd, who ought to be wanting money by this time. He holds one hundred shares, which you should be able to buy by now at fifty dollars a share. I want you to buy this stock in your own name, and I want to loan you five thousand dollars to do it with. I merely want voting power; so after you get it you may hold it if you like and still owe me the five thousand dollars, or I'll take it off your hands at any time you are tired of the obligation. You'd better go to Barrister and have him buy the stock for you."

"Yes, sir," said Johnson.

Bobby immediately went to De Graff.

"I came to subscribe for two hundred and fifty thousand dollars' worth of additional stock in the New Brightlight. I have just deposited two hundred and eighty-five thousand dollars in your bank."

"You're becoming an expert," said De Graff with a quizzical smile. "With the million dollars' valuation at which we are to buy in the present Brightlight, the two hundred and fifty thousand subscribed for by Dan Elliston, and the ten thousand held by your wife, this new subscription about gives you control of the New Brightlight, don't it?"

"That's what I want," Bobby exulted. "You don't object, do you?"

"Not on my own account," De Graff assured him; "but you'd better have Barrister buy this in for you until we are organized. Then you can take it over."

"I guess you're right," agreed Bobby. "I'll send Barrister right over, and I think I shall make him take up the remaining ten thousand on his own account. A week from to-night is the council meeting at which the Consolidated must make good to renew their franchise, and we don't want any hitch in getting our final incorporation papers by that time. The members of the Consolidated are singing swan songs in seven simultaneous keys at this very moment."

Bobby's description of the condition of the Consolidated was scarcely exaggerated. It was a trying and a hopeless period for them. The bond issue had failed miserably. It had not needed the Chronicle to remind the public of what a shaky proposition the Consolidated was, for Bobby had thoroughly exposed the corporation during the Bulletin's campaign against Sam Stone. Bond-floating companies from other cities were brought in, and after an examination of the books threw up their hands in horror at the crudest muddle they had ever found in any investigation of municipal affairs.

On the night of the council meeting Sharpe and Trimmer and Williams, representing the Consolidated, were compelled to come before the council and confess their inability to take up the bonds required to renew their franchise; but they begged that this clause, since it was an entirely unnecessary one and was not enjoined upon gas or electric companies in other cities, be not enforced. Council, however, was obdurate, and the committee thereupon begged for a further extension of time in which to raise the necessary amount of money. Council still was obdurate, and by that obduracy the franchise of the Consumers' Electric Company, said franchise being controlled by the Consolidated Illuminating and Power Company, became null and void.

Thereupon Bobby Burnit, President De Graff and Dan Elliston, representing the New Brightlight Electric Company, came forward and prayed for a franchise for the electric lighting of the entire city, agreeing to take over the poles and wiring of the Consolidated at a fair valuation; and council was not at all obdurate, which was scarcely strange when one reflected that every member of that municipal body had been selected and put in place through the direct instrumentality of Bobby Burnit. It was practical politics, true enough, but Bobby had no qualms whatever about it.

"It may be quite true that I have not been actuated by any highly noble motives in this," he confessed to a hot charge by Williams, "but so long as in municipal affairs I am not actuated by any ignoble motives I am doing pretty fairly in this town."

There was just the bare trace of brutality in Bobby as he said this, and he suddenly recognized it in himself with dismay. What pity Bobby might have felt

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"Maybe you have tried to shave with one or several of the different 'no stropping razors,' and not having the skill or means of keeping them stropped *(sharp)* have quit in disgust."

Now, However, "A Way Out" Has Been Found in the

AutoStrop SAFETY RAZOR Strops Itself

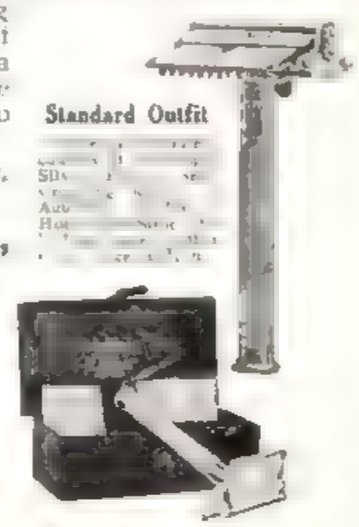
Placing in your hands a really wonderful expert *mechanical* barber.

Its *self-contained* stropping *(sharpening)* arrangement makes the AutoStrop the "last word" in Safety Razors

It strops *(sharpens)* automatically, and being *always sharp* gives the well groomed man what he desires,—a delightfully clean, smooth, safe shave each time used

It is not unscrewed or taken apart for either stropping *(sharpening)* or cleaning; the AutoStrop strops itself sharp in about one-third the time it takes to remove a dull used blade from any other safety razor to replace it with a new one; cleaned just as conveniently, no unscrewing, no taking apart

Stropped (sharpened) in a jiffy, wiped clean in a jiffy.



AutoStrop Maxim:
"You Lather Well, and I'll Shave Well"

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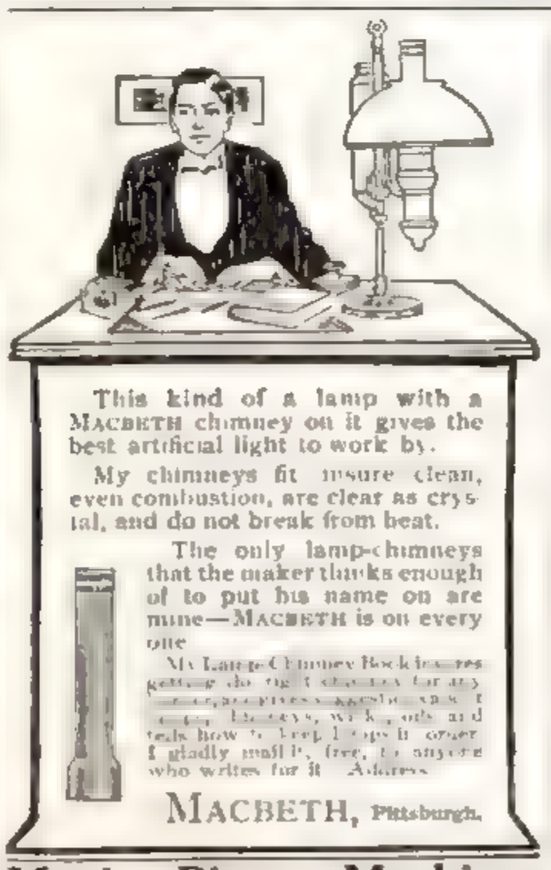
AutoStrop Safety Razor Co.
345 Fifth Avenue, New York
FOR FREE BOOKLET

NOTE—AutoStrop Razors are sold under a guarantee which *protects* purchasers *absolutely*

Price, $5.00
By comparison worth at least double

Give the old Safety Razor to the boy and Treat Yourself to a Man's Razor



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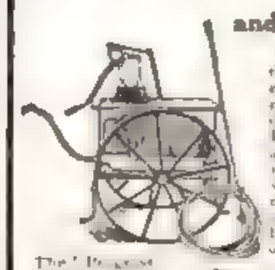

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Dept. L. Dayton, Ohio

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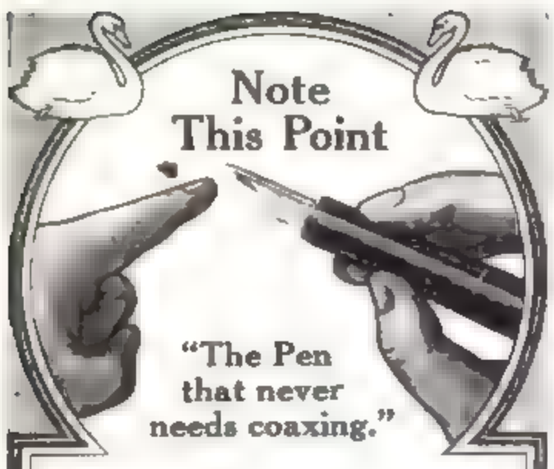

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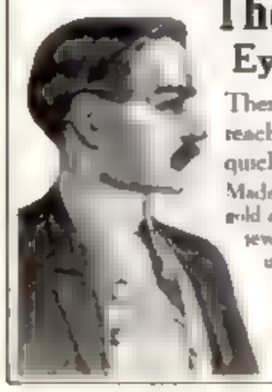

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for these bankrupt men, however, was swept away in a gust of renewed aggressiveness when Trimmer, arousing himself from the ashen age which seemed all at once to be creeping over him, said, with a return of that old circular smile which had so often before aggravated Bobby:

"I am afraid I'll have to draw out of my other ventures and retire on my salary as president and manager of Trimmer & Co."

Vengefulness was in Bobby's eyes as he followed Trimmer's sprawling figure, so much like a bloated spider's in its bigness of circumference and its attenuation of limbs, that suddenly he shuddered and turned away as when one finds himself about to step upon a toad.

IX

AT THE offices of the New Brightlight Electric Company there was universal rejoicing. Johnson was removed from the Bulletin to take charge of the new organization until it should be completed, and Bobby himself, for a few days, was compelled to spend most of his time there. During the first week after the granting of the franchise Bobby called Johnson to him.

"Mr. Johnson," said he quite severely, "you have been so careful and so faithful in all other things that I dislike to remind you of an overlooked duty"

"I am sorry, sir," said Johnson. "What is it?"

"You have neglected to make out a note for that five-thousand-dollar loan. Kindly draw it up now, payable in ten years, with interest at four per cent. *after* the date of maturity."

"But, sir," stammered Johnson, "the stock is worth par now."

"Would you like to keep it?"

"I'd be a fool to say I wouldn't, sir But the stock is not only worth par, it was in the old Brightlight; and I received an exchange of two for one in the New Brightlight, which is also worth par this morning; so I hold twenty thousand dollars' worth of stock."

"It cost me five thousand," insisted Bobby, "and we'll settle at that figure."

"I don't know how to thank you, sir," trembled Johnson, but he stiffened immediately as Applerod intruded himself into the room with a bundle of papers which he laid upon the desk.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Burnit," began Applerod, "but I have five thousand dollars I'd like to invest in the New Brightlight Company if you could manage it for me."

"I'm sorry, Applerod," said Bobby, "but there isn't a share for sale. It was subscribed to the full capitalization before the incorporation papers were issued."

Applerod was about to leave the room in deep dejection when Johnson, with a sudden happy inspiration, called him back

"I think I know where you can buy five thousand," said Johnson; "but you will have to hurry to get it."

"Where?" asked Applerod eagerly, while Bobby went to the window to conceal his broad smiles.

"Just put on your hat and go right over to Barrister," directed Johnson; "and take a blank check with you. I'll telephone him, to save time for you. The stock is worth par, and that lonesome fifty shares will be snapped up before you know it."

"You will excuse me till I go uptown, Mr. Burnit?" inquired Applerod, and bustled out eagerly.

He had no sooner left the building than Johnson grabbed Bobby's telephone and called up Barrister.

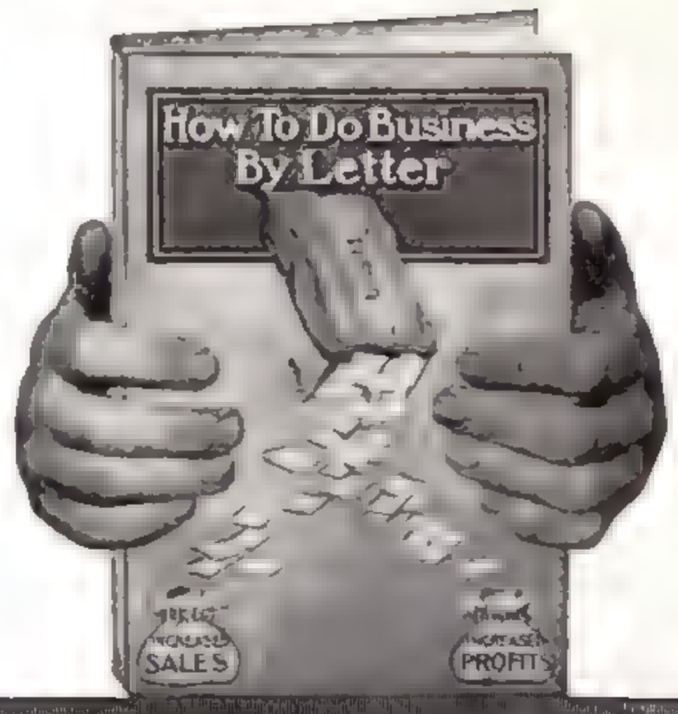
"This is Johnson," he said to the old attorney. "I have just sent Applerod over to you to buy fifty shares of New Brightlight at par. Take his check and hold it for delivery of the stock. I'll have it over to you within an hour, or as soon as I can have the transfer made. It is my stock, but I don't want him to know it."

Hanging up the receiver old Johnson sat in the chair by Bobby's desk and his thin shoulders heaved with laughter.

"Applerod will be plumb crazy when he finds that out," he said. "To think that I have fifteen thousand dollars' worth of this good stock that didn't cost me a cent, all paid for with Applerod's own five thousand dollars!"

Johnson laughed so hard that finally he was compelled to lay his head on the desk in front of him, with his lean old fingers over his eyes.

"Thanks to you, Robert; thanks to you," he added after a little silence.



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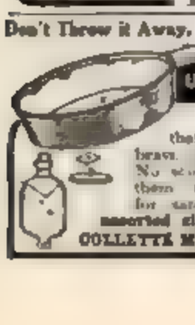

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Bobby, turning from the window, saw the thin shoulders still heaving. There was a glint of moisture on the lean hands that had toiled for so many years in the Burnit service, and as Bobby passed he placed his hand on old Johnson's bowed head for just an instant, then went out, leaving Johnson alone.

X

IT WAS Applerod who, returning triumphantly with Barrister's promise of the precious block of New Brightlight for delivery in the afternoon, brought Bobby a copy of his own paper containing so much startling news that the front page consisted only of a hysteria of headlines. Sudden proceedings in bankruptcy had been filed against the Consolidated Illuminating and Power Company. These proceedings had revealed the fact that Frank L. Sharpe, supposed to have left the city on business for the company, had in reality disappeared with the entire cash balance of the Consolidated. This disappearance had immediately thrust the Middle West Construction Company into bankruptcy. By Stone's own acts the Stone enterprises had crumpled and fallen, and all his adherents were ruined.

Out of the chaos that the startling facts he was able to glean created in Bobby's mind there came a thought of Ferris, and he immediately telephoned him, out at the site of the new G. E. & W. shops, where ground was already being broken, that he would be out that way.

Half an hour later he took Ferris into his machine and they whirled over to the waterworks site, where the work had stopped as abruptly as if that scene of animation had suddenly been stricken of a plague and died. On the way Bobby explained to Ferris what had happened

"You were the lowest legitimate bidder on the job, I believe," he concluded.

"Yes, outside of the local company."

"If I were you I'd get busy with Jimmy Platt on an estimate of the work already done," suggested Bobby. "I think it very likely that the city council will offer the Keystone Construction Company the contract at its former figure, with the proper deductions for present progress. We will make up the difference between their bid and yours, and whatever loss there is in taking up the work will come out of the forfeit put up by the Middle West Company."

Jimmy Platt ran out to meet them like a lost soul. The waterworks project had become his pet. He lived with it and dreamed of it, and that there was a prospect of resuming work, and under such skillful supervision as that of Ferris, delighted him. While Jimmy and Mr. Ferris went into the office to prepare a basis of estimating, Bobby stayed behind to examine the carbureter of his machine, which had been acting suspiciously on the way out, and while he was engaged in this task a voice that he knew quite well saluted him with:

"Fine work, old pal! I guess you put all your lemons into the squeezer and got the juice, eh?"

Biff had a copy of the Bulletin in his hand, which was sufficient explanation of his congratulations.

"Things do seem to be turning out pretty lucky for me, Biff," Bobby confessed, and then, looking at Mr. Bates, he immediately apologized. "I beg pardon for calling you Biff," said he. "I should have said Mr. Bates."

"Cut it!" growled Biff, looking over himself with some complacency nevertheless.

From his nice new derby, which replaced the slouch cap he had always preferred, to his neat and uncomfortably-pointed gun-metal leathers which had supplanted the broad-toed tans, Mr. Bates was an epitome of neatly-pressed grooming. White cuffs edged his gray business suit, and—wonder of wonders!—he wore a white shirt with a white collar, in which there was tied a neat bow of—last wonder of all!—shining gray.

"I suppose that costume is due to distinctly feminine influence, eh, Biff?"

"Guilty as Cassie Chadwick!" replied Biff with a sheepish grin. "She's tryin' to civilize me."

"Who is?" demanded Bobby.

"Oh, *she* is. You know who I mean. Why, she's even taught me to cut out slang. Say, Bobby, I didn't know how much like a rough-neck I used to talk. I never opened my yawp but what I spilled a line of

(Continued on Page 54)

6 pairs $1

Guaranteed for 6 months

Manheim Mendless Hose are better than any other stockings at anywhere near the price.

They are not only well-knit from extra-quality yarn, but are doubly re-enforced at the toes and heels. They always hold their color and shape, and are as soft and comfortable after washing as when new.

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must be good to stand this guarantee: A new pair free for every pair that needs mending within 6 months.

Men's socks. Black, light and dark tan, navy blue and gray. Sizes 9 to 11½. Sold only 6 pairs (one size) in a box, with guarantee, $1.

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If your dealer hasn't Manheim Mendless Hose, don't accept a substitute. Send us $1 for men's or $1.50 for women's, state size (or size of shoe) and color—assorted colors if desired—and we will send you 6 pairs prepaid.

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Twenty-one years devoted to the exact science of making Young Men's Correct Clothes, evolved what all Clothing Manufacturers aimed at, and we achieved: **Scientifically Proportioned** Clothes.

One collegian tersely dubbed them "Self Adjustable", because the physique less favored by nature steps into *"Wearbetter"* Clothes and has physical defects outwardly moulded into perfect proportions.

The fleshily inclined look normal—the attenuated take on proper physical development, and on the correctly proportioned, the garments fit faultlessly.

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Ask your dealer to show you a *"Wearbetter"* Young Man's suit. If he hasn't it, write us your dealer's name, and we will see that you are supplied.

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A Word to First Voters

YOU, young man, who are about to cast your first ballot, are facing a grave responsibility.

Hitherto you have passively enjoyed the benefits of this Republic. Now you are to become an active factor in the government of the nation, assuming the full burden of the duties of citizenship.

Though the privilege to vote comes to you without effort, do not forget that to win it men fought in battlefield and forum, and that to obtain it other men left their homes in foreign lands, severing many ties and starting life anew.

What will you do with your ballot?

It is no light matter for you to decide how you shall cast your first vote, nor should you let yourself be swayed by whim or prejudice. The whole subject lies before you for calm consideration, and it is your duty to give it this consideration.

With your first vote you ally yourself with a political party. You have the opportunity to enroll yourself with the Republicans, who have made this nation what it is today; who have kept the faith bequeathed to them by the fathers and established a firm standard of sound statesmanship, administering the government through men of proved experience and integrity.

If you make that choice you associate yourself at once with men of achievement, leaders of the nation, and with a party of honorable tradition and performance. You become identified with the advance of civilization and can with proper pride feel that you have helped toward progress.

But if any whim impels you to cast your lot with the opponents of those who have accomplished so much, reflect well before you follow the impulse, for the so-called Democratic party of today has drifted completely away from its former ideals, veering like a weathercock under the influence of untried and visionary leaders who champion policies born of political expediency. Remember that if you assist toward plunging the nation into want, discontent and disorder, destroying both domestic and foreign credit, some of the blame and disgrace will rest upon you.

For this year you have a voice in the election of a President of the United States.

The Democrats put forward as their candidate a politician who has changed his beliefs repeatedly, who is unstable, and untried, and is distrusted even by members of the party under whose name he conducts his canvass, many of whom make no secret of their intention to vote against him; whose very nomination created widespread alarm among business men.

The Republicans offer as their candidate for the Presidency a fearless, disinterested and upright man, trained in the severe school of duty, whose career of accomplishment assures his fitness, whose record is one of unceasing industry in exacting tasks and contains no hint of failure; whose personality has won the esteem and approval of the American people.

His reputation for absolute spotlessness in both public and private life is as well known abroad as it is at home. By temperament, capacity and experience he is qualified for the administration of great affairs of state. He has shown a single-minded devotion to the service of his country, with a broad and human sympathy to which sound appeal is never unavailing.

This man is William Howard Taft.

Associated with him on the ticket is James Schoolcraft Sherman, who for many years has sat in the councils of the nation and is skilled in the conduct of public affairs.

Young man, you stand on the threshold of decision. Your first step into the world of politics will have a strong influence on your life, affecting your associations and your business.

Before making your decision and taking a step that cannot be retraced, read what is said on this matter by two statesmen of unquestioned probity, devoted to the best interests of the nation, and honored for their high standards of political morality. These men are Charles E. Hughes, Governor of New York, and Albert J. Beveridge, Senator from Indiana.

Governor Hughes:

When we hear sounded a strident call to the defense of popular rights, we look carefully to see who constitute the new patriotic army into whose keeping we are asked to turn over the destinies of this great nation. The campaign watchwords "Shall the People Rule?" and the demand "Whether the government shall remain a mere business asset of favor-seeking corporations" are not impressive when emblazoned on the banners of Tammany Hall and of other essential allies. The army opposing us cannot pass muster either as one of defense or of salvation, and we may well pause before we permit it, despite its boast of fidelity, to garrison our institutions.

No one more than I desires to see administration purged of every selfish taint, to have fair and impartial laws faithfully executed, to get rid of every vestige of special privilege at the expense of public interest, to liberate trade from unjust encroachments, purify our electoral methods and to maintain honest representative government. And it is because of his loyalty to these ideals, because of his broad sympathies and his rare equipment in character, ability and experience, because tested in the difficult fields of judicial and administrative work he has proved his quality by eminent service, because of his varied learning, his acquaintance with affairs, his respect for constitutional government, and his capacity intelligently and justly to plan and direct necessary reforms that I most earnestly support the candidacy of William Howard Taft.

Senator Beveridge:

The real question is, Which candidate will make the better President? Which is the wiser and steadier? Which man would you choose as administrator of your estate? Which would you select to manage your business? Which has the better training and more experience?

Mr. Bryan never has handled a single foreign problem. He has governed no Philippines, regenerated no Cuba, built no Canal, avoided no alien danger, saved us from no threatened peril.

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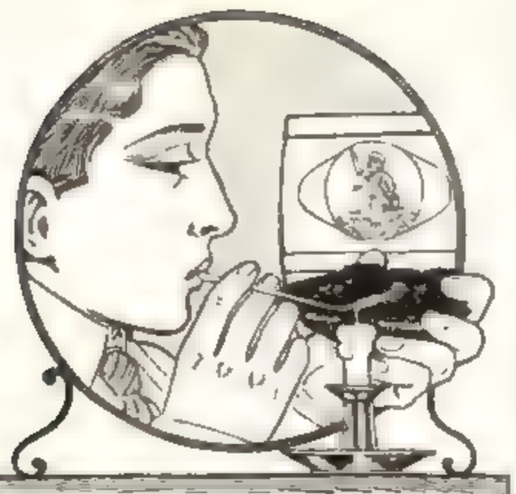
It was William H. Taft who set Cuba in order, established her feet in civilization's upward path; and it was he who, when so directed by President Roosevelt, who first advised with Mr. Taft, when these children of liberty tore his work to pieces, set up once more the blessed rule of order and liberty and law with a father's patience and a statesman's wisdom. It is he who is commanding the practical work of that greatest enterprise of human history, the building of the Panama Canal.

It was he whose counsel President Roosevelt sought at every crisis of his historic administration; he who helped avert war when little politicians and narrow minds would have plunged us into conflict. It was William H. Taft whom our President, when confronted with foreign perplexities and with the awful weight of our ninety millions' welfare on his heart, sought for strength and wisdom; and it is William H. Taft more than any man ever called to the leadership of the American people who has had the best training, the widest experience, and the wisest teaching to fit him for that glorious but serious task.



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fricasseed gab so twisted and frazzled and shredded you could use it to stuff sofa-cushions; but now I've handed that string of talk the screw number. No more slang for your Uncle Biff."

"I'm glad you have quit it," approved Bobby soberly. "I suppose the next thing I'll hear will be the wedding bells."

"No!" denied a tone so pained and shocked that Bobby looked up in surprise to see Biff's face gone pale. "Don't talk about that, Bobby. Why, I wouldn't dare even think of it myself. I—I never think about it. Me? with a mitt like a picnic ham. Did you ever see her hand, Bobby? And her eyes and her hair and all? Why, Bobby, if I'd ever catch myself daring to think about marrying that girl I'd take myself by the Adam's apple and give myself the d——dest choking that ever turned a mutt's map purple."

"I'm sorry, after all, that you are through with slang, Biff," said Bobby, "because if you were still using it you might have expressed that idea so much more picturesquely"; but Biff did not hear him, for from the office came Nellie Platt with a sun-hat in her hand.

"Right on time," she said gayly to Biff, and, with a pleasant word for Bobby, went down with Mr. Bates to the river-bank, where lay the neat little skiff that Jimmy had bought for her.

XI

BOBBY and Ferris and Platt, standing up near the filters, were startled by a scream from the river, and, turning, they saw the skiff, in mid-stream, struck by a passing steamer and splintered as if it were of pasteboard. Nellie had been rowing. Biff had called her attention to the approaching steamer, across the path of which they were passing. There had been plenty of time to row out of the way of it, but Nellie in grasping her oar for a quick turn had lost it. Fortunately the engines had been stopped immediately when the pilot had seen that they must strike, so that there was no appreciable underdrag. Biff's head had been grazed slightly, enough to daze him for an instant, but he held himself up mechanically. Nellie, clogged by her skirts, could not swim, and as Biff got his bearings he saw her close by him going down for the second time. Two men sprang from the lower deck of the steamer, but Biff reached her first, and, his senses instantly clearing as he caught her, he struck out for the shore.

The three men on shore immediately ran down the bank, and sprang into the water to help Biff out with his burden. He was pale but strangely cool and collected.

"Don't go at it that way!" he called to them savagely, knowing neither friend nor foe in this emergency. "Get her loosened up someway, can't you?"

Without waiting on them, Biff ripped a knife from his pocket, opened it and slit through waist and skirt-band and whatever else intervened to her corset, which he opened with big fingers, the sudden deftness of which was marvelous. Directing them with crisp, sharp commands, he guided them through the first steps toward resuscitation, and then began the slow, careful pumping of the arms that should force breath back into the closed lungs.

For twenty minutes, each of which seemed interminable, Jimmy and Biff worked, one on either side of her, Biff's face set, cold, expressionless, until at last there was a flutter of the eyelids, a cry of distress as the lungs took up their interrupted function, then the sharp, hissing sound of the intake and outgo of natural, though labored, breath; then Nellie Platt opened her big, brown eyes and gazed up into the gray ones of Biff Bates. She faintly smiled; then Biff did a thing that he had never done before in his mature life, and never would do again. He suddenly broke down and cried aloud, sobbing in great sobs that shook him from head to foot and that hurt him, as they tore from his throat, as the first breath of new life had hurt Nellie Platt; and, seeing and understanding, she raised up one weak arm and slipped it about his neck.

XII

SILAS TRIMMER, coming back from lunch to attend the annual stockholders' meeting of Trimmer & Co., stopped on the sidewalk to inspect, with some curiosity, a strange, boxlike-looking structure which leaned face downward upon the edge of the curbing. It was three feet wide and full sixty feet long. He stooped

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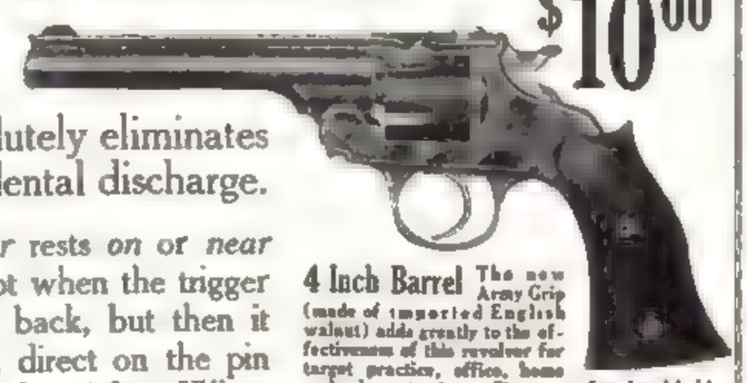

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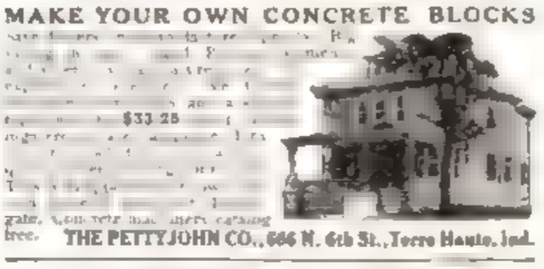

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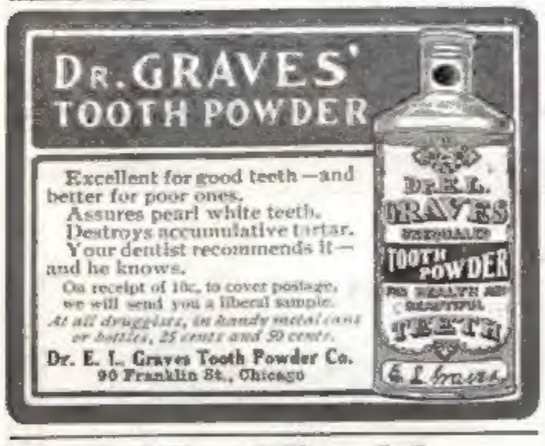
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and tried to tilt it up, but it was too heavy for his enfeebled frame, and with another curious glance at it he went into the store.

The board meeting was set for 2:30. It was now scarcely two, and yet, when he opened the door of his private office, which had been set apart as a board-room for the day, he was surprised at the number of people he found in the room. A quick recognition of whom they were mystified him in addition. They were Bobby Burnit and Agnes, Johnson, Applerod and Chalmers.

"I came a little early, Mr. Trimmer," said Bobby, in a quite polite conversational tone, "to have these three hundred shares transferred upon the books of Trimmer & Co., before the stockholders' meeting convenes."

"What shares are they?" inquired Silas in a voice grown strangely shrill and metallic.

"The stock that was previously owned by your son-in-law, Mr. Clarence Smythe. I bought them yesterday."

"The dog!" Trimmer managed to gasp, and his fingers clutched convulsively.

"Possibly," admitted Bobby dryly. "At any rate he has had to leave town, and I do not think you will be bothered with him any more. In the mean time, Mr. Trimmer, I'd like to call your attention to a few very interesting figures. When you urged me, four years ago, to consolidate The John Burnit and Trimmer & Co. stores, my father's business was appraised at two hundred and sixty thousand dollars and yours at two hundred and forty. On your suggestion we took in sixty thousand dollars of additional capital. I did not know as much at that time as I do now, and I let you sell this stock where you could control it, virtually giving you three thousand shares to my two thousand six hundred. You froze me out, elected your own board, made yourself manager at an enormous salary, and voted your son-in-law another one so ridiculous that it was put out of all possibility for my stock ever to yield any dividends. All right, Mr. Trimmer. With the purchase of this three hundred shares I now own two thousand nine hundred shares and you two thousand seven hundred. I presume I don't need to tell you what is going to happen in to-day's meeting."

To this Silas returned no answer.

"I am an old man," he muttered to himself as one suddenly stricken. "I am an old, old man."

"I am going to oust you," continued Bobby, "and to oust all your relatives from their fat positions; and I am going to elect myself to everything worth while. I have brought Mr. Johnson with me to inspect your books, and Mr. Chalmers to take charge of certain legal matters connected with the concern immediately after the close of to-day's meeting. I am going to restore Applerod to his position here from which you so unceremoniously discharged him, and make Johnson general manager of this and all my affairs. I understand that your stock in this concern is mortgaged, and that you will be utterly unable to redeem it. I intend to buy it and practically own the entire company myself. Are there any questions you would like to ask, Mr. Trimmer?"

There were none. Silas, crushed and dazed and pitiable, only moaned that he was an old man; that he was an old, old man.

Bobby felt the gentle pressure of Agnes' hand upon his arm. There was a moment of silence.

Trimmer looked around at them piteously. Once more Bobby felt that touch upon his sleeve. Understanding, he went over to Silas and took him gently by the arm.

"Come over here to the window with me a minute," said he, "and we will have a little business talk."

"Business! Oh, yes; business!" said Silas, brightening up at the mention of the word.

He arose nervously and allowed Bobby to lead him, bent and almost palsied, over to the window, where they could look out on the busy street below, and the roofs of the tall buildings, and the blue sky beyond where it smiled down upon the river. It was only a fleeting glance that Silas Trimmer cast at the familiar scene outside, and almost immediately he turned to Bobby, clutching his coat sleeve eagerly. "You—you said something about business," he half-whispered, and over his face there came a shadow of that old, shrewd look.

"Why, yes," replied Bobby uncomfortably. "I think we can find a place for you,

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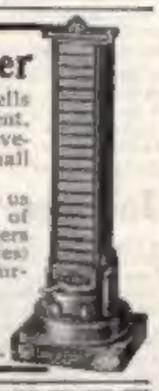

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Mr. Trimmer. You have kept this business up splendidly, no matter how much beset you were outside, and—and I think Johnson will engage you, if you care for it, to look after certain details of buying and such matters as that."

"Oh, yes, the buying," agreed Silas, nodding his head. "I always was a good buyer—and a good seller, too!" and he chuckled. "About what do you say, now, that my services would be worth?" and with the prospect of bartering more of his old self came back.

"We'll make that satisfactory, I can assure you," said Bobby. "Your salary will be a very liberal one, I am certain, and it will begin from to-day. First, however, you must have a good rest—a vacation with pay, understand—and it will make you strong again. You are a little run down."

"Yes," agreed Silas, nodding his head as the animation faded out of his eyes. "I'm getting old. I think, Mr. Burnit, if you don't mind I'll go into the little room there and lie on the couch for a few minutes."

"That is a good idea," said Bobby. "You should be rested for the meeting."

"Oh, yes," repeated Silas, nodding his head sagely; "the meeting."

They were uncomfortably silent when Bobby had returned from the little room adjoining. The shadow of tragedy lay upon them all, and it was out of this shadow that Bobby spoke his determination.

"I am going to get out of business," he declared. "It is a hard, hard game. I can win at it, but—well, I'd rather go back, if I only could, to my unsophistication of four years ago. I don't like business. Of course, I'll keep this place for tradition's sake, and because it would please my father—no, I mean it *will* please him—but I'm going to sell the Bulletin. I have an offer for it at an excellent profit. I'm going to intrust the management of the electric plant to my good friend Biff, here, with Chalmers and Johnson as starboard and larboard bulwarks, until the stock is quoted at a high enough rating to be a profitable sale; then I'm going to turn it into money, and add it to the original fund. I think I shall be busy enough just looking after and enjoying my new partnership," and he smiled down at Agnes, who smiled back at him with trusting adoration that needed no words to express.

"Beg your pardon, sir," said old Johnson, "but I have a letter here for you," and from his inside pocket he drew one of the familiar steel-gray envelopes, which he handed to Bobby.

It was addressed:

TO MY SON BOBBY, UPON HIS REGAINING HIS FATHER'S BUSINESS

The message inside was so brief that one who had not known well old John Burnit would never have known the full, full heart out of which he penned it:

> I knew you'd do it, dear boy. Whatever mystery I find in the great hereafter I shall be satisfied—for I knew you'd do it.

That was all.

"Johnson," said Bobby, crumpling the letter in his hand, and speaking briskly to beat back his emotion, "we will move our offices to the same old quarters, and we will move back, for my use, my father's old desk with my father's portrait hanging above it, just as they were when Silas Trimmer ordered them removed."

Two of the stockholders came in at this moment, and Agnes went down into the store to find Biff Bates and Nellie Platt, for there was much shopping to do. Agnes had taken pretty Nellie under her chaperonage, and every day now the women were busy with preparations for a certain event.

Up in the office there was a meeting that was a shock to all the stockholders but one, and after it was over Bobby joined the shoppers. When the four of them had clambered into Bobby's automobile and were rolling away, Bobby stopped his machine.

"Look," he said in calm triumph, and pointed upward.

Over the Grand Street front of the building from which they had emerged, workmen were just raising a huge electric sign, and it bore the legend:

THE JOHN BURNIT'S SON STORES.

Editor's Note—This is the last of the Bobby Burnit stories. Young Wallingford, a new series of stories by George Randolph Chester, will begin in an early number.

Another Special Offer

To start business off with a rush this Fall, we are beginning the season by offering our trade the sort of double values that will set our tailoring department going to its fullest capacity.

Our offer means that you can select any $20 Suit or Overcoat from our catalogue, and we'll tailor it to your measure in perfect style and finish for $13.50

The BELL TAILORS OF NEW YORK is, as you know, an enormous tailoring organization, that does things only in a big way. We know there is no better time for a new customer to try our merchandise and give it the fullest possible wear test, than at the very outset of a season. We know there is no better time to interest the man who figures his dollars to do the most work, than to offer him values at a time when they will give him the most service. We figure that a satisfied customer is the best trade producer we can find. Besides, once you start wearing clothes made by the BELL TAILORS OF NEW YORK, you'll continue season after season and be perfectly willing to pay us the full price. You'll naturally tell your friends, so you can see how we can afford to allow you this reduction on your first order.

The BELL TAILORS OF NEW YORK won their reputation and owe their growth entirely to merit and to the fact that they have never misrepresented anything, and have **always made good every promise.**

New Catalogue and 20 Woolen Samples Free

Before you take advantage of this exceptional offer, we want you to sit down and write for our Catalogue of Styles. We want you to have our 20 liberal size woolen samples, so that you can take them to your local tailor and compare them, and prove to yourself the superior quality of our clothes. We want you to ask people about us. Then it will be strictly "up to you." You won't find smarter styles, you won't find a better choice of fabrics, you won't find more thorough tailoring than we put into our garments. Certainly you won't find all this quality at so little price.

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When you ask for Jap-a-lac be sure to get it, don't allow any one to argue you into taking something else. Some colored varnishes are higher in price, some lower. You may be told that a higher priced article is better than Jap-a-lac, that the lower priced is "just as good"—this is not true. Get the genuine and be sure of results. Take no chances on an unadvertised article of this character. Advertising compels the manufacturer to make his product better than others. In addition you have the largest and best varnish factory in the world back of every can of Jap-a-lac you buy.

We use special machinery in the perfect grinding of Jap-a-lac, insuring a uniform, easy flowing varnish. We use the best of pigments insuring fast colors—many manufacturers use aniline to color their varnishes—colored varnish in which aniline is used fades quickly, although it may look well when first applied. We use the very finest grade of Kauri Gum and highest quality of materials throughout.

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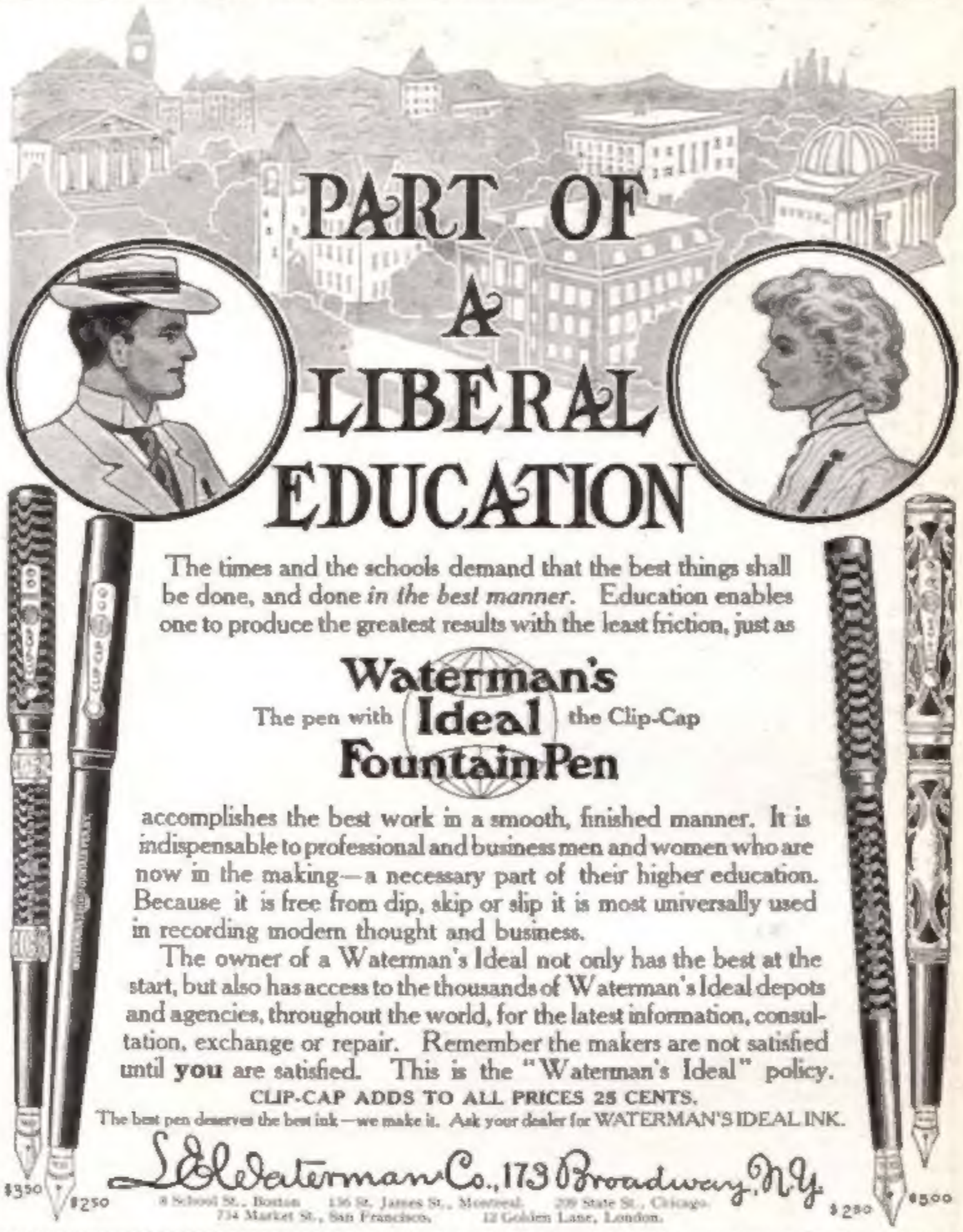

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